

James Minter 1773-

THE
B A T C H E L O R:
O R
S P E C U L A T I O N S
O F

Jeoffry Wagstaffe, Esq;



*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus: ut si
Cecus iter monstrare velit, tamen aspice, si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur. HOR.*

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

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M D C C L X I X.

BATCHELOR

SPENCER

JOHN



THE

OF

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T O

John Monck Mason, Esq;

IN looking out for a Patron to countenance a Work, meant to serve the Cause of Truth and Good Manners, it would be impossible to overlook him who has so eminently distinguished himself in the Defence and Protection of both: Your general Character would direct even a Stranger where to apply upon such an Occasion.

Good Sense, Good Nature, and a courteous, affable Deportment, are the Qualities whereby You are distinguished. For the Truth of this, I appeal to the large Circle of those who are acquainted with Your manner of Thinking and Conyerfing; and who have always thought themselves happy in the least Degree of Intimacy.

iv DEDICATION.

macy with You, and been ambitious of recommending themselves on that account.

THE Voice of Prejudice may fill our Ears, without informing our Minds; but as Experience dispels those Mists from before our Eyes, we may boldly assert the Truth, and declare our settled Opinion.

You see, Sir, it is impossible for some People to escape a Dedication; However, I must sue for Pardon, in thus presuming to offer You a Work so unworthy of Your Patronage: But I could not forbear the first Opportunity of professing myself, what I hope You will give me Leave ever to be,

Your most Obedient, Obliged,

And Humble Servant,

JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.



THE
BATCHELOR.

VOL. II.

No. 67. Tuesday, March 24, 1767.

*Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; si
Græco fonte cadent, parce detorta.* HOR.

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream.

MR. Locke tells us in his chapter of mixed modes, that there are words in every language, which cannot be rendered by any one single word of another: for the fashions and customs of one nation make several combinations of ideas, which another never had any occasion to make. Such were *Ostracism* among the Greeks, and *Proscription* among the Romans.

There is in every language, no doubt, a peculiar idiom, which often arises too from the genius and temper of the people by whom it is spoken, as well as from their manners and customs. For instance, we have many words which to us are plain enough,

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but

but to a man who is unacquainted with our manners and customs, would be quite unintelligible: such as *Liberty, Freedom and Independency, Free Citizen, Free Press, Committee*, and so forth. Suppose these terms translated literally into any other language, what wrong notions would a foreigner conceive of them, and how inadequate would his ideas be to their true meaning? He could never imagine that the three first of these fine, specious words, were only a political cant, made use of by artful, designing fellows, in order to inspire the lower class of the people with an enthusiastic kind of madness, against all manner of subjection to their superiors, in order to aggrandize themselves. How could we convey to him an adequate idea of the complex term, *Free-Citizen*, unless by a paraphrase? as by defining him to be a well-meaning person, who is led astray by the false oratory, and blinded by the wicked insinuations of men of mean birth and low education, who make a tool of him to gratify their ambition or avarice.

As for the terms *Free Press*, and *Committee of the Free Press*, we could never explain them so well as by giving one of the Freeman's Journals to a stranger to read; he would then perceive clearly, that the freedom of this press consisted in an assumed licentiousness to abuse, vilify and traduce, in the lowest Grub-street, the g——t, the lord mayor and aldermen; and, in short, whomsoever they dislike. He would, no doubt, be much surprized at the wonderful mildness of our g——t, who suffer such scurrility and ribaldry to pass unpunished.

Mr. Locke also observes, that the change of customs and opinions brings with it new combinations of ideas, which occasions the constant change of languages. If this be the case, I am certain ours is most wonderfully changed, at least with regard to the meaning of many words. For example; what a different idea do we annex to the word *Patriot*, from what our ancestors did? I wish, therefore, that some ingenious person would sit down and write a Dictionary in the manner of Johnson's, to explain the proper

proper meaning of many vague, undetermined terms, now in use amongst us. It would be of vast use not only to foreigners, who are willing to learn our language, but even to many amongst ourselves. I would not intrust this work to Johnson, who has given us a very unfair definition of the word *Whig*, by saying it signifies a kind of four whey. He might, therefore, tell us, perhaps, that the word *Patriot* signified an animal endued with speech, whose whole aim is power; whose sole principle is ambition; who, without any real love for his country, cherishes her, as a bawd does a fine girl, in order to sell her to the greater advantage.

It is for this reason, then, that a Dictionary of this kind is much wanted, to prevent things from being misrepresented, and honest people from being led astray in matters of this sort: for many, from such a false definition of a patriot, for instance, would imagine him to be as horrible as the one-ey'd Cyclops in Virgil.

*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
ademptum.*

And very possibly by a wrong association of ideas, apply it to that mighty righter of wrongs, that redressor of grievances, that champion of liberty, that puissant Don Quixote of the freedom and independency of his dear, dear fellow-citizens, Phlogos; whereas, this good man is regardless of his own family, or even of discharging his just debts, and thinks more of the public good than he does of his own private affairs. Here is a true patriot indeed, who would be more afflicted that one free cobbler should be oppressed in his liberties by the board of aldermen, than that all his own children should starve: nay, more; I am well assured, that this venerable Brutus has actually made a sacrifice of his sons to his country, by entirely neglecting them, whilst he was in pursuit of those chimerical phantoms which enslaved her liberty.

Though I am not a native of this kingdom, yet so great are my regards for the people of it, and particularly for my friends, the citizens of Dublin, that I could most heartily wish that such a Dictionary were framed, wherein all the technical terms of political art, were fully set down, in their most precise meaning: this would prevent them from falling into many errors, and hinder them from being made the stalking horses of cunning, inflammatory hypocrites, who take their aim at places and pensions: this would be a book of most universal benefit, and as Swift says of his Draper's Letters, "*very proper to be kept in all families.*"

W



No. 68. Saturday, March 28.

*Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabiam.* HOR.

But every various instance to repeat,
Would tire even Phlogos, of incessant prate.

IN my last Speculation I laid down a plan for a Dictionary, which really would be of vast use for the explanation of many complex terms in our language; this I think might be easily accomplished, if any man who knows the world would undertake it. This would perpetuate to posterity many words, which otherwise will, perhaps, be unintelligible, at least in the meaning we take them in. Now, for instance, he might define the following words in this manner:

Liberty, Freedom, and Independency. Cant words.

Free Citizen. A dupe to Phlogos and his faction.

Committee of the Free Press. A dung-hill of scandal.

In like manner he might proceed, by giving each term the true signification. I was going to propose that

that the compiler of this useful work should insert also many terms in use in the polite world; but on consideration, I found they would be rather too complex for a definition, and will admit of nothing but description: for instance, the word *Honour*, or as our vowel-stealers spell it, *Honor*. I am certain it would take up some pages of his Dictionary to describe properly a man of honour, in the modern sense of the word. Now, many well disposed people, who perhaps are not well acquainted with the world, are simple enough to imagine that an *honest man* and a *man of honour*, are synonymous terms; but they are quite mistaken. I shall therefore endeavour to set them right. *A man of honour* will pay no debts contracted to tradesmen, or mechanics, and does not care if they and their families starve or beg, provided he can make a genteel appearance in good company; but he is the most punctual creature alive in all gaming debts, commonly called debts of honour; and for this he is a damn'd honest fellow.

A man of honour, will debauch your wife or daughter, for which he shall be envied by all the pretty fellows in town, and prodigiously caressed by the fair sex: this he calls gallantry.

A man of honour, will outwit you in any bargain if he can, particularly in disposing of a horse. He will sell you one upon his honour for fifty pounds, which is not worth five: this is all fair jockeying.

A man of honour, will swear most solemnly to the most notorious lies, which if you seem to doubt, you doubt his honour, and he runs you through the body. But there are some exceptions to this; for I have known many of your undoubted men of honour, most notorious cowards.

A man of honour, will betray his country, if he is paid for it; and Virgil tells us, there are some of these men of honour in Tartarus for that very crime. *Patriam qui vendidit auro.*

A man of honour, will promise every thing, and perform nothing. He will delude a number of poor wretches, whom he has long tortured by vain expectations

tations and promises; and after making them rely a long time on his honour, he leaves them at last to misery and despair.

A man of honour, is a Deist in principle, and, consequently, is not troubled with those old fashioned scruples which an honest man is plagued with; nor regards those stale duties of religion and moral honesty, which he leaves to priests and old women to practice. In short, there is no villainy, knavery or dishonesty, which a modern *man of honour* will not put in practice, in order to gratify his lust, his ambition, or his avarice, provided he can keep up the show of a fair outside to the world.

I would not have my readers by any means imagine, that by the term honour, I mean that glorious concomitant of virtue, which stimulated the Greeks, Romans, and our ancestors, to those noble deeds which will, to the end of time, make their names renowned. No; the kind of honour I have been speaking of, is that bastard kind, which this polite age has substituted in the stead of the legitimate. This is so cheap, that pimps, panders, catamites, buffoons, sycophants and gamblers, claim it as their due. Not a trull or valet de chambre in town, not a hair-dresser or mantua-maker, but will aver *upon their honour*, as familiarly as people of quality. If, therefore, any definition at all is to be given of this word, I would advise it to be thus: Honour is an empty sound without any meaning, and is used by all ranks of people from the lord to the shoe-boy, to swear by.

He should define a woman of honour, a w——e, and a gamester. Now, there is another term which is not quite so complex as that of *a man of honour*, and that is, *a pretty gentleman*, which might be simply defined thus: *A pretty gentleman*, is a coxcomb, who, meerly by the dint of impudence, ignorance, lying and cheating, is admitted into the best company, and is a vast favourite with the ladies.

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7

An honest fellow, is a swaggering, drunken, debauched fellow, who attends to nothing but the gratification of his passions.

A jolly dog, is one who has no conversation in company, but "fill about, what's the toast, damn your heel-taps," and roars out an obscene ballad when he gets drunk.

There are many more terms of this sort, such as bucks, bucks of the first head, bloods, fine ladies, &c. &c. which I shall not now trouble my readers with; but if any of my correspondents have a mind to amuse themselves in this way, they are welcome, and may send them to JAMES HOEY, junior, at the Mercury in Parliament-street.

W

No. 69. *Tuesday, March 31.*

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit assibus.—

VIRG. GEORG.

But most in spring, the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

PERHAPS it will be reckoned vanity in an old fellow like me, to boast of favours which I receive from the fair sex; yet I cannot refrain from communicating to my readers a very great one conferred on me by a young lady, who subscribes herself MELISSA. The letter contains so much good sense, taste, and liveliness of imagination, that I think I give my readers a sumptuous treat, by presenting them with it. And whenever this Irish Sappho shall think fit to give us the pleasure of her correspondence, I think the public, and I, shall esteem ourselves under the highest obligations to her.

To the BATCHELOR.

SIR,

THE conclusion of your last Tuesday's Speculation, threw me into a meditation on the subject of it, the spring; and the result of it was, that your warning against the influence of it is unnecessary here in town, where we can see so very small a portion of those beauties that lull the senses into a delightful, tho' dangerous, languor. In a rural scene, indeed, when a young woman wanders in a verdant plain, or through budding trees, where the warbling birds heighten the rapture a sensible mind must feel; if she is of a romantick turn, which is not uncommon, she is apt to imagine herself a compleat shepherdess, wanting but two requisites, a flock, and a tender shepherd; the latter, fortune seldom fails to throw in her way, then the soft season has its full effect upon her softer soul: besides, the heart cannot want occupation, it is not formed for a state of inaction, which the continual motion of it seems to imply; for this reason, a life of retirement is as dangerous to a state of indifference in the metropolis, as it can be in the country, but it is equally so there at all seasons; the approaching charming one is innocent of the fatal effects of love. On the contrary, in a life of what is commonly called pleasure, scenes of amusement continually shifting, prevent the thoughts from dwelling long enough on one object, to make that one so dear as to cause uneasiness.

Celinda, though in, town, is as much exposed to love as any country damsel whatever; for she is in the care of an old aunt, who thinks the Theatre or Musick-hall, the very center of corruption, and would as willingly trust her in the company of the old tempter, as of a smart young gentleman. By this ill judged method of proceeding, Celinda has a high opinion of those pleasures she knows only from report, and if a little acquainted with, would despise,

as

‘ as frivolous and unsatisfactory, and thinks every man
 ‘ she sees, all that is amiable: thus she must inevitably
 ‘ fall a prey to the first that takes it into his head
 ‘ to attack her.

‘ You will, perhaps, imagine from what I have
 ‘ said, that I am an advocate for women spending their
 ‘ time in the fashionable levity of dissipation and much
 ‘ company: far the reverse; I hold such a life to be
 ‘ equally pernicious to the mind and understanding;
 ‘ but I would induce all parents or guardians, by
 ‘ shewing them the ill consequences of a contrary method,
 ‘ to let their youthful charges see enough of the
 ‘ world to prevent their forming an ideal notion of its
 ‘ delights; and to endeavour all in their power to inspire
 ‘ such a taste for rational pleasures, such as reading,
 ‘ and social conversation, as will make them naturally
 ‘ fly to these for relief, from the satiety, more
 ‘ tumultuous, and, of course, unreal pleasures, will necessarily
 ‘ cause; these will also, while they improve the understanding,
 ‘ prevent the mind from falling into a state of idleness,
 ‘ which it cannot bear. To those who will continue to
 ‘ confine their daughters, or wards, without assisting
 ‘ those talents which would soften the rigour of that
 ‘ confinement, by enabling them to amuse themselves
 ‘ without foreign assistance, I have but one advice to
 ‘ give, “ that they will let them see no man whom
 ‘ it may be improper for them to like;” for as they
 ‘ have no option, nor can their choice be puzzled where
 ‘ there is no variety, the affection will be fixed on the
 ‘ first that seeks it.

‘ I have been tedious, but perhaps you will be so
 ‘ condescending as to give a Speculation on the subject
 ‘ I have handled so ill, in which you will much oblige
 ‘ many, particularly your constant reader and admirer.

March 19th, 1767.

‘ MELISSA.’



No. 70. Saturday, April 4.

All the World's a Stage

SHAKES.

THERE is no subject on which writers of all ages have made more comparisons, than on that of human life. They have compared the life of man to the leaves of trees, to bubbles on the water, and many other things; but I do not know any who has been so happy in this respect, as that child of nature, Shakespeare. It was a subject fitted to that vast strength of genius and natural sublimity, which he was more blessed with than perhaps any poet that ever lived. Of this we have numberless instances in his works, but more particularly in the beautiful allusions he makes of life, to his own profession as a player. This, any man who has the least taste and judgment, will immediately perceive, by reading that noble speech of Jacques in *As you like it*, of which my motto is the first line. He may also find another in *Macbeth*, which is also sublime, on the same subject :

*Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.*

Nothing, certainly, can be more just than these comparisons; for nature, who is the grand manager, has assigned to every man, at his entrance on the stage of life, the part he is to act in it. A man, therefore, never becomes ridiculous or contemptible, but by endeavouring to assume a different character from that which she has cast for him: for she has adapted our powers, our capacities and strength, to the character we are to represent in the different stages of this grand drama, and
when

when we step out of that, we become unnatural buffoons.

Suppose now, on the theatrical stage, Sheridan should take it into his head to act the Copper Captain, and Brown should act Cato ; suppose Barry should act the Page in the Orphan, and Macklin Romeo, or Mos-sop Sir Harry Wildair ; would not these be inconsistencies which no audience could bear ? This would be to paint, as Horace says, " a Dolphin in the woods, " and a Boar in the Floods."

Yet, though we do not find those great players I have mentioned fall into such inconsistencies, we may observe, notwithstanding, as great, and sometimes, if possible, greater on the stage of real life every day. Do we not see the aged of both sexes affect the gaiety, folly, and giddiness of youth ? nay, even imitate their very vices ? How odious is it to see the gouty, worn-out debauchee, limping after young bucks to a brothel ? How detestable to behold the wanton old dowager, daubed up to the eyes with paint, smirking with her gallants (in the boxes of the play house) who, perhaps, might be her grandsons ? As absurd and foolish as this method of finishing their parts may be, in those who are about to make their exits from the world, yet in this manner do many of the better sort finish the great eventful history of their lives.

I own I am not much concerned, when I hear of some of those old fools going off tragically ; and of some lascivious old widows meeting with poetical justice. Who is not happy at the thoughts of old Faustina's having lost her paramour ? There is no circumstance by which people commit greater blunders, than by mistaking the powers allotted them for performing in this great drama. By this means, the ignorant pedant, would appear the man of learning ; the blockhead, a man of genius ; and the illiterate mechanic, a writer for the public. Through this fatal mistake, the grave citizen, becomes a facetious joker ; the smart journeyman, a shallow jester ; and the spruce apprentice, a witty fellow. All men think they have talents for the highest characters. Every politician in town,

town, who constantly reads the packets, thinks he could guide the helm as well as my Lord Chatham; and every free citizen thinks, if he had the rod and chain, that he would be a second Humphry French. In like manner, every candle-snuffer, scene-shifter, and under-player, thinks he could represent a hero as well as Barry, Sheridan, or Mossop. Thus the Freeman thinks he can write as well as my cousin Isaac Bickerstaffe.

But if ill consequences arise from those errors I have mentioned, how much greater mischiefs will then proceed from our not sustaining properly the characters which we represent in life. If the nobleman, will act the part of the jockey; the divine, of the licentious libertine; the lawyer, of the pickpocket; the soldier, of the effeminate fribble; or the physician, of the itinerant mountebank; is not this out Heroding Herod? Is not this acting as if we were made by some of nature's journeymen? And yet I will appeal to my reader, if there is not a possibility of all this happening? I think, therefore, that every man, in whatever station of life he is placed, should look upon himself as an actor before the great audience of the world; and that if he says or acts any thing inconsistent with his part, he must expect to be hissed off the stage with infamy and disgrace.

T

To the BATCHELOR.

SIR,

Trinity-College,

I AM plagued out of my life by a lad who lives in the next room to mine, and is one of that species they call Spouters. He has a most stentoric vociferation; but the best of all is, that he is a North countryman, and has a strong Scotch accent. With these theatrical powers, he is continually traversing his room in the stage stride, and taking off Sheridan, Barry or Mossop. He affects to imitate their tones of voice, and when he comes to a rant, you would imagine that he was in a high passion.

I am

‘ I am often awaked in a morning, by Richard starting from his dream, and calling for his horse ; Othello’s jealousy will not suffer me to read my lectures, and Lear’s curses to his daughters, sometimes prevent my going to sleep at nights. I was roused the other night from a most agreeable dream, by his roaring out, “ Macbeth hath murdered sleep,” and no sooner had I settled myself again to rest, but he disturbed me by bawling out, “ Angels and ministers of grace defend me.” I went to him yesterday in order to expostulate coolly about the disturbance he made in the building, and no sooner had I entered his room, than he seized me by the throat, and bid me prove his love a whore, by which he tore my band in pieces. Now, sir, I look upon this unfortunate young man to be much fitter for Bedlam than the College, and would be glad to have your advice how I may have him conducted thither.

‘ I am, Sir, your humble servant,

‘ ACADEMICUS.’

‘ P. S. I fear his disorder may be taking, and therefore he should be removed speedily.’



No. 71. *Tuesday, April 7.*

Hâc lege, in trutinâ ponetur eadem.

HOR.

In the same balance let them both be weigh’d.

‘ To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Mercury in
‘ *Parliament street.*

‘ SIR,

‘ I N a late Speculation, you mention, amongst others, the names, *Buck* and *Fine Lady*, and desire a description of them from some of your correspondents.

dents. Now, from an intimate acquaintance with some of both these characters, I think myself the better qualified to describe them; as I so often see the originals, I cannot forbear sending you a picture of each, which you may either exhibit to public view, or throw among lumber, as you shall think fit.

A Buck, is an animal who distinguishes himself in the streets from others, by an affected gait, a fierce swagger, an idle saunter, or some other motion or gesture peculiar to his species: his hat is cocked with an air of defiance, half covering one eye; his looks are expressive of "damme, 'ant I a fine fellow," and his whole mien bespeaks him a gladiator. Every tolerable looking female he meets, he puts out of countenance, by a most confident stare, and cries aloud to his fellow Buck, on whose shoulder he leans. "a damn'd fine piece, by all that's beautiful; a sweet devil;" and most commonly adds some piece of ribaldry, with specimens of which I shall not defile my paper.

Some part of the night he infests the play-houses, where he torments the players, and plagues the audience with his noise; scampers through every part of the house, offends some modest women in the galleries, romps with the orange-wenchs, and often concludes with a riot. The remainder of the night he consumes in gaming and debauchery; towards morning, perhaps, he reels to his bed, where his slumbers are broken by a consciousness of his having mispent his time, or rather perhaps his money, amongst sharpers. This is but a slight sketch, as the limits of a letter will not permit me to be as circumstantial in my account of him as I could wish; or of

A modern fine lady, who, if nature had not unluckily formed her for petticoats, would have made no small figure as a Buck: the sex is the only difference between them, for their minds are alike trivial; and by that fatal distinction, she is put under some restraint, as she must of necessity observe some of the decorums of her sex, without which, a wo-

man

‘ man would be shunned by all ; but to the best of her
‘ ability, she shines in her sphere as far as decency will
‘ possibly allow her. She talks in raptures of drums,
‘ balls, and plays ; the latter amusement she only ad-
‘ mires as it brings company together, and helps out
‘ conversation ; as for taste to discern or be pleased
‘ with a good play, or a fine performer, I do not
‘ know a fine lady that has it ; but without any sort
‘ of reason, she takes a vast fancy to Barry or Mossop,
‘ and be it which of them it will, she can allow the
‘ other no one excellency : if Mossop happens to be
‘ the favourite, then Barry is a bad figure, has no ex-
‘ pression in his countenance, has no voice, and is a
‘ bad lover. On the other hand, if she likes Barry,
‘ Mossop cannot move the passions, nor knows either
‘ how to speak or act. She is sure to quarrel with all
‘ those of the same stamp with herself, if they differ
‘ from her in opinion ; and often, by wrong argu-
‘ ments, confutes those very tenets which she would
‘ maintain. In a mix’d company, she is all air and
‘ liveliness, but take her as a *tele a tele* companion,
‘ she dwindles into insipidity.

‘ If any person were to draw a family piece of a
‘ Buck and a Fine Lady united for life, as a wedded
‘ pair, what a melancholy picture might he make of
‘ it ? for let them be never so gay to outward ap-
‘ pearance in public, and ever so much in a round of
‘ dissipation and diversions, yet must they have some
‘ hours for one another in private ; and how agreea-
‘ bly that time is filled up, one may easily guess ;
‘ with what tender, delicate, and sensible conversati-
‘ ons ; he sings, whistles, or sleeps ; she yawning,
‘ wishes away that time, which (by a pair capable of
‘ mutually giving pleasure by good sense, quickened
‘ by wit, and softened by love,) might be spent in the
‘ most rational pleasures, and highest raptures of de-
‘ light ; whereas, she is sick of these tedious, stupid
‘ hours of privacy, hating him most heartily, and al-
‘ most herself, until some trifling amusement or com-
‘ pany steps in to relieve her lassitude, and ease them
‘ both of each other’s company.

‘ Now

‘ Now, if any single persons should dislike this sketch, which I have given of this couple, of a male and female Buck thus yoked together, let them (if they can) choose for the partners of their hearts, such as do not answer either of the above descriptions. This they may be assured of, that all the miseries which so often attend the married state, proceed from want of sense, and that a good understanding alone is the only solid, true foundation, on which we can expect to build our conjugal happiness.

‘ I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
‘ M. T.’

Mr. Wagstaffe requests that none of his correspondents may hereafter stile themselves, PHILANTHROPOS, as that name is now worn thread-bare.’

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

S I R,

IN one of the publick papers of yesterday, called, The Freeman’s Journal, I saw a scurrilous libel (in the form of a letter) on a noble pair, not less to be admired for their known amiable dispositions, than for their illustrious descent.

The absurdity of the intended satire, viewed in a publick sense, is such as renders it unnecessary in the warmest advocate for that truly honourable family, to take the smallest notice of it; but at the same time, the diabolical wounds aimed at their repose, as private characters, are of so base, unmanly, and I may well add, barbarous a nature, that every generous and benevolent mind must take fire at the assassin’s attempt, and endeavor to turn the concealed villain’s Stiletto against his own conscience—if he has any.

But

But instead of being carried thus away by the indignant resentment natural to every honest breast, against the supposed wretched perpetrator of such cruel and uncharitable assassinations, and which (were the respectable personages concerned, of the most opposite dye to the unblemished colours they shine in) can be of no import to the publick ; let me rather turn my pen against that pest of this city's peace, the hackneyed, despicable group, who conduct (if I don't abuse the expression) that licentious paper ; as they are more highly blameable for permitting its insertion, than the contemptible author for its construction, unless we remove the distinction, by accounting the author and publisher the same, which is by much the more probable case :—if my surmise be void of foundation, let them manifest it by dragging the former delinquent to light, to receive such chastisement as every worthy man must allow he deserves ; if they decline answering this reasonable demand, who will not agree with me, that in this instance, as in many others, their paper hath been fouled with the rancorous venom of their own cancered spleen ? for which, notwithstanding the security which they may fancy their obscurity gives them, a strong-toed pair of shoes, or a horse-whip, may find the road of conveying to them the punishment their insolence merits.

Now, to consider this set of venomous reptiles in a more general sense ; I am well informed, that their partiality to their own flimsy, illiberal stuff, is so great, that they frequently reject useful and improving articles of intelligence, to make way for their own libelous productions, some instances of which have lately come within my own knowledge ; nor do I recollect ever to have seen in their paper any piece of a publick nature, but what tended, either in direct terms, or by occult insinuations, to destroy all subordination, as well civil, as ecclesiastical, thereby endeavouring to reduce all things within the scale of their levelling democratic principles : and as to those virulent and unmerited personal invectives, of a class with that, which gave rise to this letter, they appear to be so numerous, and unprovoked

provoked, that I have often, with astonishment, reflected on the patience (I had almost said pusillanimity) of the publick on that head, who should feel a proper resentment at every stab in the dark, which these petty villains attempt against the character of a citizen, and hunt the poisonous vermin from their skulking holes, and crush together, them and their hellish engine. 'Tis true, indeed, on recollection, that they seem, of late, to have taken a more slow method of destroying them, by declining, with becoming contempt, the perusal of their low trash, and giving a deserved preference to your well conducted paper; but this is not sufficient, for in their protracted fall, they may undertake further acts of defamation and villainy, to which I would gladly see a decisive and immediate stop put, and the ax laid to the root of that hollow, rotten fig tree, (which when alive, brought forth but evil fruit) by a spirited indictment; to which, if once set on foot, I am certain all ranks of people, except their fellow levellers, and the low, deluded, ever mistaken rabble, will give their chearful assistance.

Your inserting this letter in your very useful paper, will much oblige, Sir, your most humble servant,

JACK STRONG-TOES.

Tanner's Lodge, near the Whipping-post, Apr. 1st, 1767.

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No. 72. Saturday, April 11.

Sicut

*Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris,
Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.*

HOR.

For thus the little ant (to human lore
No mean example) forms her frugal store ;
Gather'd, with mighty toils, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future want———.

THERE are no people in this city whom I have a higher respect or esteem for, than for those who follow the arts of honest trade in it. I look upon them as so many industrious bees, who are constantly at work to fill this great hive with wax and honey, for the use of those whom fortune has placed in such a sphere of life, as to exempt them from a necessity of applying to industry. The fair trader, therefore, and the honest manufacturer, whilst they enrich themselves, are, at the same time, doing vast service to their country. It is entirely owing to them, that in a few years this kingdom has been so much improved, and that money is now become so plenty amongst us ; that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages this country labours under from absentees, and the great importation of foreign superfluous luxuries, it is in a flourishing condition. For my part, it gives me vast pleasure to see so many considerable merchants, whose credit is as extensive as those of any in Europe ; to view, as I walk the streets, so many well furnished shops in the city, and when I go into the Liberties, to observe so many reputable manufacturers in the silk and

and woollen business. Now to carry on the allusion of comparing them to bees, a little farther :

As these laborious little animals have their enemies, who eat up the fruits of their industry, such as drones, mice and slugs ; so have people in trade also theirs, such as people of fashion, who take their goods without paying for them ; the sharper who enters into business with a design to break full handed ; and the knavish foreman or apprentice, who squanders or wastes his master's substance. *James M. M. M. 773*

I have received, from time to time, many papers from several of my correspondents on the subject of trade, but as they were not very material, I did not insert them. However, I shall give my readers two, which were sent me some time ago : the first is a letter from London, whither, it seems, my speculations have reached ; the other is a petition from a set of industrious female traders, who seek redress from my pen, which they expect as much as distressed damsels formerly did from the lance of a knight errant.

‘ To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Mercury
‘ in Parliament street.

‘ DEAR WAG, London, Patrick's day, 1767.

‘ YOU are addressed thus freely by a man who
‘ glories in the title of Irishman, though so long
‘ resident here, as to contract most of the customs of
‘ this nation, and amongst them, a more than Irish
‘ spirit of industry, which has enriched me to the a-
‘ mount of near half a plumb.

‘ I am a great admirer of your Batchelors, and have
‘ on their account, the MERCURY regularly remitted
‘ me, which induces me to request, that you will give
‘ us a stricture on the soporiferous conduct of my
‘ countrymen. I am just returned from your city,
‘ where I generally visited my customers in the morn-
‘ ing, and seldom failed of finding many of them in
‘ bed at eight, nine, nay some of them even at ten
‘ o'clock. What a shameful custom is this? How

‘ per-

pernicious to their fortunes and constitutions? I shall expect to find this discussed by your able pen, which, without flattery, is in my judgment, superior to any, in your way, since the time of your great ancestor, Isaac.

‘ I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

‘ AN EARLY RISER.’

The humble petition of *Raphael Whipstitch, Sarah Scarf, Mary Lappet, Ann and Susannah Mitten, Margaret Point, Jane Minionet, Judith Pincoif, Martha Gauze, and Winnefrid Ruffle*, of the city of Dublin Milliners.

‘ Humbly sheweth,

‘ **T**HAT your petitioners carry on an extensive trade in this city, in the millinary way, and have always lived in good credit and repute among their neighbours. That they have all along supported their credit in trade, and answered the demands of their creditors punctually and honestly. That notwithstanding all this, these your said petitioners, have suffered considerably in their business, by the following means :

‘ First, that there are many ladies who come to your said petitioners shops, (some in coaches, and some on foot, a shopping, as they call it) and rummage and turn over your said petitioners’ goods, under pretence of cheapening them, when, in reality, they have no intention of buying. That the said ladies come with no other design but to learn the fashions, and pester your petitioners with a thousand idle questions ; as, How much muslin, gauze, silk-lace, coxcomb, edging, trauly or cambrick, such an article would take ? and after being resolved in all these, and many more, they say they will call again, or send their directions in a few days, and go their ways to a haberdasher’s shop to buy all these articles, which they think they can get cheaper than from us your petitioners. That these ladies, by

‘ way

‘ way of management, have generally a poor relation,
 ‘ or humble companion, who attends them in this shop
 ‘ hunting, who picks up our patterns, and makes
 ‘ these articles for the ladies, to the no small detri-
 ‘ ment of us, your petitioners.

‘ The next grievance of your petitioners is, that
 ‘ many ladies of fashion have taken such an utter dis-
 ‘ like to any thing that is Irish, that they get over
 ‘ from London or Paris their caps ready dressed, and
 ‘ other articles made up ; and although we can make
 ‘ them just as well, and in the very same manner as
 ‘ they get them from abroad, yet they are not count-
 ‘ ed fashionable.

‘ Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, our petition to you is, that
 ‘ you will write a speculation on this subject : tell the
 ‘ shopping ladies, who have no thoughts of buying
 ‘ our goods, that it is unjust in them to take up so
 ‘ much of our time (which is valuable to us) for no-
 ‘ thing. We assure you we have been often obliged
 ‘ to keep some of our real customers (who wanted to
 ‘ buy) waiting in our shops, whilst these ladies were
 ‘ tossing and tumbling over our goods, and saying they
 ‘ were all very pretty, and at the same time did not
 ‘ buy so much as a yard of ribband. We also request
 ‘ you will acquaint the ladies of fashion, that they
 ‘ should either be content with Irish millinary goods,
 ‘ and continue their custom to us, or else to clear off
 ‘ their old accompts with us

‘ We hope, therefore, you will take these things in-
 ‘ to your most serious consideration, and by represent-
 ‘ ing them in a proper light, you will not only do us a
 ‘ most signal piece of service, but will also serve many
 ‘ industrious people in this city, who must other-
 ‘ wise starve. We hope, therefore, for your com-
 ‘ pliance,

W

‘ And your petitioners will ever pray.’

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

Wrote some years ago on a Club in Kilkenny, among whom, it was said, an Apparition appeared.

FROM the regions of thirst, and no claret to swallow ;
Where COLLIER'S just gone, and where J-N-S
soon must follow ;

Where MARGOGE and WHIST have no longer the
name

Of an innocent glass, and an innocent game.

Derry down, down, &c.

In spite of what old Father ABRA'M has said,
Old H-RTST-NGE is come an express from the dead,
To let all the toppers of OSSORY know
How matters are like to go with 'em below.

The Club look'd but queerly while thus he went on,
" Six months ye have all to repent, but Sir J-HN ;
" His sentence is past, and with me he must come,
" I saw his fire kindl'd, and was in his room."

" Ods buds," cries old J-N-S, " is that all master
Sprite ?
" Take the thanks of the house, and away with the
" knight."

The president bow'd, and the motion was made,
That to make up a third, he should take old G—RGE
R—D. Derry down, &c.



No. 73.

Tuesday, April 14.

*Ignæus est ollis vigor, et celestis origo
Seminibus : quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundaque membra.
Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque : neque
auras*

Respiciunt, clausæ tenebris et carcere cæco. VIRG.

Th' etherial vigour is in all the same,
And ev'ry soul is filled with equal flame :
As much as earthly limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of Heav'n and edge of day. }
From this course mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire, and fear, by turns possess their hearts ;
And grief, and joy : nor can the groveling mind, }
In the dark dungeon, of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies ; or own its heav'nly kind. }

WHEN we old fellows. who are declined in-
to the vale of years, look backward, and take
a view of the road of life we have travelled, what a
scene of vanity, trouble and disappointment, does the
whole appear to us. With what pity do we behold
our juniors struggling up that hill which we have as-
cended, and see them deviating from those paths of
virtue, which alone could bring them with happiness
through that troublesome and tiresome journey. The
farther we advance in years, the more we see the
folly of those enjoyments, in which men are too apt to
place their *summum bonum*, or chief good. How ab-
surd does it appear to us, that a creature endued with
reason, should employ his whole labour and thought
in the gratification of the body, which is subject to
diseases and accidents of various kinds, will decay in a
very

very short duration of time, and then must come to a total dissolution.

We should, with Virgil, look upon these noxious bodies which we carry about us, as dark prisons, which confine the faculties of the soul, and chain it down to that earth, of which their frail, perishable substance is composed. Through these bodies we not only see things, as through a glass, darkly, but even through a false medium; for they diminish large objects, and magnify small ones. In this deceitful glass, how large, how vast do the present pleasures of the world appear to us? and how distant and small do those of futurity seem to deluded mortals? This is the case whilst health and youth, and the quick returns of appetite solicit us, and the Halcyon days of prosperity invite us to gratify our senses without controul. But alas! when age or sickness comes upon us, how is the scene changed? we then loathe and nauseate those objects which we before doated on; and all the gilded allurements of the world vanish before us like a dream, or as Shakespeare most elegantly expresses it, *like the baseless fabric of a vision*. When this happens, as it certainly must, where then is the consolation of the worldling, the vicious man, or the deist? What miserable creatures must they then be, when the foundation on which they built their happiness, is thus pulled away from them, and they are left to tumble into wretchedness and despair!

All men, even the most sensual, are conscious of their own mortality; yet how foolishly do many of them endeavour to divert the thoughts of it, and would fain put off the evil day from their minds as far as possible. But there is a Monitor, which, in spite of them, will, in the midst of their career, remind them of it, and assure them, their present happiness is not sincere. Whence then can this arise? I answer with the great Mr. Addison:

- “ ’Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
- “ ’Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
- “ And intimates eternity to man.”——

If we examine the works of Plato, the sayings of Socrates in Zenophon, the writings of Tully, and the 6th book of Virgil's *Æneid*, we find most amazing lights thrown upon the minds of those virtuous heathens, by Providence, concerning the immortality of the soul. Shall we, who have the clear sun-shine of Christianity, be less enlightened than they? shall we suffer ourselves to be darkened by the falacious nonsense of the voluptuous deist, who would persuade us to put ourselves on a level with the beasts that perish? Is it because he does not expect to attain it, on account of his vice and sensuality, that we must therefore sell our birth-right to heaven and immortality, in order to keep him in countenance?

I shall conclude this essay with a copy of verses, which were sent me by a gentleman, who, in his youth, had been addicted to pleasure and the muses; and the poem will shew that he is now become a grave, religious man: I think the poetry is good, but what I think is best of all, it shews the sentiments of a good heart.

THE HARP NEW STRUNG.

I.

*I tun'd my shell of sweetest tone,
As swift as thought my fingers flew;
The luscious page obsequious grown,
As swift, self-open'd to my view.*

II.

*Thy illumin'd eye beheld with pain,
BACCHUS and CUPID made divine;
Beheld! and with a just disdain,
Quick turn'd away from love and wine.*

III.

*I blushing cast a glance around;
Near lay the Christian magazine,
Close claspt it lay, in iron bound;
The page unsoil'd, the margin clean.*

IV.

IV.

*I prest the book with trembling hands,
The volume glad, did open spring ;
When thus the sacred text commands, —
One of the songs of Sion—sing.*

V.

*Lord !—I began—my harp was mute,
The powers forsook my fingers too ;
Lord !—I resum'd, it wou'd not suit,
The theme was strange, the song was new.*

VI.

*With pious indignation vex't,
No more the guilty strings I try ;
Rebellious to the sacred text,
I snapt the chords, and cast them by.*

VII.

*Tb' unwilling harp I string a new,
Help, Lord ! with voice elate I cry ;
Strait yields the harp the tribute due,
The chords responsive harmony.*

VIII.

*Long suffering God ! who erst didst bear
The idle song, the wanton lyre,
Oh listen to my better air,
And tune my heart and harp—strings higher. T*



No. 74. Saturday, April 18.

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris. TUL.

Call a man ungrateful, and you call him every thing.

NOTHING shews the depravity of the human heart so much as ingratitude. It is the most unpardonable of all vices, because there is no sort of temptation to it ; it gratifies none of our appetites ;

it satisfies no other passions but such as are in themselves detestable, namely, pride, avarice and envy: for this reason, the proud, the avaricious, or the envious man, is hardly ever grateful. The proud man, if he receives a benefit, he esteems it as due to his merit alone, and thinks we only do him justice in obliging him: he therefore imagines that it derogates from that consequence which he arrogantly assumes to himself, even to make a grateful acknowledgement for favours conferred upon him, much less to make a return of kindness to his benefactor, for benefits received. The avaricious man is seldom capable of gratitude, because this virtue requires an exalted generosity of soul, which such a wretch is not susceptible of. His narrow soul is too contracted for the entrance of so noble a principle; the sordid love of wealth only, takes up the whole room in his groveling mind, and leaves no place for those refined sentiments which the generous mind feels on being obliged.

Besides, it is next to an impossibility that the miser should be grateful; as beneficence and gratitude flow from the same principle, the same affection which disposes a man to be grateful, disposing him also to be beneficent, when he has it in his power. The envious man can never be obliged, as that corrosive passion which rankles in his breast, turns every, even the best actions of others, into venom and corruption. If we serve him, he directly puts a base construction on our kindness; he imagines that we must have some private view in any thing we do for him, and for that reason is never thankful. On the contrary, as the envious man is a professed enemy to mankind, he will hate his benefactors as well as others; nay, often more, as he is apt to look upon them in the light of importunate creditors.

Besides those I have mentioned, I hold it as a contradiction to suppose, that any vicious men can be grateful: for gratitude is founded on the basis of justice, which is the chief of all virtues, and is cemented around by generosity, good-nature, and friendship. The irreligious man also, and the unbeliever, are incapable

capable of gratitude : for how is it possible that the wretch (who is unmindful of the unspeakable obligations he lies under to that infinite goodness, from whom he derives his very being, and all that he has) should be grateful to man ? Can the hardened Deist, (who wilfully shuts his eyes against the strongest conviction of unbounded mercy,) can such a man be said to be capable of gratitude to his frail fellow creature, when he ungratefully, even denies the highest obligation which it was possible for the Supreme Being to confer upon him ? I mean, the coming of our blessed Saviour, who came voluntarily from his region of bliss and glory, to suffer a most painful and ignominious death, for fallen mankind ; and what is more, nay, even for his very enemies. How can any man then be said to possess any, even the least virtue, who either is forgetful of this instance of divine love, or obstinately refuses to acknowledge it. What obligation is there, which his fellow mortal can confer upon him, to make such a wretch grateful ? None that I know of : surely the laying down of a man's life for him, would not claim so much as his thanks, when even the son of God's doing so, will not. Nay, what heightens this obligation the more upon us, is, that this divine sufferer requires no other returns from us for all the agonies he endured, but that we should do that which is our own interest to do. Had he required any thing from us which it was impossible for us to perform, then we might have some excuse for our ingratitude : but when, on the contrary, *his yoke is easy, his burden is light*, what can we say for ourselves ? Must we not pronounce the man who quits the easy paths of virtue, and runs on in a course of vicious habits, to be not only a fool, but a wicked, an obstinate, and an ungrateful fool also : but no epithet that I can think of is bad enough for him, who not only refuses to comply with the gracious terms offered to him by his redeemer, but even denies the truth of them.

I have deviated from my usual plan in this paper, by running so deeply into a religious argument ; but I hope it will be agreeable to my readers at this sea-

son, when our whole hearts and souls should be entirely devoted to a serious contemplation of that unparalleled goodness, which we can never sufficiently adore or admire.

A man must then first have gratitude to God, before he can be said to have it to man, as his prime obligation lies there. None, therefore, but the religious, the just, the virtuous and the honest, can be truly grateful even to man; all others who make pretence to this virtue, are hypocrites and flatterers. It is undoubtedly our duty to do all the good we can to our fellow-creatures, and even to bad men, with a view of reclaiming them, and that without hopes of a return; but we can expect gratitude only from the good: if we confine our good offices to these only, we shall oblige but a few, comparatively speaking; therefore we must be content if they are, as Tully says, *tantum simulacra virtutis*, that is, "if they have" only the appearance of virtue." Let us not, therefore, make it a pretext for not doing good, that men are unworthy of it; but let us rather imitate him who maketh *the sun to shine on the evil and on the good*; thus only shall we pay our debt of gratitude to that most beneficent Donor, who showers down his benefits on us, who are most unworthy of them.

As I have been led so far by this subject into the religious way, I shall conclude by observing, that a truly grateful mind, can alone be capable of enjoying everlasting happiness hereafter, as a great part of the joys of heaven will consist, in pouring forth hymns of gratitude to the All Wise, All Powerful, All Good, and beneficent Creator of all things. T

No. 75. *Tuesday, April 21.**Non omnibus dormio.*

TER.

IT is no easy matter for a public writer to hit every body's taste. Some would have me constantly to employ my pen on grave subjects, whilst others want me to be continually in a lively strain. Many tell me, they like me best whilst I am awake, and some of my readers are so unreasonable as to expect that I shall spend my whole time in sleep, and dream for their pleasure. They do not consider that these things are involuntary, and that when a man sits down to write, the subject turns upon the humour he happens to be in at that time; nay, it sometimes arises from other circumstances, such as the company he has lately been in; the course of reading he has fallen into; or the goodness or badness of the weather.

Trifling as these reasons may appear, yet I can assure my reader they are of some weight, and affect a writer more than he perhaps imagines. As most of our ideas arise from sensation, those objects which have made the strongest impression on our organs, will naturally come across us, and become the subjects of our thoughts in spite of us. Therefore, I cannot be grave, when I am disposed to be merry; or merry, when I am inclined to be grave.

I never knew a person in company say, "Come, let us be merry," that ever mirth was the consequence of it: mirth is like wit, the more we labour for it, the farther it flies from us; if it does not come voluntarily, we may give it up. In like manner, I can no more command my dreams when I sleep, than I can my thoughts when I wake. Perhaps, as I am an old man, people expect I should be

like many of my age, an arrant dreamer; but I can assure them, in the words of my motto, I do not sleep for all, that is, I will not dream but when I think proper.

I know many, who think very little whilst they are awake, and whose imaginations are very busy in their sleep: these people delight in telling their dreams, and take a pleasure in hearing those of others. I have received a letter from a person of this kind, who seems to lead a kind of still life, or at least is for a considerable part of his time in a numb'd state: also, another from one who requires me to be quite in the merry mood at all times, and in all seasons.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* at the Mercury in Parliament street.

S I R,

I AM a man who spend at least sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty in sleep. I am of a very sleepy family: my grandfather left the world in a sleepy fit, and my father died of a lethargy. I am therefore a child of Somnus. I love dreaming in my heart, as I think it the pleasantest part of my life: for that reason, I never think myself happy but when I am asleep, as my imagination is then most awake. The soul at that time, shuffles off this mortal coil of flesh and blood, and like a bird let free from its cage, flies into those delightful regions of fancy, of which we can have no idea in our waking hours. In order to enjoy this pleasure, I lie in bed as long as I can, and besides that, I indulge myself with a nap whenever I can find an opportunity. My friends know my humour so well, that they never attempt to disturb me in company, and the conversation goes on as well as if no such person were in the room. I sometimes nod at the play, but at church a long sermon gives me a fine sleep.

But

‘ But to come to the point ; as I told you I love
 ‘ dreams, I should like your speculations better if
 ‘ you dealt a little more in them. In the first of
 ‘ your papers, you said you had got your cousin
 ‘ Isaac Bickerstaffe’s night-cap for that purpose, and
 ‘ I expected you would have been much more visi-
 ‘ onary than I find you are. I am afraid it has lost
 ‘ its virtue, as it must be by this time all in rags, or
 ‘ that you are afraid of wearing it out, by too often
 ‘ using it. I wish you would lend it to me for a few
 ‘ nights, and perhaps I might dream to the purpose,
 ‘ for your Batchelor. If you are afraid to entrust it
 ‘ out of your sight, I will go some evening and take
 ‘ a nap in your arm chair : either, therefore, lend it to
 ‘ me, or put it on yourself, and treat us to a dream
 ‘ as soon as you can. I am, sir, whether sleeping or
 ‘ waking,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ NICODEMUS DROWSY.’

‘ *To the* BATCHELOR.

‘ S I R,

‘ **I** Like your papers very well that are in the
 ‘ sprightly cast, but I hate your *Pl Penforoso’s*.
 ‘ What have we to do with your dreams, or your
 ‘ grave, moral lectures ? we read your paper for
 ‘ amusement, not for instruction. Why don’t you
 ‘ give us some papers on love, and shew us patterns
 ‘ for Billet Doux ? You seem to be a gay old gentle-
 ‘ man, and it is a pity you should ever be grave.
 ‘ Do now, pr’ythee, dear Wag, give us a few love
 ‘ epistles, at this blithsome season of the year, and
 ‘ give us no more of your sleepy visions, or of your
 ‘ musty advice in your speculations, for both, I
 ‘ assure you, are thrown away on us young fellows,
 ‘ particularly on, sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ JOSEPH L’ALLEGRO.’

I will shoot this tame, and this wild goose, by a shot from Horace.

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti: si non bis utere mecum.*

If better than this ye know, ye may impart,
If not, your counsel is not worth a f—t. W



No. 76. Saturday, April 25.

Magister artis venter.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

IN every great city, there are vast numbers of people who are obliged to have recourse to their shifts, in order to acquire the common necessities of life: London abounds with them, and this metropolis has its share of them; not to mention street-robbers, shop-lifters, pick-pockets, sharpers, gamblers, bawds, pimps, prostitutes, bullies, and fortune-hunters. These are all obnoxious to the laws of the land, as their method of getting bread depends on their doing injury to others.

But there is besides those, a very harmless race of mortals, who earn a very precarious, miserable kind of subsistence, by their ingenuity, I mean those wretched hackney writers, who are under the dire necessity of brandishing their pens for hire. I have often considered them in the same light with those unhappy females, who are compelled by want, to prostitute themselves for bread. We can, with as little concern, hear of a shoal of common scriblers starving in their Grub-street garrets, as we see common trollops walking the streets at nights, or shivering under the piazzas to pick up cullies.

When

When I say any misfortune befalls those fellows, whom nature designed should rather handle a spade than a pen, we just feel the same sensation as at seeing a bawd carted, or a coach-full of those ladies I mentioned, going from Newgate to George's-quay, to be transported; but when a man of real genius and true merit is constrained, mechanically, to convert his great talents into a trade, and to intersperse his inestimable diamonds amongst the paultry rubbish in a magazine, and that for a bare livelihood; when this, I say, is the case, must it not raise the most melancholy reflections in the breast of every reader of discernment and taste? We have the same compassion for him, as we have for a fine girl of a good family, whose beauty alone has been the cause of her ruin, who has been seduced by fair promises, and afterwards abandoned to wretchedness and want: thus forsaken by her faithless keeper, she is forced to apply to some procuress, who maintains her as long as she finds it her convenience, and when that ceases, she turns her out of doors, to rot and die in a cold garret, or perhaps in the streets.

In like manner a bookseller (whom I look upon to be the bawd of writers) debauch sometimes men of bright parts into their service, for the use of the public: in the beginning they will make them large offers, till, like those old madams, they have drawn them fairly in, and then they use them as they please. When they have secured them as authors, they just value them as attornies do their clerks, not by the quality, but the quantity of what they write. For my part, as fortune has placed me in such a sphere of life, as to make me independent of such means of getting money, I never did, nor ever shall, desire any recompence for my labours: but I was led into this subject by having read over, with vast pleasure, some essays lately published, which, in my opinion, are the production of the greatest writer now living.

The misfortunes of great men affect us strongly, whilst those of the vulgar make but slight impressions on us. The spectators will weep more for one nobleman

bleman going to the scaffold, than for a hundred common fellows carried to the gallows: the reason is, that we are apt to annex a stronger idea of the sensation of their misfortunes to the former, than to the latter. By a parity of reasoning, I pity the indigent state of one man of exalted talents, more than I do the starving of a thousand blockheads. The feelings of the man of genius, under poverty and distress, must be dreadful, and are such as the stupid scribler is entirely ignorant of; a competency is necessary to the happiness of the one, whilst a bare support is sufficient for the other.

No man was ever more convinced of this than Swift, and therefore in many of his letters he reminds poor Gay to get rich as fast as he can, in order to have what he calls the *Subsidia Senectutis*. An author's fire may not always last, his former admirers may be surfeited, and then, like those unfortunate women I have spoken of, when his beauties are decayed, madam bookseller throws him off, and he becomes a common street-walker.

"Now ponder well ye parents," who have it as a common expression in your mouths, That if a boy has parts and a little learning, he may easily rub through the world; consider well with yourselves, that if you leave him no other inheritance but an estate on Parnassus; consider, I say, what a precarious freehold that is; what small profit that land will yield, which produces nothing but laurel; a vegetable, which will not fatten so much as a goat. Revolve with yourselves what profit will accrue to your son by retailing water from the Castalian Fountain. Will any trading man, think ye, give him his daughter with a large portion, because Phœbus hath blasted him with poetic fire? No; if ye would have your children grow rich, and consequently respected in the world, shape their quills for a counting house, or an attorney's desk. Let them be entirely ignorant of those seducers of youth, the Greek and Latin authors; nor suffer them to be led astray by those dangerous companions, such as Milton, Shakespeare, or

Swift:

Swift: believe me, those fellows are deluding; and where a boy has genius, he will catch the infection, and be utterly unfit for business. The narrow path of learning ever leads to poverty, when the high road of ignorance as surely brings men to riches: therefore, if those destructive rays of light should beam forth in your son's mind, obscure them as much as you possibly can, unless you are willing to have him a beggar: curb his inclination to writing by all means, whether in poetry or prose, lest his excelling in either may compleat his ruin. Those ensnaring Gipsies, the Muses, like the Sirens, by the enchantment of their bewitching musick, may transform him into that monster a writer, and he may become a *Butler* or a *Goldsmith*.

J

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

Mr. HOEY,

THE following letter was sent to Mr. Faulkner last Monday: his answer, instead of the publication, is in his Dublin article, where he takes notice of A. B.'s letter; how far his approbation or strictures on said letter are just, may be left to the judgment of the public, if you chuse to insert it in your MERCURY. The author was always a particular friend to Mr. Faulkner, and at least as unbiassed as himself in points of religious controversy: As to abuse or scurrility, the letter will speak for itself: I am the author's friend, and procured his leave to try your squeamishness: the letter passed the approbation of many persons of considerable consequence before it was sent to Mr. Faulkner: no Papists were consulted about it: you may insert this and the letter if you like, or let both alone, as you please. I am, your humble servant;

Thursday, Apr. 23d. 1767.

ZERO.

A let-

A letter appeared in the Freeman's Journal of last Saturday, signed, A CITIZEN, which occasioned the following one to Mr. Faulkner.

* MR. FAULKNER,

* **W**E cannot sufficiently applaud the vigilance
 * and activity of our worthy sheriffs and ci-
 * vil magistracy, in apprehending, convicting and
 * executing those unhappy wretches who infested our
 * streets, put our lives in danger, and robbed us of
 * our properties. Such guardians of our city do the
 * highest honour to it, and deserve the thanks of the
 * whole community: but whilst we give them due
 * praise for their effectual endeavours to preserve our
 * peace, lives and properties, let us not strive to in-
 * spire them with sentiments that would disgrace hu-
 * manity, dishonour their office, and leave a worm in
 * their own hearts that would never die. The law
 * of man can reach no farther than our body or
 * goods; God has reserved to himself alone the pow-
 * er of executing justice on the soul: and yet there
 * has been found one among us, presumptuous and
 * cruel enough, to wish that our magistrates would
 * exercise their severity on the soul, as well as the
 * body, and damn the criminal as well as hang him,
 * by depriving him of all spiritual succour at his last
 * moments.

* It is a well known truth, even to the turnkey of
 * Newgate, that the terrors of an approaching shame-
 * ful death, joined to the most strenuous endeavours
 * of some charitable divine, have been scarce able to
 * make an impression on the hard hearts of many of
 * our culprits. We have seen a GORE and others,
 * who are an ornament to humanity, as well as the
 * bench they sit on, shed tears when they pronounced
 * sentence of death against a criminal: we have
 * known them even to soften the rigour of justice it-
 * self, by their lively and pathetic exhortations to
 * those unhappy wretches; they did not think it in
 * their power, no more than in their office, to shut
 * the door of God's mercy against them.

* This

‘ This charitable law-giver is the first, for the honour of our nation, that ever proposed, and the Free Press the first that ever published, such a salutary scheme. But as I am at least as good a patriot as this letter writer, I beg leave to improve upon some of his hints, and fancy he will like my proposal even better than his own. He asserts that the priests get share of the plunder from the robbers, for giving them absolution: now, as the law condemns the receiver as well as the thief, should not our magistrates immediately seize and hang all the priests, *without benefit of clergy*, as accomplices with the robbers? and by this means the nation would at once get rid of its two greatest evils, popery and thievery. It is certain one little difficulty occurs here, which I did not foresee, from the example of our sister nation, which, tho’ pretty clean swept of popery, seems much better peopled with robbers, highwaymen, footpads, &c. than ever it was in the most bigotted times of its superstition; so I begin to think, that this good Citizen and I are equally bad politicians; for I suspect, that our mild and gracious government will look on my proposal as rather too violent, and perhaps not efficacious; and I am sure that there is not a Turk, Jew or Infidel in the world, hard hearted enough to approve of his.

‘ I send this to your paper, which I look upon as the public channel of humane, generous, and benevolent sentiments, and not a common sewer to convey lies, scandal and calumny to the world. I am, sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,

‘ A. B.’



No. 77. Tuesday, April 28.

——— *Qui rure extractus in urbem est.*

HOR.

Thus madly quits his farm—the foolish clown
Thinking it happiness to live in town.

‘ To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Mercury
‘ in Parliament-street.

‘ S I R,

‘ I AM a man of a good estate in this kingdom,
‘ and had the character in my country of being a
‘ plain, honest country gentleman. I had a good
‘ house and domain, lived hospitably among my
‘ neighbours, kept a good pack of hounds, and had
‘ as good a stable of hunters as any man in the pro-
‘ vince where I lived. I loved country business and
‘ diversions; in short, I lived a life entirely agreeable
‘ to my inclinations for many years, and might do so
‘ still, but that I am married. My wife, who is
‘ what you may call a very fine lady, hates the pure
‘ air of the country, and nothing will go down with
‘ her but the smoke of Dublin.

‘ She often used to complain that the country was
‘ too solitary, that our children would be ruined for
‘ want of education, and that her daughters would
‘ be meer country Joans. To these remonstrances I
‘ often turned the deaf ear, and sometimes they cau-
‘ sed little conjugal altercations. I was determined
‘ not to sacrifice my happiness and fortune to her ca-
‘ price and humour: but alas! what do all our
‘ boasted resolutions signify, when a woman takes it
‘ into her head to teize, and will set all her engines
‘ to work against us? You who are a batchelor,

‘ cannot

cannot be so sensible of this as we married men ; for believe me, in all matrimonial conflicts, ours is the weaker sex. It would be endless to recount to you the various arts and stratagems she used, to make me quit my peaceful habitation in the country, to enter into the noisy bustle of the city. These she tried in vain for many years, till at length she hit upon a scheme by which she accomplished her design, by pretending want of health, and that it was absolutely necessary for her to live in town for the sake of consulting the best physicians.

‘ Thus was I taken in by the cunning of my wife. I set off my house and land, gave away my dogs, sold my hunters, and took a house in Dublin in a genteel street, at a most exorbitant rent, which does not stand upon more ground than my dog-kennel in the country. It is an amazing thing what a sudden effect the thick air of Dublin had upon madam ; for without either the help of doctors or medicines, she instantly grew well : so that her disorders in the country were either feigned, or merely hysterical. Drums, plays, balls, routs, concerts, exhibitions, dress, fashions, milliners shops, and visits, were the specifics which recovered this poor lady from the jaws of death.

‘ It is very odd, as she grows better, I decline in my health and purse : I want that wholesome exercise which hunting afforded me, and my wife is cheated of as much money in one night by Lady Sackbut at cards, as would keep my house in the country for a month. My daughters are grown the most conceited minxes upon earth, can talk of nothing but those cursed Italian singers, or the dress which such a lady wore at Lady Loo’s drum. Lucy, my eldest, who used to sing me a good English song, will now, forsooth, give me nothing but Italian airs. I am glad those fellows are gone, or perhaps I might have one of them for a son-in-law. I assure you, sir, my life is become miserable, and the more so, when I consider how I am now losing this fine hunting season. In a morning, instead of
‘ the

‘ the melodious musick of my hounds, I am awakened by the horrid discord of the news boys crying, “ *The Dublin Mercury, the Mercury Journal* ;” instead of the sweet opening of Piper and Blueman, I am stunned with “ *old cast clothes*,” or the obstreperous noise of fish-women and chimney-sweepers.

‘ But the worst circumstances which arise from this wrong-head expedition to Dublin, remain as yet to be told: I am forced to rack my poor tenants to support my wife’s gaming and extravagance; and yet, notwithstanding all this, I am obliged to run in debt to honest tradesmen, without a possibility of answering their just demands. This I know is but little regarded by people of fortune in general, but to me, who look upon it as the worst of robbery, it is shocking: for how can people in business answer the demands of their creditors, if we defraud them of their substance by not paying them? or let our intention be ever so honest, yet the delay of payment may often be of fatal consequence to the people we deal with, and the fair trader may be constrained to break and shut up, for want of that money which we squander away in luxury, or lose at cards, and which, rightly considered, is their property, as long as we are in their books.

‘ How often have I seen a poor wretch go in the black cart to the gallows for a robbery, perhaps for forty shillings, and at the same time beheld a laced beau flaunting in his gilt chariot, which he never did, nor ever meant to pay for: the latter I look upon as the greater robber of the two, and to deserve hanging better.

‘ I forgot to tell you, my wife and daughters are painted up to the eyes, like babbies in a toy-shop. They put on new faces every day, and never appear in their own natural colours, except in the morning, when they rise out of bed. When they design for the boxes at the play, they lay on as much red as would raddle a sheep’s back. For God’s sake, dear Mr. Wagstaffe, give me your advice how I shall act; and give me your opinion, whether

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whether it would not better for me to retire sometimes with my family back again to the country. I should be also obliged to you to publish something on this subject in your *B A T C H E L O R*: it may, perhaps, have a good effect on my wife, or at least it will be of use to many in my circumstances.

‘ I am, Sir, your constant reader and admirer,
W *‘ JONATHAN QUICKSET.’*



No. 78. *Saturday, May 2.*

—————*Vanæ*
Fingentur Species.—————

HOR.

And mixes all extremes.

MR. LOCKE says that wit consists in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, which have the *least resemblance* to form agreeable visions. If this be a true definition of wit, I believe no age in the world ever abounded with so many men of wit as this we live in: for if we will take notice of the conversation of all ranks of people, from the coronet to the shoe-boy, we shall perceive with what quickness and variety they assemble ideas together, which have but little connection or resemblance to each other: we shall find, that their discourse is larded with similies which are quite foreign to the subjects they are talking of. The grave citizen, and the sprightly buck; the sedate shop-keeper, and the ferocious son of Mars; the antiquated matron, and the lively miss in her teens; can hardly utter a sentence without these comparative flourishes of rhetoric. They put me in mind of *Hudibras*,

Wha

*Who scarce his mouth cou'd ope
But out there flew a trope.*

In short, they cannot speak of any thing without an ingenious comparison, or likening of one object to another, however unlike the objects may be in themselves to each other.

But I think of all others, the devil is the ofteneft made use of for this purpose. Thus, the fine gentleman, as well as the rude mechanic, will say, the weather is as hot as the devil, or as cold as the devil; such a girl is devilish pretty, or such a woman is as ugly as the devil; or such a man is as stupid as the devil, and another is devilish clever. Thus the devil is made to act by the rule of contraries in their families, and is painted black or white, just according to the humour of the speaker, or the subject he is treating of.

I am persuaded, that if we were to deprive our modern pretty fellows of these *ambitiosa ornamenta*, or "flowry ornaments of discourse," that vast numbers who now pass for wits, would appear quite flat and insipid; we might as well strike them dumb, or sew up their mouths. Was it not by the use of similies alone, that the cream of orators, Phlogos, so effectually pulled down the board of aldermen? How could he so powerfully have irritated the giddy populace without the help of these rhetorical flourishes? Did not this Herculean declaimer vanquish them by transforming them figuratively into Hydras, Gorgons, Cerberuses, many-headed monsters, Briareuses, &c? In short, he frightened the people with these horrid notions of them, as foolish nurses do children with stories of spectres and hobgoblins. In like manner those ridiculous mountebank preachers amongst the Swadlers, have led honest people astray, and seduced them from their true religious principles, by the simple use of that trite sophistry of comparing their pastors to dumb dogs, who barked not for their flock.

This comparative jargon is often used with wonderful success by rhetorical jugglers, to delude the
ig-

ignorant vulgar, who are as easily imposed upon by it, as they are by the legerdmain of a Bresleau or a Prussia, as we see by the instances I have mentioned. But that we should use them in the common occurrences of discourse, I can see no other reason, unless it be that we should not be sufficiently loquacious without them: nay, they are sometimes carried so far, and people have so much accustomed themselves to them in conversation, that they cannot forbear even using them in writing. By chance I met with a letter the other day which is full of them. It was written, as I conjecture, from a town wit to his correspondent in the country. I shall insert it verbatim for the satisfaction of my readers.

‘ DEAR JACK,

‘ I Have been as stupid as the hill of Howth ever since you left town. I wish your old dad would tip off, that you might come once more: damn it, he is as old as the knocker of Newgate, but I think as tough as a gad. The town is growing as dead as a herring; every body is pelting away like smoke to the country. No diversions but the play-houses. Sheridan acts Hamlet like a turnpike; Dancer does Ophelia like any thing. I went with a devilish jolly set last night after the play, to sup at our old tavern, but it is grown as bad as bad can be. We had a fowl that was as old as my grandmother, and roasted to rags. The wine was as flat as ditch water, and as thick as puddle. We called for punch, and the spirits were as hot as the devil; their malt liquors wers as muddy as the Liffey at Essex-bridge: so that you may think that we were as dull as cats, when we thought to be as brisk as bottled beer: the waiter too, was as stupid as the wooden man in Essex-street. Jenny is every day as fine as a new pin, and as brisk as a bee. She frisks about like the flying horse on Temple-bar; and is as full of tricks as an Antrim goat. I suspect she paints like a Bartlemy babby; for tho’ she is no chicken, she looks as fresh as a rose; and

I be-

‘ I believe if she lives to be as old as Old Scratch,
 ‘ she will still be as merry as the maids. Ned Jumper has beat a faucy watchman as black as twelve
 ‘ o’clock at night, and made the old fellow as sick as
 ‘ a dog. Ned is as good a fellow as can be, but as
 ‘ hot as mustard. Bob Bumper is every night as fuddled as David’s fow; he and Will Guzzle were as
 ‘ drunk as pipers the other night, and in going home
 ‘ they tipt like nine-pines in the gutters, and were as
 ‘ wet as drowned rats. I have no more to add at
 ‘ present, but that I am, your slave and Blackmoor,
 ‘ BOB SMACK.’

‘ P. S. I forgot to tell you, I got the Ready for
 ‘ your bill. ’Twas as good as Ben Burton.’ W

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

S O N G.

By a Gentleman, on the death of his Wife.

*Il ne reste
 De tant des dons beureux, de tent d'attraits si cheres,
 Qu'un cadavre glace, la pature de vers.*

O NANCY, who once wert my pleasure,
 But now art my grief and my care;
 ’Tis JOHNNY’S known voice, my lost treasure!
 Which once sounded sweet in thine ear.

See, on the sad willow suspended,
 The lyre I no longer can use;
 Thou’rt gone,—and my song is quite ended,
 For thou wert my song and my muse.

O cruel hard fate! to divide us,
 And tear us asunder so soon;
 The few years that HYMEN hath ty’d us,
 Were all but one short honey moon.

They

*They talk'd of our passion with pleasure,
And envy'd a love so sincere ;
But who can now envy my treasure,
Thus lost as I am in despair.*

*Alas ! I am robb'd of my blessing,
The flatt'ring gay dream now is o'er ;
Nought left is on earth worth possessing,
The life of my life is no more.*

*Distracted with grief and with sorrow,
From country to country I'll run ;
What aid from my flight can I borrow,
Alas ! how myself can I shun.*

*All chearless the court and the city,
All joyless the garden and grove ;
No comfort from friendship or pity,
And vanished is pleasure and love.*

*In vain, I in crowds would relieve me,
And chearfulness awkwardly feign ;
Alas ! no relief can they give me,
The fruitless attempt is in vain.*

*Thus tir'd of the farce I've been playing,
Distracted I homeward repair ;
With sighs thy past fondness repaying,
And ev'ry kind word with a tear.*

*Thus whilst with thy kindred of heav'n
Thou'rt blest, for thy piety here ;
If unto cælestials 'tis giv'n
The voice of poor mortals to hear.*

*Know still for thy sake I shall languish,
And bear the hard torturing strife,
'Till pining with grief and with anguish,
I wear out the remainder of life.*



No. 79. Tuesday, May 5.

Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.

VIRG.

They feed within their veins a flame unseen.

NOTWITHSTANDING what the ingenious Melissa said in her letter, that this " charming season is innocent of the fatal effects of love ;" yet I can assure my readers, and particularly my female ones, that the month of May has ever been a most dangerous one. It is an old remark, that to climb up May hill, is an arduous task for sickly constitutions ; and I take it to be equally difficult for the blooming virgin in her teens, to ascend it without receiving some wounds from the shafts of Cupid. Nature points out to us that this is the busy time of love, from the very brute creation, and Virgil tells us in his Georgics, that *amor omnibus idem*, love is the same to all.

I know not what havock love may have made in the city, as I have not received any accounts ; but by the lists of the killed and wounded sent me from the country, Cupid has been as fatal to innocent rural maidens, and buxom widows, as the English arms were to the French in the late war. His name is, at this season, become as dreadful in the country, as that of Pitt at the court of Versailles. To prove what I have said, I shall here set down a list of those who have fallen victims to his poisoned arrows, which I had from a correspondent in the country, and is as follows :

Pastora going out May-morning to gather May dew, was slain by Damon, whom she saw accidentally leaping a drain.

Jenny

Jenny Dimple on the same morning going to get a snail, shot through the heart by Ned Simper.

The Widow Bounce killed by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, in a short coat, hunting cap, tight boots, long spurs, and buck skin breeches.

Nell Sparkler, a rural coquet, wounded by a laced hat; but there are hopes of her recovery, as the wound is not thought to be mortal.

Sophia Prim, a prude, received a wound from a half-pay officer at questions and commands; but it is hoped she will also recover, as the wound is but slight.

The Widow Dainty killed on the spot by Jack Jumper, who vaulted over a horse, unfortunately in her presence. Just as she was expiring she was heard to say, "Oh, the charming creature!"

Pastorella fell dead at the feet of Billy Caper, in a country dance.

Bridget Topknot, spinster, expired with a nosegay in her hand, presented to her by James Gosling, at a May Pole.

Nancy Romp pining away in the green sickness, so that her life is despaired of, ever since May day, when she saw Tom Shapely in his summer clothes.

Fanny Sprightly received a slight scratch from a smart Dublin cit, and was in a fair way; but this morning was slain by Jeremy Greenfield, Esq; by a soft speech in the Birch Grove.

The Widow Wanton departed the second instant. Her death is variously accounted for: some say it was occasioned by Squire Tawdry's new post chaise; others, by the prospect of another jointure; but most agree, that she fell a victim to Bob Lusty's legs.

Mrs. Grizzle Crabtree, a maiden aged 56, expired last Sunday morning suddenly at church, in sermon time, whilst the curate, who is an able, broad backed divine, and a batchelor, was preaching against adultery.

My humerous correspondent has given me an account of many more who were killed, wounded, or hurt, in his list; but I think I have inserted enough

to prove my assertion, and to caution my fair readers of the dangers of this sickly month. Perhaps some will say, that this distemper rages at this season only in the country, and that it is no way epidemical in town: but I would have my fair readers not trust to that delusive sophistry, and let me assure them, that the Gardens, the College-parks and the Green, may prove as fatal as the flowery meads, shady groves, and purling streams at a distance from town.

Let them not vainly imagine, that the smoke of Dublin will have any efficacy to drive away this pest from their tender breasts. Cupid's arrows are as unerring on the banks of the Liffey, as on the grassy margin of a clear fountain. I shall be therefore obliged to some of my town correspondents to send me a list of the slain within the bills of mortality; as no doubt they will be very numerous, I would have only the most remarkable ones taken notice of.

Although I have, in a former paper, forbidden any verses to be sent to me on the subject of the spring, yet I shall make no apology for inserting the following lines, which were sent from an unknown hand to me the other morning.

*Rough winter's husb'd, the stormy winds no more
 Last swelling billows to the sounding shore;
 Calm and serene old OCEAN rests in sleep,
 And frisking sea calves wanton in the deep.
 The Zephyrs now on downy pinions bring
 Luxuriant beauties to the youthful Spring,
 And by their genial influence disclose
 The yellow cowslip, and the blushing rose.
 The earth, which long in frozen fetters lay,
 Her bosom opes to PHOEBUS's charming ray:
 The field and meads in various liv'ries dight,
 And painted blossoms meet our ravisb'd sight.
 The early lark distends her swelling throat,
 In liquid air pours forth her sweetest note:
 Harmonious PHILOMEL in nightly strains,
 Her sad misbap, to solitude complains:*

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No. 79.
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*Sly CUPID now refits his venom'd darts,
 Fatal, alas! to thoughtless maidens' hearts.
 In this bewitching season, Oh! beware,
 Ye tender virgins, use your utmost care;
 In MAIA's lap the wicked urchin's found,
 From whence he's sure the fair one's heart to wound;
 But shoud his darts assail, your only cure
 Depends on HYMEN's rites, of wedlock pure;
 Be this your maxim, HYMEN still remember;
 Thus, warm May's as safe as cold December.* J

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

THE printer hereof thinks himself under a necessity of declaring, that it has ever been an essential part of his study, since the commencement of this paper, not only to inculcate the respect due to our civil magistracy, but also to vindicate them as occasion offered, from the audacious aspersions and base calumnies, published in the Freeman's Journal. He, therefore, with the greater confidence asserts, that a letter in the MERCURY of Saturday the 25th of April, past, was inserted with no other view, than as a modest answer to a most unchristian-like proposal, printed in the Freeman's Journal of the 18th of April, and signed, A CITIZEN. Our worthy magistrates shall ever find him unwearied in his attention to assist, as far as lies in his power, to support their dignity and defend their characters; and he promises to himself and the public, from his ingenious correspondents, a continuance of the same entertainment, which the stupid Committee of that licentious journal, has already given him an opportunity of offering the public thro' the channel of the Mercury.



No. 80. Saturday, May 9.

——— *Parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.* HOR.

From slender means that great things shou'd have aid.

I Can assure my readers, that the favourable reception which my poor attempts to please the public, have met with, gives me no small pleasure. HOEY tells me, that the MERCURY has a much greater circulation, than even his most sanguine expectations could have suggested to him. This, he says, is in a great measure owing to the BATCHELOR, and that my papers are liked by the public. Whether he intends by this to pay me a compliment for the trouble I have taken for him, or whether he means it as a spur to keep me on in the same gait, I cannot tell: but if I can have the happiness to amuse or instruct my readers, and at the same time to serve an honest industrious young man, I shall not think my time or labour thrown away. I am the more confirmed in the truth of what Hoey says, by the number of complimentary letters which I have from time to time received on my speculations, some of which ran in so high a strain of encomium, that my modesty would not permit me to publish them; however, I hope I shall not be accused of vanity for inserting two, which were lately sent to me: one of them is from an honest Quaker, the other from a gentleman whom I have not the pleasure to know.

* *To the* BATCHELOR.

* Friend Jeoffry,

* **I** Tell thee, friend, that thy speculations please
 * me much: thou reprovest with discretion and
 * good sense, that spirit of folly with which thy bre-
 * thren are possessed. Thou seemest to know the
 * hearts of men, and dost shew forth their failings,
 * and thou wouldest do them good, if they would
 * hearken to thy counsel. Thou hast warned them
 * of those habitations of Satan, the drums, and set
 * before their eyes the wickedness of gaming: yea,
 * when the heads of thy sisters were swoln with
 * French curls, thou didst apply thy medicines to
 * allay the swelling. Thou didst exhort them to set
 * at nought the idle vanities of foreign ornaments in
 * their apparel, and to use the manufactures of their
 * own country.

* All this, yea, and much more, hast thou done,
 * for which thou art worthy of praise. There yet
 * remain many things worthy of thy correction, as
 * the folly of men, and the vanity of women, en-
 * creaseth more and more every day. Thou canst
 * not but observe the number of painted Jezebels
 * who infest our city, some in chariots and some on
 * foot, and have the impudence to appear in the
 * streets thereof. They are painted sepulchres; for
 * though their outsides be fair, yet inwardly they are
 * very rottenness. We behold not their natural face,
 * but the false colouring of Satan, to entice men to
 * sin. They are like unto the bad meat in the market
 * places, which the roguish butcher varnisheth over,
 * and the righteous magistrate sendeth to the prison-
 * ers. In like manner do the old, the wrinkled, the
 * sickly, the diseased and the deformed, counterfeit
 * youth, health, bloom and beauty. Now, friend
 * Wagstaffe, thy pen is more able than mine to re-
 * prove these thy sisters, and to shame them out of
 * their wickedness. Make them to appear in their

' own colours as their mothers did, and to leave these
' Babylonish whoredoms to concubines and harlots.

' I am, friend Jeoffry, thy constant reader,

' JOSHUA PLAINDRESS.'

' To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* at the Mercury in
' *Parliament street.*

' SIR,

' I Am member of a Club lately instituted in this
' town. We have called it the BATCHELOR
' CLUB, in honour of you. We meet every Tues-
' day and Saturday night, to read over your specula-
' tions together, and to make our remarks on them.
' I assure you we are highly pleased with them. I
' am desired by the Club, to request the pleasure of
' your company at our next meeting, and if you will
' accept of it, we will appoint you President.

' Our Club consists of seven members: we are all
' good humoured, and are pleased with each other's
' company. Every man drinks what liquor he plea-
' ses, and what quantity he chooses. Whoever eats
' supper calls for what he likes, and there is no re-
' straint on any man. Every body is at liberty to go
' or come when he thinks proper. Thus, without
' being tied down to any formality of rules, which
' are the bane of all societies, we enjoy mirth and
' chearfulness, and your speculations.

' I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

' J. MEANWELL.'

How different is the style of the following billet,
which I just received?

' To

' To the BATCHELOR.

' Old Wag,

' YOU begin to grow damn'd dull: your speculations begin to smell of dotage as much as that, What d'ye call him, Bishop's Homilies, in Gilblas. It's time for you to give over scribbling, or the Freeman will maul you. What the d—l is't to you what we fine gentlemen do, or how the ladies dress themselves, or how other people write. You have vexed a great many people by your writing, and pretend to tell people what they know already. You'd make people believe that no body can write but yourself; but, damme, I'll wager you what you dare, that I can write better.

' T. BLUNDERBUSS.'

' P. S. Let me advise you, as a friend, to drop your speculations, for 'pon my honour I don't like'm.'

W

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME evil disposed, malicious person or persons, enflamed, as is supposed, with envy, at the great reputation and uncommon success that have attended the practice of Cornelius Phlogos, M. D. having published an account of the death of the said gentleman, nay, and have even gone so far as to add an epitaph and elegy on said occasion; now we, the editors of the Dublin Mercury, being willing to undeceive the public, and to make all the atonement in our power for so hasty a publication, do assure the public, from undoubted authority, that the said report is altogether false and groundless. That the said Doctor Cornelius Phlogos is not dead, but living; and means, God willing, in a few days to exhibit

himself, and prove the malign falsity of such report, at the public halls of this city, which resolution he has been prevented from putting into immediate execution, by having had his corns (a plague he has long been troubled with) cut a little too near the quick, by trusting to the operation of an unskilful hand. In justice, therefore, to the said Doctor Cornelius Phlogos, we hope that this may become as generally known, as our hasty publication.



No. 81.

Tuesday, May 12.

*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi:
Atque idem jungat vulpes, & mulgeat hircos. VIRG.*

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and
thee:

The same ill taste of sense wou'd serve to join
Dog foxes in the yoke, and sheer the swine.

‘ To the BATCHELOR.

‘ S I R,

‘ I Intercepted the following letter, which please to
hand over to my favourite printer.

‘ I am, dear Jeoffry,

‘ Your friend and servant,

‘ MERCURY.’

“ A letter from CANT, to the present Committee for
“ conducting the Free-Press.

“ Oh Gentlemen, Gentlemen,

“ WILL you believe a poor ghost, that is
“ now pretty well acquainted with every
“ apartment in the dark regions of Pluto? I loved
“ you

" you when I was amongst you, and endeavoured to promote the common cause, by every lye, falsehood, or calumny, I could invent. I suffer for it now; but I dare not speak; or, *I could a tale unfold*: Oh! oh! oh!—But you will all know it in time, and I long for your company.

" You have been already informed how I, and the rest of the departed junto, stole our passage, and bilk'd old surly Charon of his freight: we no sooner got to our journey's end, than we began our old trade of *Faction*; and would immediately set all Hell by the ears together, if the master devil, old king Pluto, had not been too many for us.

" Oh! we once held the *Scourge* in our own hands; but now, we feel it ourselves: yet all this is nothing to what we suffer on your account at present, by your unfortunate, imprudent address to the Public, of last Saturday*. Many a day's labour,

D 5

" many

* From the Freeman's Journal, May 9th, 1767.

The COMMITTEE, to the PUBLIC.

Nothing less than the *last* insolent Attack of the puerile Publisher of a periodical Paper called the *MERCURY*, on the Conductors of this Paper, could possibly have tempted them to pay any Attention to him or his Colleagues. And even now, it is with the utmost Reluctance they stain their Paper with such Subjects; but that they find themselves called upon to do that Justice, which they think their Duty to the public Demands of them, and that merely to remove from the Credulous, Impressions, as falsely, as wickedly insinuated, in his Paper of the fifth Instant—He informs his Readers that,

" He thinks himself under a Necessity of declaring, that it has ever been an essential Part of his Study, since the Commencement of this (his) Paper, not only to *inculcate* the respect due to our civil Magistracy, but also to *windicate* them as occasion offered, from *the audacious Aspersions and base Calumnies, published in the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*." He therefore, with the greater Confidence asserts, " that a Letter in the *MERCURY* of Saturday the 25th of April, past, was inserted with no other View, than as a *modest* Answer to a most unchristianlike Proposal, printed in the *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL* of the 18th of April." He then proceeds with

the

“ many a night’s watching hath it cost us, many a
 “ dirty job have we undertaken, many a filthy sink
 “ have we waded through, many were the scandals
 “ and

the like *modesty*, and informs—our worthy Magistrates, that,
 “ they shall ever find him unwearied in his Attention to *assist*,
 “ as far as lies in his Power, to *support* their Dignity and *de-*
 “ *fend* their Characters.” The Remainder of his very *modest*
 Paragraph, we shall pass by, as impertinent to the Subject,
 tho’ insolent to his Superiors.

How far, the above Charges against the Conductors of this
 Paper, are founded in Truth, they are not ashamed to submit
 to the candid Public. For, where ever this Paper has touched
 upon civil Magistracy, it has always been conducted with a
 fixed Eye, to *their* Dignity and Importance in a free State.
 And where Censures have been passed upon any, they have
 been levelled at such only, as have abused their Authority by
 arbitrary Acts, by Supineness in their Conduct, or by betraying
 the Rights of those, it was their Duty to protect. True it is,
 that against *such* and every other known Invader of the civil
 Rights, Properties or Fame of the Community or its Members,
 whether in high or low Station, *this* Paper was avowedly insti-
 tuted to Scourge. But, the Virtuous, the Good, the Loyal,
 the Oppressed, have always met such Countenance and Protec-
 tion, as a public Paper could afford them.

This being the Plan of the Founders of *this* Paper, the
 Gentlemen to whom the Direction of it hath from Time to
 Time been committed, have so far acted up to the Spirit of its
 Institution, as not to admit any Thing knowingly therein, re-
 pugnant to Principles they hold inviolable; Principles, found-
 ed on, and supported by the glorious Revolution: To which,
 all of that *puisne* Publisher’s Cast, can lay no just Claim, as
 Enemies or Strangers to them. Yet, with an Effrontery un-
 paralleled, this petit *Supporter* of Magistracy, wantonly calu-
 miates, where he should apologize for his Insolence: and as a
 farther Proof of his great *Modesty*, he engages to “ *assist, sup-*
 “ *port* and *defend* our worthy Magistrates in their Dignity and
 “ Characters.” They surely, can henceforth have nothing to
 fear, when thus assured of Assistance, Support and Defence!
 But there is nothing novel in all this, for whoever will be at
 the trouble to consider this *modest* Youth, and trace his Steps,
 will find him strictly uniform upon his *own* Principles. To the
 Point, before we quit the Subject.

As a young Editor of a periodical Paper, something must be
 attempted to gain him and it, an Establishment; the Cause to
 be espoused, was not the smallest Object; the Hands it was in,
 made it naturally suspected by every *real* Friend of civil and
 religious Liberty; the *Grub-street* Plan, was deemed an expe-
 dient

“ and calumnies we forged; and all this to bring
“ our beloved journal to that perfection in which we
“ left it with you. Now, alas! you have marr’d all,
“ by entering *Yourself* in person into the lists with
“ that *puifne* boy, the publisher of the Dublin Mer-
“ cury.

“ We have carefully avoided such rencounters;
“ and tho’ we sometimes united all our forces to give
“ him a lash, yet, the *sacred* name of the COM-
“ MITTEE was never abused to that purpose; we
“ always borrowed that of some letter-writer, by
“ which

dient for the Purpose; and the FREEMAN’S JOURNAL and its CONDUCTORS, as being obnoxious to Tyrants and Slaves of every Cast, were fixed upon to make the Attack.—Hirelings of every Denomination embarked in the Service, with a View to check the Progress of the one; and to establish the other.—Epigrams, Epithets, &c. &c. were soon lavishly distributed thro’ that Sink of Prostitution, against ideal Characters, as the imaginary Conductors.—The *latent* Enemies of Freedom, christened this BRAT, in hopes of succeeding in their Project, and every Invention has been strained to effect it: But alas! How have they been disappointed?—The Proprietors of the FREE PRESS, are governed by Principles of another nature; they are not, cannot be shaken from Principles that brought forth the Revolution; that settled and established a *Protestant* Government in these Kingdoms. These Principles unknown to, and untaught by Slaves, have given *them* Fortitude to persevere, in assailing the Enemies of the State, the petty Tyrant, or the abject Slave, of every Species and Denomination.

Thus much, the Conductors of this Paper, judged necessary to lay before the Public, as this is the first Time *they* have meddled with the Subject. And before they quit it, they take the Liberty to conclude, *finally*, with the Fable of a very eminent Writer on a similar Occasion, which they offer as a general Answer to their several Correspondents, who have interested themselves in the illiberal and unmerited Abuse thrown out against them, by this *Supporter* of Magistracy and his Associates.

“ It happened one Day, as a stout and honest Mastiff that
“ guarded the Village where he lived against Thieves and Rob-
“ bers, was gravely walking, with one of his Puppies by his
“ Side, all the little Dogs in the Street gathered about him,
“ and barked at him. The little Puppy was so offended at this
“ Affront done his Sire, that he asked him, why he would not
“ fall upon them, and tear them to Pieces? To which the
“ Sire answered, with a great composure of Mind, if there
“ were no Currs, I should be no Mastiff.”

“ which stratagem, we screen’d ourselves from the
 “ laugh of the public at our puny efforts. Oh!
 “ you should never have suffered your anger to get
 “ the better of your hypocrisy: we knew full well
 “ that Mercury, the avowed patron of this young
 “ man, had rendered him invulnerable to all our
 “ blunt attacks; we knew, that he had given him
 “ besides, some real friends endowed with those
 “ mighty powers of wit, humour, good sense, and
 “ humanity; things that we never meddled with nor
 “ understood.

“ How then could you be so mad as to enter on
 “ such unequal combat?—Fools, dolts as you are,
 “ why did not you, like that *modest youth*, keep
 “ within your own bounds; you had it in your
 “ power to throw as much dirt as you pleased by
 “ other hands; and for yourselves, we left you an
 “ ample field to work upon;—*Tyranny, Arbitrary*
 “ *Power, Oppression, Slavery, Popery, Constitutional*
 “ *Freedom, Bad Kings, Wicked Judges, Supine Ma-*
 “ *gistrates, Greedy Aldermen, False Patriots, Petty*
 “ *Tyrants, Abject Slaves, Revolution Principles, &c.*
 “ *&c. &c.* Why, in the devil’s name—I say, why,
 “ gentlemen, these words alone, which have already
 “ filled the world with millions of Grub-street libels,
 “ might, by persons of your complete hypocrisy,
 “ lying and dissimulation, be still turned, and twined,
 “ and twisted into an infinite variety of combinati-
 “ ons, and serve as tracts, essays, remarks upon his-
 “ tory, chapters upon government, letters from pa-
 “ triots, &c. &c. which would, at all times, keep
 “ up the cry of liberty, along with the spirit of li-
 “ centiousness, and so make you masters of the mob,
 “ who would then *cost* * even a Lord Lieutenant
 “ for you when you pleased, without rhyme or rea-
 “ son.

“ This

* For a definition of the word *Cossing*, see Dean Swift’s
 Examination of certain abuses, corruptions, and enormities in
 the city of Dublin.

" This you might have done,—this was your interest :—but now, alas! what are you? You have lost the grand bulwark of the Free Press, hypocrisy and dissimulation; the world *now* sees that you can be angry, will despise you for it, and think your antagonist has reason. I sweat for you, tho' a ghost.—Oh! had ye been like me.—I remember, when I was in the world, that sometimes my very soul was ready to fly out from my nostrils with vexation and anguish, at the deep incisions I received from that anatomizer of our dear Committee, Jeoffrey Wagstaffe, yet no body ever saw a change in one muscle of my face; I passed unnoticed, was thought unhurt, though I bled inwardly to death. Happy dissimulation!

" Oh! gentlemen, these are the arts by which you might still have preserved your empire over the dregs of the people. But now, alas! that you have unmasked yourselves, your friends will withdraw their large subscriptions, the common people will despise your paper, the news-boys will be ashamed to cry it, and it will be refused by *many* where it was sent *gratis*.—Unhappy case! alas, I repent too late that ever I embarked in it, for, as I have had occasion to repeat before, " had I served my trimming shop, as faithfully as I did the Free-Press, I would not now be what I am,

" *The Ghost of poor CANT.*"



No. 82. Saturday, May 16.

Sic catulos canibus.

VIRG.

So whelps to dogs.

IT is an old trick with arch boys, when they have a mind for sport, to fling a drowned puppy or a live cat amongst a crowd. They most commonly take them by the tails, by which means they can throw them with the greater force, or, to speak physically, they have the greater momentum, by having the quantity of matter of the animal's whole body added to the velocity. In like manner, I must make bold to *cant* those poisoned vermin of the Free Press amongst my readers once more, and seize them by that false tail which they have stolen, to set off their nasty bottom; I mean the conclusion of one of my cousin Isaac Bickerstaffe's lucubrations, which they have had the impudence to clap to the end of one of their stupid addresses to the public.

We are told by voyage writers, that a shark has such strength in his tail, that when taken on board a ship, he would break the deck with it if not prevented, and therefore their first precaution is to chop it off with a hatchet. Just so these tremendous sharks of the Free Press, are not content to devour the characters of all who are not of their party, with their hellish fangs of calumny and detraction, but they also assume a *vim caudæ*, to batter all opposers. In order to this, they affix one to their mishapen carcase, which my ingenious kinsman intended as a scourge to such horrid scribblers as themselves. Were he now living, and to find them applying his Fable in the manner they have done, by calling themselves the

Mastiffs

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Mastiffs, he would be very apt to turn that Fable of Swift's upon them, of the Inundation, and say,

“ A new dropt ball of horse's dung,
 “ Mingling with apples in the throng,
 “ Says to the pippin plump and prim,
 “ See, brother, how we apples swim.”

Having thus dissected the tail of this monster in nature, or as naturalists call it, a *Lusus Naturæ* ; I shall now shew how applicable this fable is to themselves, but in quite a different sense from what they meant it. For that they in reality are the currs, is evident to a demonstration. This I shall prove by giving the true characteristic of a curr ;—and first, a curr is ever four, peevish and ill natured ; he constantly barks whether with or without cause : he has sharp ears, unless when *cropt*, as Prynne was. He is apt to run mad in warm weather, and to bite at every thing that comes in his way. He will have the impudence to attack creatures above his own strength, confiding in his own insignificancy. The sight of white linen, or the sound of solemn music, will set him beside himself. From this description I believe my readers will not be at a loss to find out the real currs.

Having now shewn who this curr is, tho' a curr who has lost his tail ; I shall next anatomize that filthy carcase from whence it was lopt off. It is fraught with venom, and malice, and I believe the gall is larger in him in proportion, than in any other creature whatsoever. It is no wonder then, that Swift should say, that he dreaded one of these currs let loose, more than he would a lion with his teeth drawn, his nails pared, and chained. As they are ever quarrelsome, they are constantly bringing themselves into scrapes ; and when they provoke a mastiff to give them a squeeze, or to piss upon them, they immediately cry, out a common cause, and call out for assistance to those who are by no means of the same kidney with them, nor indeed of the same species. Nor do I know of any, except the meanest reptiles, to whom they

they can claim kindred, unless in the same manner as the above author mentions !

“ Lice from our bodies suck their food : —

“ Is then a louse our flesh and blood ?

“ As a curr is very near a kin to a fox, I have sometimes had very good sport in seeing a pack of hounds run down a curr as keen as they would a fox. So that my readers may, if they please, call this speculation, *a curr hunt*, and assist me to worry these destructive animals in imagination. Or if any of my ingenious correspondents will join their packs to mine in this chace, we may perhaps have some sport, and possibly rid the country of a nuisance ; for to speak more plainly, what can be more insolent than for those vermin to assert, that, because their nonsense in prose and rhyme, was exposed and laid open to the public, that therefore the civil and religious liberty of the kingdom was in danger. Does that liberty consist in an assumed licentiousness to abuse every body, and even men in the highest stations ? Has every printer who calls himself a protestant, a patent for this scurrillity ? And shall not writers who are members of, and perhaps are very closely connected with the established church, comment upon those things, and communicate their thoughts in the Mercury without being called papists ? Is it a necessary consequence that because Hoey is not a protestant, that therefore his assistants are not so ? But I see where the shoe pinches. Their paper is almost sunk by the superior merit of the Mercury, and they are now like drowning men catching at a bulrush : I look upon their effort of the ninth of May, to be like the last stroke of the gasping cock ; it was very weak, but spiteful, and puts me in mind of Virgil’s account of Turnus’s death,

{ *Vitaque cum Gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*

—————And to the shades below

{ With indignation flies his groaning soul.

TRAPP.
I should

I should make some apology to my readers, for detaining them so long upon so disagreeable a subject; but as I am no hireling, (as the Freeman would insinuate) and write to please myself only, I shall make none. And perhaps I should have laid down my pen long ago, if it were not for the pleasure I take now and then of kicking those curs. I promise them; that if they are troublesome any longer, that I will give them such a pill of *Nux Vomica* as will do their business. *Noli irritare Leones*, is a maxim which impotent animals like them should well consider. Creatures who have no weapons of defence, should be careful not to give offence. I shall conclude with an old fable, which I met some where or other. "A curr once had offended a mastiff; the consequence was, that the noble creature clapt his paw upon the neck of the petulant reptile, and was just going to choak him; a lion happened to pass by; the curr cried out for assistance, but to no purpose, the generous lion bad the mastiff to finish him, for he was sure he deserved it." I hope therefore, the public, who have been addressed by a committee of currs, will just act as the lion did. T



Scribimus indocti doctique——.

HOR.

Every desperate blockhead dares to write.

ANY man who has ever so little knowledge of the world, will perceive, that ignorant effrontery will always endeavour, if possible, to run down modest merit. All the blockheads in the world are naturally as sworn enemies to men of sense, as Hannibal was to the Romans. Like Pharoah's lean kine, they are ever ready to devour the goodly kine wherever it appears, and to swallow up genius, in ignorance and

and dulness. As they cannot do this by fair means they will stick at none, how base or dishonourable soever, to accomplish their wicked ends. Lies, falsehoods and defamation, are generally the engines which they set to work, to pull down the reputations of others, in order to build up their own upon the ruins of them. How many wicked scribblers, for instance, have gained a wretched subsistence by writing against religion? although the true wages of their sin should have been nothing but death? How many Grub-street garetteers did Swift, Addison, my cousin Isaac, and many others, keep from perishing? And I have the vanity to imagine, that these my speculations have contributed to keep some wretches from famishing in these hard times, particularly those of the Free-Prefs: for they cunningly endeavour to support their sinking nonsense, by a faint attack on the *MERCURY* and its associates, as they call them. These drowning creatures want to catch at my skirts, to hinder them from sinking into oblivion, and are obliged to be scurrilous, to make the public take notice of them. To confirm what I have said, I shall present my readers with an epistle I have just received from the scribbler-major of the Free-Prefs.

‘ *To* **JEOPFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.**

‘ **S I R,**

‘ **I** Believe I need not tell you that I am the writer
 ‘ of the best things which have hitherto appeared
 ‘ in the Freeman’s Journal: I am the writer pitched
 ‘ upon to attack Hoey, and pull down his Mercury:
 ‘ he deserves it from me; for, as I told you before, I
 ‘ offered to write for him upon very easy terms, but he
 ‘ rejected me, as I was no scholar. I gave him a
 ‘ severe stroke some time ago in my famous poem of
 ‘ the **PUDDING**; but some how or other, the public
 ‘ wanted taste and did not relish it: Egad I was quite
 ‘ chap fallen at that, and my masters of the Free-Prefs
 ‘ were very near turning me off. Well, I was al-

‘ most

most starving, and our paper almost dead, until very luckily on the 9th of May, I gave Hoey such a blow, as he will not easily recover: egad there is such satire in it, as Swift could not reach. There are vast number of *Italics* in it, which make it cursed bitter.

‘ Observe how I begin, by calling him “*a puerile publisher*,” because he does not appear like a grave citizen with a large white wig, but wears his own hair; neither does he walk slow, with a cane in his hand: that’s a wipe. Next, I call his paper “*a periodical paper* :” egad periodical is a very sounding word, and signifies a paper that has *periods* in it: that’s my meaning, and a damn’d severe one it is.

“*—Could possibly have tempted me to pay any attention to him or his Colleagues.*” Hang me but I had a mind to have said *Comrogues*, if I dare. This is designed against you, and all who take Hoey’s part.

“*—Now for a rhetorical flourish: “And it is even now with the utmost reluctance they stain their paper with such subjects.”* Do you observe the art of this? for there was nothing we wished for so much as an open to attack him. Staining paper is a phrase I am very fond of, and use it on all occasions where I mean to be abusive. This is all by way of an address from the great Committee of the Free-Press, to the public; which, by the bye, is vast condescension; and therefore, as we look upon the public to be credulous, that is, fools, “*we will remove impressions as falsely, as wickedly, insinuated in his paper of the fifth of May.*” Mind how we manage the public; we will not let them see with any eyes but ours; we treat them as minors, and we are their guardians. Don’t you think we are in the right of it, since they will suffer it.

‘ After this preface, which you must allow to be vastly clever, I fall most unmercifully upon Hoey, by quoting part of his own advertisement. Shall he have the insolence to say he will support the dignity of magistrates, and defend their characters, when we have a mind to pull them down? Does he consider
‘ that

" that we of the Free-Press are the censors of this age;
 " Are we not the only people who have a right to
 " have a fixed eye to their dignity and importance in
 " a free state? This I explain after, by saying, that
 " *where censures have been passed upon any, they have*
 " *been levelled at such only, as have abused their autho-*
 " *rity by arbitrary acts, by supineness in their conduct, or*
 " *by betraying the rights of those it was their duty to*
 " *protect.*" This is my patent for scolding such as
 " do not please me. Egad I did not spare even a late
 " viceroy, I roasted an alderman, and I will not let
 " any alone until I am bought off. You see I tell
 " them all, whether in high or low station, that "*my*
 " *paper is avowedly instituted to scourge them: but the*
 " *good, the loyal, and so forth, shall always meet with*
 " *countenance and protection.*" Observe how I treat
 " the greatest men, like a school master: if they are
 " good boys, they shall have sugar plumbs; if not,
 " they shall be whipt. Next, you see I call Hoey a
 " *puisne* publisher: this, egad, is a hard word, and
 " borrowed from an attorney of my acquaintance,
 " who tells me it is a French law word; and I put it
 " in to make people think I understood French: but
 " I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Wagstaffe, I know no
 " language but English, nor does any of our Commit-
 " tee, tho' the ignorant think us scholars: but what
 " signifies that, why may not I write, as well as a man
 " may practise physic without knowing Greek or
 " Latin.

" Again, you see I call Hoey "*a young editor of a*
 " *periodical paper;*" this I call "*coming to the point*
 " *before we quit the subject:*" then I grow mysterious,
 " and say, "*that the cause to be espoused, was not the*
 " *smallest object.*" Egad I'll lay a wager you don't
 " understand my meaning in this: I'll warrant you
 " think I mean his paper by the *cause*; but you mis-
 " take; I explain it thus: the hands it was in, made
 " it naturally suspected by every real friend of civil and
 " religious liberty. Observe now how I throw Grub-
 " street at his door, by calling his a Grub-street plan:
 " I was determined to cry whore first, and to throw
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off, if possible that odious name from ourselves, as I know our paper goes by the title of *The GRUB-STREET JOURNAL*. After this, take notice with what pomp the *Freeman's Journal*, and its conductors, come on in capital letters, as being the bugbears of tyrants, and whip beggars of slaves. They lead up the van, like the constables and hangman at an execution, and the culprits of the *Mercury*, who are to suffer, bring up the rear. — “*Hirelings of every denomination*,” says I, “*embarked in the service.*” There’s a touch at you, Mr. Batchelor; tho’ I know you are neither a hireling nor a papist, yet I must call ye all so to help the cause, for if I were to write nothing but the *truth*, I should get no employment from the Free-Press. You will next see what has galled us most, “*Epigrams, epithets, &c.*” These are what we never can forgive, particularly some verses in the *BATCHELOR*, which made us appear ridiculous.

‘But now to come to the finest stroke of wit and humour that ever appeared in our journal. — “*The latent enemies of freedom nourish the brat:*” what brat? why, Hoey. This is a slap at his father, for rearing such a fellow: for if his father does not love our Free-Press, he must consequently be a latent enemy to freedom: for, love me, love my dog; love freedom, and you must love the Free-Press, and the Committee, and conductors thereof. I believe, take it altogether, you must own, Mr. Wagstaffe, this address is the most ingenious and satirical piece that ever appeared in our paper, as it lashes you, Hoey, his father, and all his associates; and to make this kite fly the better, I clapt a tail to it which I stole from your cousin Bickerstaffe’s lucubrations.

‘I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W

‘C. BAYES.’

No. 84.

Saturday, May 23.

*Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis :
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus : nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

Hor.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire :
Their race by mettle, sprightly coursers prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate, to form the tim'rous dove.

THERE was an epidemical distemper which raged some years ago amongst the natives of this island, and infected them with a kind of madness ; I mean that of family pride : it seized upon those chiefly who had no other merit but a long ancestry, and no other property but a pompous pedigree. The usual symptoms of this disease were laziness, insolence and idleness, and the fatal consequence of it, beggary, wretchedness and want. So dire were the effects, that whoever was afflicted with it, would rather starve as a gentleman, than have recourse to arts or industry for procuring an honest independent livelihood. They who could trace the blood of monarchs in their veins, imagine it would contaminate their illustrious families, that even the younger brothers should apply themselves to trade : accordingly they were bred idlers, with a great deal of good blood, but no fortunes ; and were therefore generally the hangers-on of such of their relations as had any property, or else entered into the service of foreign powers.

Thus did this pestilence lay waste this fruitful country, until good sense and knowledge of the world banished it almost entirely away, and restored the inhabitants to sound reason. A little of it still remains in

the

the remote parts of the kingdom ; however, it is wearing away by degrees.

I would not by any means have my readers imagine, that I design by this to level all distinction of families, or rank the upstart of yesterday, with the antient nobility and gentry of this kingdom : on the contrary, I think we may justly expect the noblest actions and the truest sense of glory, from those whose forefathers trod before them in the paths of honour. We have a glorious example of this in an illustrious peer of this realm, who is not only the ornament of his country, but also its most zealous and steady friend. He supports with becoming dignity, that exalted rank which he is so justly placed in, and rather adds lustre to it, than receives any from it. With what greatness of mind does he reject any lucrative employment, which might prevent him from serving his country, or his friend ? To sum up all, he is the noble, disinterested, and glorious patriot ; the constant and sincere friend, the generous benefactor, and above all, the honest man. I most humbly beg his grace's pardon, for thus diminishing his virtues, by my imperfect endeavours to describe them : but I think grateful acknowledgements are the least tribute due to this great man, for the many signal services he has done, and is ready to do, to his country.

Horace says, in my motto, that the brave beget the brave, and illustrates it by a very just comparison in the breed of cattle. Every body must acknowledge that this rule holds good with regard to them, and why not also with regard to men ? It is natural to think, that a noble spirit will descend in the blood of men as well as in that of horses. This the antient Egyptians were so sensible of, that all honours in the state were hereditary, and continued in the same families, until forfeited by some degenerate action. Thus were the plebeians confined within their own sphere, and so far did they carry it, that the son of an artificer, was obliged to follow the trade of his father. These customs obtain in some of the eastern countries to this day. I cannot say that I approve of them, as they must

must curb the merit of many rising geniuses, which in every state should be encouraged, wherever it is found; but it shews the notions of those people with regard to the descent of virtue in families.

I would have no man think lightly of a noble ancestry, (because none despise it but they who are deficient in this respect) but I would not have any person to value himself merely for it. A man should have merit of his own, otherwise he should be ashamed to own that he is descended from those who were eminent for it. When we see a fellow with the soul of a peasant, who is sprung nominally from ancestors renowned for shining virtues, we are apt to imagine that the strain has been crossed somewhere by the butler or the coachman.

I shall conclude this paper with an old Fable, which I think pertinent to this speculation, "A cur one day" boasted to a lion, that he was of the same family, "and claimed kindred to him; how can that be, ye insignificant reptile, says the lion; you may as well say that a cur begat me, as that a lion could be one of your ancestors." J



No. 85.

Tuesday, May 26.

Vincit amor patriæ.

IN all the histories we read, whether of Greece, Rome or any other nation, we meet with many heroes who have sacrificed their lives and fortunes for the good of their country; we have had likewise in these kingdoms many shining examples of great men, who have been the champions of the laws, religion and liberties of their country, and not a few have shed their blood in the glorious cause. No character, I think, so justly deserves our praise or admiration, as that of the

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the defender of his country against either foreign or domestic enemies : whether it be the love of fame, or a principle of virtue, which is the spring of these great mens, actions, is of no consequence, since the effects were beneficial to mankind ; we are to judge on the most favourable side of the question ; but I fancy some were led on by the one, and some by the other.

The love of fame, when founded on true principles, is virtuous ; but when on false ones, it becomes vicious : it degenerates into ambition, and that spurious kind of honour, which makes the possessors of it the plagues and scourges of the world. A man, therefore, who opposes the invaders of the natural rights, liberties and properties of his fellow-creatures, or countrymen, may justly be stiled a Patriot, in the true sense of the word. Every individual in society cannot have opportunity of distinguishing himself thus nobly, nor do the times always require it ; it is enough for private persons, who are in no distinguished character of life, if they be honest, peaceable, industrious, and mind only their own business : it is time enough for them to take up arms when their country calls upon them. Men of moderate capacities, and only in the middle or inferior rank of life, must not pretend to guide the helm of government, but leave it in the hands of those of greater talents, in exalted stations. A cobbler, or a coal-porter, because he cannot discern the secret nicer springs of the great machine, is not to cry out that it goes wrong : plebeians, therefore, should submit quietly to the better judgment of their superiors.

We see plainly the fatal effects of democracy in Athens and Rome ; it overturned the constitution of both. As extremes always meet, except in the case of lines exactly parallel, so democracy ever ends in tyranny : for let but an artful fellow, by cajoling or bribing the mob, once gain their good opinion, and he gains his point, as Cæsar did in Rome, and Cromwell in England.

No man is a greater friend to liberty than I am, or would be more ready to hazard his life or property in defence of our present happy constitution than I would be, if need required. I highly honour Paoli for his glorious assertion of the liberties of his country, against the usurpation of the Genoese; and I fancy, that if Swift were now living he would recant, and add him to that famous sextumvirate, to which he said all the ages of the world could not add a seventh. We must therefore make a distinction between real liberty and licentiousness. The *amor patriæ* consists then in cheerfully endeavouring in our several stations to support the former, by being good subjects and good citizens, and by checking, as far as in us lies, that cursed spirit of sedition and faction, which possesses some people.

How odd must it appear to a stranger, or even to a man of common sense amongst ourselves, if he reads what comes from our printing presses, to observe what dreadful grievances are daily complained of by the patriotic scribblers of both nations? That at a time when we are in peace with the whole world, and have in reality nothing to fear at home, these fellows are constantly alarming their neighbours with some horrible danger, which is no more than the chimæra of their own vile imaginations. In England the ministry, here the Lord Lieutenant, or the Lord Mayor or Aldermen, are the bugbears with which they affright the populace.

Grub-street is full of hungry patriots, who are upon all occasions ready to fight for their dear country — not with swords, but goose quills: they sling rubbish from their garrets, on the enemy; *fames & non furor arma ministrat*, ‘hunger and not anger furnishes weapons;’ even in our city of Dublin, some of the superior apartments of the blind alleys and bye lanes, are furnished with the same brave defenders of their country; and I believe I need not inform my readers, that there is a group of them at St. Audeon’s Arch: these are the worst of all, for they fright children out of their wits; they disturb the whole neighbourhood

bourhood twice a week, by barking like dogs at their own shadow : sometimes, because they were told by some school-master, that *geese* once saved the Capitol of Rome by cackling ; *they* will cackle the whole night, and let no body sleep, tho' there are no Gauls near them. I am apt to imagine, that if the old grey gander had a little corn thrown to him, all the cackling would cease, and the neighbours might rest.

As it is the fashion now to conclude all elaborate addresses to the public with something borrowed, so shall I, as an humble imitator, do the same :

*So to effect his party's ends,
From hell a factious devil ascends,
His budget with sedition cram'd,
The contributions of the damn'd ;
Which, with unsparing hand, he strowes
Thro' corporations as he goes,
And then at ev'ry city hall,
Complains his budget was too small.*

' A CARD from The PUBLIC, to the reptile Committee for conducting the Free-Press.

' Mess. Grub-street,

' I Cannot forbear declaring, I was much surprised
' at your impudence in presuming lately to address
' me as familiarly as if we were intimates ; when you
' know,—sadly know,—from the *petit* number you
' print of your Grub-street Journal, I have scarcely
' any acquaintance with you, or it : if you have
' aught to communicate to me for the future, send it
' by the DUBLIN MERCURY, or any other print
' bearing my commission. The writers in the Mer-
' cury merit, and possess my favour in an eminent de-
' gree, being blessed with an abundant share of wit,
' good sense and good humour, which they employ to
' the best of purposes, in the cause of Virtue and
' Good Manners, against Vice and Licentiousness.

‘ The inveſtive you beſtow on the editor of that paper*, only ſerve to convince me of your impotent malice, and are ſo many testimonies in his favour; and to give the d—l his due, they likewise indeed, bear evidence that you have ſome feeling left, for when we kick a cur, and he yelps, we may be ſure he is hurt. Reſt aſſured, that you are held in the moſt ſovereign contempt by me,

J

‘ The PUBLIC.’

From the MERCURY in Parliament-ſtreet.

Mr. HOEY,

AN admirer of Jeoffry Wagſtaffe’s ſpeculations, ſends you the following verſes: if they are thought deſerving of a place in your paper, you will hear further from

Your humble ſervant,

J. C.

The R E L A P S E.

HILARIO ſtop, reflect in time,
In youth begin to think;
 Let wiſdom now direct your mind,
Ere health and ſpirits ſink.

*Gay fancy’s plumage then muſt fade,
 In varying colours dreſt;
 And wine no more its flights ſhall aid,
 To ſtart the brilliant jeſt.*

N^o

* Extract from the Freeman’s Journal of laſt Saturday.—
 “ We foretold three weeks ago, that the editor of the Dublin Mercury, granting him the aſſiſtance of his moſt ingenious correſpondents, would for the future publiſh nothing but the moſt deſpicable traſh, with which no human being could poſſibly be entertained Was ſuch abominable ſtuff ever publiſhed before, as has appeared in the Mercury ſince the period abovementioned.”

No. 85. *The BATCHELOR.*

77

*No more in festive mirth you'll join,
And sprightly bumpers quaff;
Gay families no more combine
To raise the joyous laugh.*

*To sweet attractive beauty dead,
And vanish'd LUCY's charms:
Nor when each social eve is fled,
You'll languish in her arms.*

*A trembling, weak, infirm old age,
Awaits declining years;
Then sharp reflection points its rage,
And death's o'ercast with fears.*

*HILARIO list the voice of truth,
And to yourself be kind;
For vice, not timely slopt in youth,
Sinks deep within the mind.*

*Observe a rake in lewdness grey,
Whose talk contempt provokes;
And see him 'midst the young and gay,
The butt of pointed jokes.*

*Still bear him vitious in desire!
Each old lewd tale relate;
So Phosphorus will mimick fire,
And shine devoid of heat.*

*More trifling, vain from age he grows,
And glares in vice more bright;
So rotten wood in darkness glows,
And casts around a light.*

*Youthful desires then nature cross,
And ill with years agree;
They look but as the verdant moss,
Sprung from a wither'd tree.*

*Virtue alone gives joys that last,
Keep then the golden mean;
Let sweet reflection shew the past,
Hence—gild the future scene.*

*Virtue will blifs divine impart,
Till time ſhall be no more ;
And moral transport touch the heart,
With blifs unfelt before.*

*When paſſion's weak, and reaſon ſtrong,
Such ſerious thoughts ariſe ;
'Twas then HILARIO con'd this ſong,
For ſickneſs made him wiſe.*

*Since health has chear'd his languid breaſt,
Bucks — Bloods — around him ſhine ;
And ſwear, without his converſe bleſt,
They find no joys in wine.*

*With love of fame again he's ſmit,
And laughs at virtue's rules ;
So prostitutes his ſenſe and wit,
To gain th' applauſe of fools.*

J. C.



No. 86. Saturday, May 30.

Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedia verba. HOR.

With empty bombast, all his ſenſe confounds,
And dings our ears with words of ſwelling ſounds.

NOTHING can be more ridiculous than the affectation of hard words, which many people are ſo fond of. They muſt originally have taken their riſe from ignorant, half lettered pedants, who had no other way of ſhewing that they had a ſmattering of other languages beſides their own. To theſe learned gentlemen we owe the vaſt number of unneceſſary new coined words, which have been dragged in upon us from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and even High Dutch and Scotch. This they did in order to conceal the poverty of their genius, and to cover their
beggarly

beggarly conceits with a gawdy attire of words. Whoever has read many of the English authors, will find this remark to be true, That the best of them always wrote in a plain, easy, unaffected stile; whilst the bad ones endeavoured to conceal their nonsense under a multiplicity of swelling, bombastical sounds.

How simple is the language of Swift, Tillotson, and Addison, and how easy to be understood? whereas, we require a Lexicon and a Dictionary to find out the meaning of many scribblers, who affect obscurity. The ease of the former, is like the behaviour of the well bred man; and the stiffness of the latter, resembles the troublesome ceremony of the clown; or as the gait of a gentleman differs from that of a dancing-master. By reading the swoln productions of half-bred authors, people have acquired a false taste, and nothing pleases them but what are hard to be understood: so that no writer hits their taste who writes plain English.

It would be endless to reckon up the tribe of words we are every day getting from the learned languages; but I have not patience at those taken from words than our own; such as *Dernier* for *Last*, *Critique* for *Criticism*, and many others, which a man will find in every bad writer. So general, then, is this abuse grown, that it has even crept into the common conversation, not only of our sex, but even of that of the ladies. How often have I been in pain to hear an ignorant coxcomb attempt to compliment a lady, in a strain of unintelligible jargon, composed of hard words, knock'd out of joint, whilst she endeavoured to answer him in the same stile, with broken scraps from novels and romances: yet this is one of the chief accomplishments of half the pretty gentlemen in town, and of the ladies who are called well bred: so that the end of speech amongst polite people is, not to understand each other, but to flourish with a jingle of high-flown words.

But I shall explain this better to my readers, by transcribing a letter written by a pedantic coxcomb to a very sensible young lady: she despised the writer.

of it so much, that she gave it to her father to construe it for her, as she said it was above her comprehension, and by that means I got a copy of it: I think it is somewhat in the stile of our modern novel epistles.

‘ DIVINE CREATURE,

‘ **A**LBEIT it is inutile for me to attempt to delineate my tondre, as no vocabulary of words could furnish ideas adequate to be the vehicle of my passion; yet I adulate myself that you will not deem it indecorous, or impugn me of temerity, if I accost the sublimity of your pulchritude, as the zenith of my affections. If your benignity will not deign to be propitious to the ardency of that flame, which cauterizes my vitals, you will suspend me on the tenterhooks of desperation, or deject me down the tremendous precipice to the nadir of infelicity. From that prime period, in which my visionary orbs were in a capacity of perspeeting the starry convex of the heavens, they never banquetted on the blaze of so bright a luminary as the bright Galaxy of your transcendent charms. It is a Syssiphean labour, commix’d with audacity, to endeavour to elucidate, with the imbecility of my quill, what my glossary member is too feeble to enarrate. If your superabundant clemency will concede to a congress, I shall be eternally felicitated; and if it be not incongruous, I will prove a concomitant of your tea-table this afternoon; there will I imbibe love and tepid draughts of tea.

‘ If that sapient progenitor, who gave birth to the idol of my soul, should renege or impede the consummation of my celestial felicity; my mental resolve is, that we fly the foot of the fugitive, and abscond from his house-hold gods, or annihilation must impose a final period to the confines of my miserable being. This eclclaircissement either dismisses me to the tenebriferous regions of infernal Pluto, or de-

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' tains me to behold the animating lucid rays of this
' solar system.

' Permit, then, adorable centre of all perfection,
' the delicateſſe of your tender frame, to commiſerate
' the inſuperable conflagration of the depredating
' igneous paſſion, which conſumes me. Be auſpi-
' cious, then, with happy omens to the ſupplicating
' vows of your proſtrate votary, and vernacular
' adorer,

W

' STREPHON.'

From the MERCURY in Parliament-ſtreet.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

Extemplo Libyæ magnas et fama per urbes :

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum :

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo. VIRG.

Mr. HOEY,

Tullamore, Jan. 19.

AS a member of ſociety, I think myſelf vaſtly in-
debted to your excellent paper, for the many
publick ſpirited hints contained in it from time to
time, and your readineſs to insert the uſeful animad-
verſions of your correſpondents.

Virgil, in his inimitable deſcription of Fame, has
pointed out the hideouſneſs of that monſter in the moſt
pathetick terms, and plainly demonſtrated what bane-
ful effects may flow from the fury of ſuch a fiend,
when a man's character and reputation are attacked ;
to answer the private pique or prejudice of a parti-
cular perſon, the happineſs and ſatisfaction of a fami-
ly ſubverted by the malicious inſinuations of deſign-
ing people ; when calumny, ſlander and detraction,
ſerve as topicks for converſation, and gratify the in-
quiſitive diſpoſition of the hearers ; when this is the
caſe, FAME inſtantly conveys the ſcandal to diſtant
parts, and publiſhes the moſt ſignificant defects, to

the total disadvantage of the party. Shakespeare finely expresses it :

———*He who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which nought enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.*———

On the contrary, how praise-worthy is it to conceal the faults, and gloss over the imperfections of our acquaintance ? How pleasing the reflections of doing as we would be done by, and of acting in that upright station, which true religion points out.

If you give the above a place in your paper, it will oblige your humble servant, &c.

CANDOR.

Mr. HOEY,

THE following Song was composed by an officer, on a certain occasion ; and as it never yet (I suppose) appeared in print, doubt not but it may be agreeable to your readers, as well as to your humble servant,

ANONYMOUS

A S O N G on the S T A F F.

I'LL tell you a story will make you to laugh,
Of a sett of odd sticks that are turn'd to a Staff,
Made of young sappy alder, and old knotty yew,
And straggling Scotch fir, and spungy bamboo.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Great HERCULES, who all the monsters did drub,
Took just such a Staff when he quitted his club :
Let none, my brave boys, of preferment despair,
For no doubt with this Staff we'll spin out the war.

Renown'd BELISARIUS, so brave and so sage,
Had just such a Staff to support his old age ;
Then like jovial blind beggars, be chearful and gay,
And lean on your staff, and 'twill poke out your way.

Sure

*Sure now the proud French will acknowledge our yoke,
Ours is not a staff that is rugged or broke ;
'Twill knock down our foes and secure all our friends ;
'Tis a Quarter-Staff, loaded with lead at both ends.*

*Now with our Staff merrily on let us jog,
To make it each country bath furnish'd a log ;
And when 'tis laid by, may it glory still share,
And be cut out in truncheons for Bart'lmy Fair.*

For the DUBLIN MERCURY.

The RAPTURE burlesqued : by a Gentleman in
Swift's-hospital.

WHILST on my dear Pudding feasting
TOMMY, who can speak my joy ;
O what raptures am I tasting,
When I eat what will not cloy :
Every look with transport kills me ;
Every smell excites a wish ;
Every melting mouthful fills me ;
Every joy is on my dish.
Tho' 'tis sweet as e'er I can wish,
One bit more I cannot touch ;
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
When a person eats too much.
Take, ah, take this Pudding from me ;
TOMMY, I am sure I'll split ;
Turn, yet turn and leave it, TOMMY ;
Who'd not die by eating it ?



No. 87. Tuesday, June 2.

—————*Sic dulcis amicis*
Occurram—————.

HOR.

WAGSTAFFE has fully answer'd all his ends,
 If by his writing he can please his friends.

A Writer who expects to please every body, will find himself very much mistaken: the best who have ever appeared could not attain to this. No writer, not the greatest, is without faults; and even he who has the least, and abounds the most in beauties, cannot hit the taste exactly of every critic. Notwithstanding the number of admirers Homer has had, nay, some even to enthusiasm, yet how many Zoilus's have appeared, to tear the laurels from his sacred head? Nor have the other vast luminaries, both of Greece and Rome, escaped from time to time some transient eclipses from the opaque bodies of senseless critics, who have endeavoured to obscure their chearing light from the world, by the empty shadow of their criticism

Envy, prejudice, and want of taste, have always been enemies to great merit; and so malignant are their influence, as to have a retrospect even to the golden ages of antiquity. Those renowned heroes in genius were neither of High or Low Church, neither Whigs or Tories, Williamites or Jacobites, Protestants, Papists or Dissenters; and yet the cankered tooth of calumny has scarce spared one of them. Is it then at all to be wondered at, that the poor moderns have been most unmercifully handled; who have had, besides those foes I have mentioned, other more potent ones, of religious and party rage to encounter? Poor Milton lay many years in obscurity on this account,
 until

until Mr. Addison, who was superior to little prejudices of this sort, brought him into light, by removing that cloud of barbarism which concealed his beauties from the world. Swift, though all allow him genius, is, to this day, abused by some merely on account of his political principles; and is called an ill-natured, satirical writer, because he lashed a certain sect whom he looked upon as enemies to the constitution.

If it were at all necessary, I could give many instances of authors, who have been disliked for those reasons I have mentioned only, and not for any real blemishes, which could be discovered in their compositions. It must be confessed, that no human work is exempt from error; but then a candid and judicious critic will make allowances for the faults of a writer, and give him just credit for his excellencies. Our modern fine judges often acquit or condemn an author by the lump, without giving him a fair trial; and it is not the writer, but the man whom they praise or dispraise. For my part, although I am known to very few, yet because I appear in the *MERCURY*, I am hated by those who dislike Hoey; that is, by the groveling advocates for nonsense, and the *Freeman's Journal*. In order to vex those wretches the more, I shall present my readers with a complimentary letter which I received from one of my ingenious correspondents. I should not insert it, were it not that the omission might offend him, as it runs in a much higher strain of encomium than I really deserve.

'To the BATCHELOR.

'S I R,

'**T**HE noise that Cornelius and his associates have made with the words Liberty, Patriotism, Revolution Principles, &c. to raise mobs and excite faction, puts me in mind of the method the people of Derbyshire use to call their hogs to their filthy mess, by rumbling a bottle in an empty bowl.

'Whether

‘ Whether Cornelius, when in exile, took the hint
 ‘ from this custom, and imported it amongst others,
 ‘ for the good of his country, I shall not determine.
 ‘ Slander, calumny and falshood, are necessarily a-
 ‘ dopted by authors who attempt satire, without wit,
 ‘ truth, or sense to support it. As some writer ob-
 ‘ serves, “ They who have no teeth to bite, may be
 ‘ very offensive by a stinking breath.”

‘ The vile method commonly made use of by the
 ‘ hackney conductors of the Seditious Press, of abu-
 ‘ sing persons of every rank, for imaginary crimes of
 ‘ their own creating, gave birth to the following Fa-
 ‘ ble; which, I fancy, will be found to suit them
 ‘ better than your cousin Bickerstaffe’s, which they
 ‘ so impudently made free with.

“ A fly buzzing about a piece of meat, had cast
 “ his odious filth and slime on it; and then turning
 “ up his nose at it, cried out, *it is tainted*, and com-
 “ plained it was full of maggots: a bee that happen-
 “ ed to be a spectator of this, could not stifle her in-
 “ dignation, but exclaimed—*What a wretch art*
 “ *thou! the meat would have been still untainted, but*
 “ *for thy filthy pollution; for how can you forget, that*
 “ *the vermin with which it is flyblown, are generated*
 “ *from thy own nasty carcase?*” Blush! committee,
 ‘ blush!

‘ ——— *Mutato nomine de te*

‘ *Fabula narratur*———.

‘ But enough on so disagreeable a subject: I shall
 ‘ now conclude with a few lines addressed to you, as
 ‘ a small token of gratitude, for the pleasure I have
 ‘ received from your excellent speculations.

‘ WAGSTAFFE, you please and charm by various
 ‘ means.

‘ And shines in hum’rous, or in moral strains:
 ‘ Whether you paint the follies of the age,
 ‘ Or shelter innocence from factious rage;
 ‘ Reason and Fancy equally unite
 ‘ Their mingling rays, to make your essays bright:

‘ Taste,

No. 87.

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Taste,

No. 88.

The BATCHELOR.

87

‘ Taste, which had languish’d long, revives again,
‘ And Grub-street hirelings drop the venal pen :
‘ From these we’re rescu’d by your gen’rous cares,
‘ Lest pompous sounds and nonsense stun our ears.
‘ Their stupid Journals may those palates hit,
‘ Too dull to taste your humour, or your wit ;
‘ So swine at the pure stream refuse to drink,
‘ But poke their nostrils in each dirty sink.
‘ A Muse unknown, thus tunes her artless lays,
‘ And fault’ring, aims to sing in WAGSTAFFE’S praise ;
‘ More bold again she’ll sing in such a cause,
‘ Shou’d this attempt be crown’d by your applause.

J. C.



No. 88.

Saturday, June 6.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia.

TER.

In love are all these faults.

DURING the love-sick month of May, I have received many epistles from female correspondents, most of them in the plaintive stile, complaining of the perfidy, infidelity, and broken vows of faithless men. One of them, who subscribes herself Flavia, laments bitterly her too easy belief of the numberless oaths and protestations of perjured Damon, in the Gardens, College-park, &c. She in a great measure attributes her misfortune to the season, and most heartily wishes she had taken the advice which I had given to my female readers in the beginning of that dangerous month. She concludes with most earnestly entreating me to write a speculation on this subject, in order to warn other innocent young creatures to shun her unhappy fate, and to shew them that credulity is the sure ruin of the weaker sex.

This

This letter of Flavia's (as it was couched in terms of the most artless simplicity, and plainly indicated that the writer of it had a thorough sense of her own folly) threw me into many reflections on the insidious villainy of our sex, with respect to those helpless creatures, whom providence has placed under our protection. I know the generality of men will say that Flavia was a silly fool; she ought not to have believed the oaths or vows of Damon, and therefore is not to be pitied. I think quite otherwise: shew as an innocent young girl, unexperienced in the ways of men, and unknowing of their treachery; her only crime was her too high opinion of her lover, and her not suspecting him to be such a monster as he proved to be. I am of opinion, then, that in the eyes of all considerate persons, she is an object worthy of the highest compassion, and he of the utmost detestation: I know I shall be laughed at for the singularity of it by all the Bucks who call themselves men of pleasure, as well as by all the fine ladies in town: it is too generally the case, that the unhappy victim to credulity, is despised and forsaken by her own sex, whilst the perjured ravager of her innocence is regarded by them as an all-conquering hero, and makes as triumphant an entry into every polite circle of ladies in town, as the Roman generals used to make into Rome, after vanquishing the enemies of their country: he is received with as much applause, by those who should be the first to condemn him: he is admired as a man of gallantry, and they love the dear fellow for the very reason they should detest him.

I have often wondered at the absurdity and folly of women in this particular. They will shun a poor unfortunate fellow female, who was ruined by depending on the oaths and protestations of a vicious, artful scoundrel, as they would a toad, or as if the malady were infectious; and yet they will caress, and appear publicly in company with that very villain who deceived her: this is unaccountable, and yet we see it every day. Debauched rakes are the chief favourites of the fair sex. The man who can boast to have ruined

and

and destroyed the greatest number of poor girls, is counted as great a hero as a warrior amongst the Americans, who can produce the greatest number of scalps. This makes them glory in their wickedness, and value themselves highly for crimes which deserve the severest punishment.

If a man robs me of my property by open robbery, forgery or theft, he is justly condemned by the laws of his country, to suffer death, although necessity or other circumstances may plead some excuse for the crime: but in this, nothing can be alledged, but the base gratification of a brutal appetite, where perjury, fraud and deceit, all combine to render this complicated villainy the worst of all robberies; for in the first place, the poor injured sufferer is robbed of that ——— Which nought enriches him, “But makes her poor indeed:” she is basely pilfered of that precious jewel which is irretrievable; her peace of mind is lost; and she becomes abandoned, hated, and despised by the world. In the next place, what dreadful sensations must the wretched parent feel for his lost child, for perhaps the darling of his soul! thus devoted to infamy and shame, and that without any real demerit of her own; whilst the wretch who is the cause of all this misery, is so far from being disliked for it, that it rather recommends him to the favour of one sex, and makes him envied by the other: it is looked upon as the effect of his superior merit. I remember a fellow of this sort, who used to boast that no lady could ever withstand his solicitations, and bragged of favours which he never received; and yet whenever he came into a ball or an assembly, she who danced with this dear creature thought herself vastly happy, and was envied by every other woman in the room.

In this very refined age, chastity in a man is held in as despicable a light as want of courage, and he who is thought to possess that virtue, shall be as much pointed at by the fair sex, as if he were an Italian singer; although it is one of the noblest which can adorn human nature, as it consists in such a mastery
over

over our passions, as keeps them in a due subordination to right reason: besides, I do not know of any one virtue which is commendable in one sex, that is not equally so in the other: and surely to curb the blind impulses of brutal appetite must be highly praiseworthy in a man, as well as a woman. Those fine gentlemen the Deists, who make a jest of matrimony, and call it priestcraft, hold this virtue very cheap. I never knew one of them who would scruple to debauch as many women as he could: nay, they have the impudence to assert, that from the rule of right and the fitness of things, it is lawful. I never, therefore, met an unbeliever who was not a professed debauchee.

As I have a tender regard for the fair sex, I would advise them, as a sincere friend, ever to look upon these fellows, as their mortal enemies: they may be very certain, that he who has no religion, has no principles of honour or truth, let him pretend to what he will. The laws of God do not restrain him; those of the land do not punish him; and the law of opinion is in his favour: what then can check him from laying snares to betray the innocent virgin of her honour? Beware, then. O beautiful part of the creation, of an Infidel, who disregards conscience; of one who substitutes false honour in the stead of honesty; such a fellow will swear, lye, rob, betray, and ruin without scruple or remorse, and then laugh at ye as credulous fools, for not knowing him to be what he really was.

T

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

The NICE LOVER: by M. T.

FAIN I'd know the joy of love,
But in joy too nice I prove:
She who will not, her I chuse;
She who wou'd, I will refuse.

Nymphs

*Nymphs I follow who are coy,
 From the willing maids I fly;
 Dull th' embracing, cold the kisses,
 Without gust in profer'd blisses;
 But deny'd me, they inspire
 Eager transport, fond desire;
 For in love, and equal measure
 I'd enjoy, of pain and pleasure;
 Pleasure, just to give a pain;
 Torture, just to please again.
 Let my love a maiden find,
 Suited to my fickle mind;
 Let me one amphibious get,
 'Tween a prude and a coquet;
 Not as VENUS, loose and bold;
 Not as DIAN, chaste and cold;
 This can have no taste of joy,
 That with more excess wou'd cloy.
 But give me a girl with skill,
 Who will not, and yet she will;
 Who denies to be carest,
 Yet consents to make me blest;
 Blest herself in love's full joy,
 'Midst her raptures, who seems coy;
 Who, tho' long I love pursue,
 Still can make that love be new;
 And tho' nice in joy I prove,
 Give me all the joys of love;
 Varying with a pleasing skill,
 That she will not, or she will.*



No. 89. Tuesday, June 9.

In eodem omnes mihi videntur ludo doctæ.

TE

All women seem to have gone to the same school.

THE following essay was sent to me by the ingenious author of that excellent poem *The RELAPSE*: any of my readers who do not highly relish it, must either have *too* refined a taste, or else *none* at all.

To the BATCHELOR.

S I R,

I Have often been provoked at the many unpolite and severe reflections thrown on the ladies, for being so fond of CARDS. Happy shall I think myself, if I merit a smile of approbation by appearing as their advocate, and obviating any objections to this favourite amusement.

How would it be possible, Mr. Wagstaffe, to form such a numerous acquaintance among people of fashion, without the assistance of Drums? By this happy expedient, a whole house is filled, brilliant company assembled, and after a few ceremonies, shuffling a pack of cards furnishes entertainment for the night, without borrowing the least help from thought or fancy. Thus are all those invidious comparisons effectually prevented, which conversation would produce, by one lady's shewing more wit, sense or taste, than another; for cards reduce all understandings, to the same level. This accounts for the dear creatures' dislike to reading

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and setting so little value on other mental accomplishments : they know very well, that if they shine, it must be at the Quadrille table ; and is it not very hard to dispute their being the best judges of their own capacities and pleasures.

‘ Another good effect of play is, that the winners are always in good humour, and the losers may say any thing without giving offence. I mention this, to shew that we are indebted to cards for that mutual cordiality and friendship so apparent amongst ladies of fashion, which might otherwise be sometimes interrupted by the unavoidable freedoms of social and familiar converse amongst persons of such nice and delicate feelings.

‘ In point of morals, what can be more commendable than their sacred and inviolable regard to a promise, in paying all debts of honour, though not legally obliged to it ? Tradesfolk they are more indifferent about, as the law has thought proper to take some care of mechanicks in this respect ; but among those who move in a higher sphere,

‘ *Honour’s a sacred tie, &c.*

‘ I have heard it said, indeed, and meant as a reproach, that they often compound with their male creditors, and give up a more valuable consideration, when unable to satisfy them in any other manner. — Now to me, this is an amazing proof of virtue ! It is acting like the just person mentioned in the Psalms — *Who swear. th unto her neighbour, and disappointeth him not, tho’ it be to her own hindrance.* — How happy is the husband of so prudent a wife, who thus discharges a debt in a coin he can never possibly miss ? especially, as it might hurt his fortune, and embarrass his affairs if paid in any other. She may, perhaps, chuse this method of payment, from a pre-sentiment of having further reason, from such a trial, to be pleased with him ; and consequently may act so, to promote conjugal affection. This was Penelope’s way ; she

‘ en-

‘ encouraged all her gallants to shoot in Ulysses’s bow
 ‘ and the result was, that she found none of them
 ‘ equal to her own good man.

‘ Others have presumed to say, that ladies always
 ‘ disguise their tempers before marriage, and never
 ‘ appear thoroughly unreserved and sincere till after
 ‘ comparing them (with the utmost ill manners) to
 ‘ cats, that pur and smooth their claws one moment,
 ‘ yet scratch and yell the next. Now it is very well
 ‘ known, that several of the fair sex who abhor cards
 ‘ yet condescend to play, merely to confute so unjust
 ‘ an invective ; as it is acknowledged by every body
 ‘ that nothing (even in marriage) can disconcert those
 ‘ who submit with patience and resignation to the va-
 ‘ rious turns and disappointments so frequently met
 ‘ with in a game at cards.

‘ Some, I know, affect to despise and hate them,
 ‘ and can never be persuaded to play, tho’ often chid-
 ‘ by their good mothers and aunts. They pretend
 ‘ forsooth, to love reading, and say they would ra-
 ‘ ther entertain themselves with a paper in the *SPEC-*
 ‘ *TATOR OF BATCHELOR.* But this is all affectation
 ‘ on : the true motive is a consciousness of their not
 ‘ being able to conceal their passions, if put to so se-
 ‘ vere a test.

‘ How useful and laudable, in many respects, is
 ‘ that dexterity and finesse introduced by cards, and
 ‘ all those other arts which the vulgar call cheating
 ‘ for the fair rivals must be exquisitely adroit and
 ‘ nimble to avoid being detected, exposed as they are
 ‘ to the quick eyes of so many competitors, and
 ‘ equally ready to take every advantage themselves
 ‘ and prevent others doing so.

‘ Neither can I think there is any thing immoral
 ‘ in these refinements ; for as they are generally re-
 ‘ coned part of the game, we may suppose a tacit
 ‘ convention among the respective parties, which
 ‘ makes cheating fair play, if the deception be so
 ‘ nicely executed as to prevent a discovery : and you
 ‘ know, Mr. Wagstaffe, that the best Ethic writers
 ‘ agree, that people may part with their property on
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what conditions they please. How apposite is this to that wise institute of the Spartan legislator, which allowed the boys to steal, and when caught in the fact, they were not punished for the theft, but for not being more expert at the trade : this, Plutarch tells us, was designed to sharpen their invention, and render them subtle and dexterous. Now, a similar custom, so refined and well adapted to modern manners, as to be daily practised both for profit and diversion, must have an adequate effect on our fair country women ? For my part, I am convinced that we should never see so many shining instances of œconomy, house-wifery and good management among them, but for this excellent mode. This makes them so sharp in detecting the tricks and rogueries of their servants, and makes the latter so remarkably honest and humble, as they can have no hopes of concealing their faults from the keenness and penetration of their mistresses.

‘ By the bye, as the ladies (for the benefit of society) seem to have made cards the principal business of life ; is it any longer surprising that they should interest themselves so much in the late contention between Mess. Bresleau and Prussia ? They were the properest judges of the abilities of these great men ; and I dare say, received more improvement from seeing them perform their manual exercise, than they do from hearing the very ingenious Mr. Stephens’s lecture on heads.

‘ You see, Mr. Wagstaffe, I have fairly stated every objection, given each its due weight, and (I hope) answered them so as to convince the impartial and unprejudiced, that cards are absolutely necessary to the Beau Monde, and the parent of many virtues among the ladies.

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your admirer and humble servant,

‘ J. C.’

‘ P. S. It

‘ P. S. If this apology should be favourably received, I intend offering another for the men: ’
 ‘ complaisance obliged me to give the preference to ’
 ‘ the ladies.’



No. 90. Saturday, June 13.

Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum sit prius.

TER.

There is nothing said, which may not have been said before.

IF we trace the works of every writer, both ancient and modern, we shall be scarce able to find such a thing as originality among them; that is, to find any who have not borrowed thoughts and expressions from others; nay some, even the whole plan of their works. A few Greek writers of the greatest antiquity, are commonly reputed originals, because that the writings they borrowed from, have not reached our times. If we could examine the works of those authors who flourished before Homer, we might, perhaps, find him as much indebted to others, as others have since been to him: as it is, we may trace him taking some hints from the sacred writings, which are the only ones prior to his, that have been handed down to us: for instance, the lying spirit which Jupiter sends to Agamemnon in a dream, to persuade him to attack the Trojans, is manifestly copied from that passage in holy writ, where the Lord sends forth a lying spirit into the mouths of Ahab's prophets, to persuade him to go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead: and again, where the Trojans could not behold the face of Mars, is undoubtedly taken from that place where the Israelites could not look upon

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Moses for the brightness of his countenance, when he came down from the Mount. Upon a strict examination, I believe many others might be found as well as those passages I have mentioned.

Virgil has taken the first six books of the *Æneid*, entirely from the *Odyssey*; and the latter six, from the *Iliad*; as also his divine *Georgicks* from *Hesiod*, and his *Eclogues* from *Theocritus*; nay, so far has Virgil gone, as to copy even a whole line verbatim from *Ennius*, in his sixth *Æneid*:

Nobis qui cunctando restituis rem.

This we should not have known, as the works of *Ennius* are lost, but that this line is preserved in the works of *Cicero*. *Milton*, *Tasso*, and all the epic poets of later date, have borrowed largely from those two great fountains of Greece and Rome, but more especially from the former, as *Homer* is justly esteemed the father of poetry.

It would be an endless task, and perhaps no way entertaining to my readers, to shew how freely the Greek writers have taken from each other, and the Latins from them; or what plagiarists the very best moderns have been from both. *Horace* seems to think that originality is not at all a necessary perfection in a poet; for he says in his *Art of Poetry*,

*Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.*

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more success
You may from *Homer* take the tale of *Troy*,
Than on an untry'd plot your strength employ.

It would be very hard if it were, for then I fear very few authors that ever wrote, could be counted perfect. We have, indeed, amongst the moderns, a few who may almost be called originals: such as *Cervantes*, in his *Don Quixote*; *Butler*, in his *Hudibras*; and *Swift*, in his *Tale of a Tub*. *Shakespeare*

too, I think, may lay a just claim to it; for he has numberless passages, thoughts, and expressions, which no other, but his own vast genius could ever hit off; and which are entirely peculiar to himself. In my humble opinion, my cousin Isaac Bickerstaffe may put in his claim, as there never was in any language any thing written in the way of his lucubrations in the Tattlers, which have since caused so many imitators.

It is a thing impossible to think on any subject, which has not been already thought of; or to express any sentiment which others have not done before us. Men of real genius ever had, and ever will have, a similitude with each other in their ideas, and in their manner of comparing them. It is not to be wondered at, then, that one man should exactly hit off the very same thoughts, in writing on the same subject, which another writer had already done, although he was wholly unacquainted with him. This is the only way of accounting for Skakespeare's having so many thoughts in his works, which appear to have been taken from the antient poets, or else we must allow him to have been very well versed in them; which I am rather inclined to think.

When a man of quick parts, strong memory, and extensive reading, sits down to write, the sentiments and expressions of his favourite authors will crowd in upon his imagination in spite of him. They will insensibly lead him in to express his ideas in their very manner, and he will seem to the ignorant critic as a plagiarist. There is a wide difference between this and the method often pursued by stupid pedants of mean parts, who steal whole sentences, nay, paragraphs, to set off their flimsy compositions: but the *purpureus pannus* is easily discovered, by being not at all of a piece with their own coarse, homespun stuff: whereas, the man of genius will be consistent with himself throughout, and will scorn to pilfer those shreds and patches which betray a mean ambitious poverty. If, as I said before, the sentiments of others on the same subject occur to him, he will form and mould

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mould them anew, so as to make them justly his own: This has ever been allowable: Horace, and all the best critics, judge it to be fair; otherwise, the illiterate man has the advantage of the scholar in writing; whereas, they who are conversant in the Belles Lettres, have an ease and masterly manner, which the unlettered scribbler can never arrive to: the difference between them is as great, as the rustic awkwardness of a clown, and the polite air of a courtier.

I have dwelt the longer upon this subject, in order to clear up to my readers this point; that wherever my sentiments or expressions have coincided with those of other writers, it has been without any intention of plagiarism, and entirely owing to the causes I have assigned above. But what shall we say to those, who without the aid of genius or books, or even common sense, take upon them to write for the public twice a week. They are like the poor peasants in the country, who as they cannot purchase fleeces of wool, are obliged to spin the dagging to make frize for their brats. Just so the frize clothiers of the Free-Prefs supply their customers with the best they have; and although it be made of the worst materials, is ill manufactured and homely, yet perhaps is good enough for the wearers, as they know no better. Their readers, perhaps, imagine, as the fanatics in Cromwell's time did, that all human learning was vain, and favoured of Heathenism. These fellows I must really allow to be originals, as we do not find in their essays, addresses, &c. either a thought or expression which bears the least likeness to any good author I have ever read, or indeed even to common sense. I have sometimes known them to make quotations from Shaftsbury, and other Deistical writers, in support of their arguments; but as to what they give for their own, it out-does Tom Brown, and all the Grub-street I have ever met with.

To conclude: as the skilful artist has the same applause for exquisite workmanship on gold which had been wrought before, as if he had fashioned it from

the bullion ; so a good writer is equally praised if he can new-form old matter, and like a powerful monarch, make the coin of others bear his own impress. By judiciously adopting the children of others' fancy and imagination, stripping them of the former garments and new cloathing them, they become as much his own as if he had originally begotten them. T



No. 91. Tuesday, June 16.

*Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris———.*

HOR.

'Tis not enough the bursting laugh to raise ;
'Tis not a price to buy the listner's praise.

THAT sagacious logician, Burgerfdicius, in his Syllogisms, proves demonstrably, that a man by his risibility, is no horse : for, says he, man is a risible animal, which a horse is not. *ergo*, a man is not a horse. Swift, no doubt, in his Gulliver, kept this admirable distinction of human nature in his view ; for we do not find that those rational beings the Houyhnums, were at all addicted to risibility. For my part, I should value myself very little on being a man, if the risible faculty were the only one that raised me above the level of the brute creation. Laughter, I think, is so far from shewing any perfection in our nature, that it is rather an indication of folly, arising from self-love and self-conceit. For this reason, in my mind, there cannot be a more disgusting companion, than an immoderate laughter.

There are but two causes which can produce laughter in us ; either the wit and humour of others, or their infirmities : as to the former, I fancy we shall meet but few who can give us much fund for mirth, unless we mistake nonsense for them ; and as to the latter,

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latter, it is cruel and barbarous to make ourselves merry at the expence of those, who, we imagine, are guilty of some ridiculous folly.

But of all the species of risible fools, I never knew any so shocking as those who are tickled by their own jokes. Whenever I have the misfortune to fall into company with people of this sort, it ever makes me grave: It always sinks my spirits to see a fellow with a perpetual grin on his countenance: I was the other evening in company with some persons of both sexes, where we enjoyed a chearful conversation, and were happy in communicating our thoughts to each other in a rational way. The pleasure of our little society was immediately destroyed by the entrance of Gelotes, who the instant he sat down, said he would tell us a high joke which would make us all burst our sides: by way of preface, he fell into a most immoderate fit of laughter, which lasted for some minutes: he then attempted to proceed, but still was interrupted in his narrative by the same cause. We all this time sat as demure as a new married lady at her wedding supper: in short, Gelotes after spending his breath, and laughing very heartily for a considerable time, did not move one muscle in the faces of his audience. I lost all patience at this fool, as I saw there would be no end of his nonsense, so I pretended business, and took my leave.

When I went home, I reflected on the various methods which men take to render themselves agreeable companions, and that in general they hit on every one but the true. A man who laughs at every little silly jest that himself or others throw out, is like a dog barking at the moon, or at his own shadow. I have ever observed, that those men who could tell a witty or a humourous story with a grave countenance, constantly to produce mirth in a company; whilst the laughing story-teller, made people melancholy. We find something similar to this on the stage: Woodward and Foot, in their highest strokes of humour, which never fail to set the house in a roar, always looked as grave as judges; and I

have often wondered how they could contain themselves from joining with the audience. In like manner, we shall find that the most witty writers, who were masters of the most exquisite humour, such as Cervantes, Butler, and Swift, make us merry, whilst they do not move a muscle of their own countenances. The Spanish gravity of Don Quixote, is a remedy for the spleen; and the man who can forbear laughing at the humour of Sancho Pancha, is either a blockhead, or a weeping philosopher.

Hudibras seems to have been written with a no less serious air ; and Gulliver, and the Tale of a Tub, which ever will (whilst the English language is understood) delight and make the reader laugh, were written with the utmost seriousness by the author : so that we shall find it to be a certain rule, that men of true wit and real humour, never laugh themselves when they would have others to laugh : on the contrary, Tom Brown, and wittlings of his class, are ever grinning ; and when they sink to the bathos of stupidity, they burst into a horse laugh. “ *Gentle Dulness ever loves a jest*,” and any thing, however low and trifling, will answer her purpose to make her laugh.

I cannot here omit to mention an author who is now living, who inherits a large portion of the spirit of the three great geniuses I have mentioned. He, with the most settled composure, treats the gravest subjects in so pleasing a manner, as to make us laugh, whilst he conveys the most instructing lessons for our conduct in life. He has hit on the true method of Horace, of *ridentem dicere verum*; that is, he sets forth truth in a laughing manner. The reader need hardly be informed, that I mean the author of some essays lately published, and of the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. I defy any reader of taste to read his Description of Epidemic Terror, or of Beau Tibbs, without laughing very heartily; and yet he seems to have written them with the most composed gravity.

In short, a propensity to laughter without reason, either in conversation or in writing, denotes a want of sense or genius in a man, as much as cackling shews

shews the poverty of a goose. Children are more easily moved to laughter, than adult persons; and fools, than men of sense; as the weakest liquors are the most apt to ferment. The ignorant vulgar, like children, will let loose their mirth as much at the low humours of Mr. Punch, as the man of judgment will at the poignancy of Falstaff's wit. Let fools, therefore, enjoy the boisterous clamour of an idiot laugh, whilst men of sense are merry and wise.

W

To my beloved brother, GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.

Friend Geoffry,

I Am by nature and education a lover of sincerity and candor; free from the glaring prejudices of a set, so inveterately declared against thee. Justice, equity and reason, are the only rules by which I square my unbiassed judgment. To tell thee truth, on thy first appearance in our hemisphere, when thou wert as yet, as it were, an infant, my heart did not warm much towards thee: but when ripeness had emboldened thee to exhibit thyself to public view, and thou began'st to dart forth these glorious and immortal rays of virtue and honour, which in so distinguishing a manner, characterize a real lover of his country, I could no longer refuse thee the so well deserved tribute of praise, respect and esteem. With silent adoration I beheld thee soaring aloft on the wings of truth, endeavouring to reclaim thy brethren from their evil ways, shewing them the deformity of vice, and the resplendent beauty of virtue.

Thy speculations are excellent: they make, as it were, a holy violence on the most profligate of mankind; insensibly steal into the inmost recesses of our minds, banish thence the very roots of evil, and water our parched hearts with the holy dew of virtue and honesty.

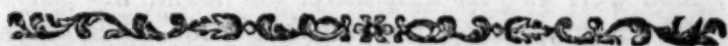
Continue then, dear friend, thy speculations; and be assured that whilst thou walkest in these paths, which thou hast hitherto trodden, the pub-

‘ lic voice and protection will enable thee to withstand and baffle the tumultuous efforts and vain barking of thy impotent adversaries: and for thy greater satisfaction, I must own to thee, that I hold thy papers in such veneration, that I have fitted out in my house a *Sacrarium*, or small cabinet; where, in sweet retirement, with a few select friends of the brethren, of whose penetration and sagacity I am convinced, I fly from the noise of business, and clamours of an unruly multitude, in profoundest meditation, to imbibe the divine maxims which thy sweet spirit breathes forth to all thy brethren; revolving in my mind the truths which thou dost so strongly inculcate, and endeavouring in all things to conform my ways to the rules which thou layest before me to follow. I am, dearly beloved Geoffry,

‘ Thy strong admirer, and steady friend,

F

‘ ZACHARIAH LOVEWORTH.’



No. 92. Saturday, June 20.

————— *Loquaces*

Si sapiat, vitet —————.

HOR.

Be sure avoid, as you would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.

THERE is no sort of men in general, so pleasing to the ladies as your TALKATIVE FELLOWS: a man who is modest or reserved in their company, is looked upon either as a stupid fellow, or as one who sits to make his remarks on what they say: for this reason, a prating coxcomb is oftener a favourite with them, than a man of sense.

Eugenio is a very sensible, polite, well-bred man, and shines most agreeably in conversation with his

own

own sex; yet have I known him unable to keep a circle of ladies from falling into the spleen, when their own fund of scandal and fashions was exhausted: but on the entrance of Jack Rattle, they have been all alive at the sight of that agreeable creature. Jack is the younger brother of a good family: he soon run out his fortune in gaming, drinking and wenching, and was remarkable for being one of the most debauched fellows about town; but always a vast favourite with the ladies. In order to retrieve his shattered affairs, he determined to marry for the sake of a fortune: in this he was sure of success, as his abandoned way of life had acquired him the character requisite for that purpose, namely, that of a Buck, and a Pretty Fellow: accordingly, he paid his addresses to Miss Nancy Jumper, a young lady of a large fortune, intirely in her own power, and married her. He was too fine a gentleman to live with her long; for after proving one of the greatest tyrants upon earth, and obliging his wife to have frequent recourse to a surgeon, the poor woman was glad to part him on condition of his allowing her a small pittance out of her own fortune. Notwithstanding this, all the married, as well as the unmarried ladies in town, doat on Jack; and if you start any objection against the morals of this monster of wickedness and infamy, they reply, "That there is no body without his failing;" so that they overlook all his vices and cover his company, meerly on account of his loquacity, and because he knows the secret history of every intrigue in town. When he hears a piece of scandal in one company, he is uneasy till he disburthens himself of it in another, where he is sure of being welcome on that account.

I sometimes have had the misfortune of falling into company, where this loquacious magazine of calumny and defamation happened to be, and have known him to hold forth for an hour together, and with a surprising volubility of tongue, pour out a torrent of nonsense on fashions, drefs, equipage and scandal; and in short, on every topic of discourse which is

common in the polite world; and after he was gone, I have heard all the ladies say—"is he not a most agreeable creature?"

Though Rattle is thus carested, for vices for which he should be detested, and beloved for qualities for which he should be despised, by a great many, yet are there some who dislike him too. The loquacious old prudes think he takes up too much of the chat, and prevents them from talking. These ladies love a silent man, who does not encroach on their loquacity, but listens quietly to all they say. I was, not long ago, in company with a set of these prating dames, where I did not utter one syllable, but sat like the statue of Silence, and when I went away, they all agreed that I was very good company, and a very agreeable, well behaved man: this I learned from my sister who was one of them.

I always had the greatest aversion from a talkative man, or a prating woman. I look upon every society or company of people assembled in a room, to be a kind of little common-wealth, and that any person who engrosses the whole, or a greater part than falls to his share, of the conversation, infringes on the liberties of that little community; some tyrants, indeed, are more pleasing than others, as Julius Cæsar was preferable to Nero; so a sensible usurper in speaking, is better than a foolish one: but the general misfortune is, that they who have the least to say, commonly talk most.

Felicia says a great deal in a few words, whilst Arpasia holds forth an hour together, on the cut of a ruffle: miss Simper takes up two hours in telling you of lady Trot's drum; whilst Sylvia is bursting with impatience to interrupt her, to describe a new-fashioned cap; and Mopsa is eager to tear the reputations of half her acquaintance: Felicia, therefore, is among women, what Eugenio is among men; and the rest are Jack Rattles in petticoats.

The love of talking, undoubtedly, arises from an overweening conceit of our own talents in that way; and we are too apt to imagine, that all we say is agree-

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agreeable. But the true method to know whether we succeed in pleasing, is to observe what effects our conversation produces in others: whether it excites the same ideas of pleasure in their minds, as it does in ours; if it does, we may sometimes give our tongue a loose; if not, we should check it with a bridle. How silly does a person look, when after spending his breath a considerable time in an argument or a long story, he finds no body attending to him.

The ends of speech are either to communicate our thoughts to others, or to please or instruct: as to the first, we should consider well, whether our thoughts are worth communicating in company; and as to the latter, none but people of good understanding are capable of conveying pleasure or instruction. Therefore, I would recommend it to the raw, ignorant, unexperienced part of both sexes, to remember (when the itch of talking comes on them) what huntsmen say to their young hounds, "*Ware babbling.*" J



To the BATCHELOR.

S I R,

I AM always vexed to hear superficial reasoners exclaim against modern manners, and blame many fashionable and useful arts, for trifling imperfections, (which must necessarily attend every human invention) without making an allowance for the many advantages they produce. As an unreasonable prejudice to gaming seems most prevalent among your humdrum moralists, I attempted to shew its absurdity; and as you were pleased to approve of my first essay, I now send you a second, on the same subject.

Some

‘ Some of our most celebrated philosophers (such
 ‘ as Hobbs, Mandeville, &c) have found out that
 ‘ mankind is endued with an innate propensity to evil
 ‘ and mischief. From such a noble discovery I infer,
 ‘ that there should be ways and means provided
 ‘ for this malevolent disposition to vent itself, else the
 ‘ body politic may be thrown into disorder, and vio-
 ‘ lent remedies must be then administered. Now a
 ‘ gentle relaxation in morals, effectually answers the
 ‘ purpose : it may be compared to that insensible
 ‘ perspiration which preserves the natural body in due
 ‘ plight and vigour ; but if once stopt, recourse must
 ‘ be had to a purge or an emetic.

‘ Let us now examine gaming by this test : first, it
 ‘ gives every man a fair chance of making the most of
 ‘ his abilities ; and he who might, as a pettyfogger or
 ‘ quack, do infinite mischief, may here exercise his
 ‘ talents with equal profit to himself, and without
 ‘ much prejudice to the public : the person of a bold
 ‘ impetuous turn, who might otherwise head a gang
 ‘ and plunder the country, may, by cursing, swearing,
 ‘ bullying and other heroic arts, mixed with a small
 ‘ share of skill in his profession, both fill his purse and
 ‘ shew his spirit : besides, we should consider, that as
 ‘ many of the nobility and gentry are too refined and
 ‘ delicate in their pleasures, (both from constitution
 ‘ and sentiment) to indulge themselves in a free use
 ‘ of wine and women, and other gross and barbarous
 ‘ vices ; and are therefore unable to undergo the
 ‘ drudgery of spending their estates, without the as-
 ‘ sistance of play ; so that Henry the Seventh’s wise
 ‘ ordinance would become useless and unnecessary,
 ‘ which, by allowing the barons to alienate their
 ‘ lands, diffused wealth and independence among the
 ‘ commons.—These are some of the benefits the
 ‘ public in general reaps by this art ; let us now con-
 ‘ sider how it operates on individuals.

‘ The greatest inconvenience attending the rich and
 ‘ affluent, is to have a great deal of superfluous time
 ‘ and money, which they do not know how to dis-
 ‘ pose of ; now what other expedient could be de-
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‘vised so calculated in all points, to rid them of these
 ‘two grievous burdens? It gives men of fortune a
 ‘noble opportunity of shewing their generosity, and
 ‘love of their country, by losing their money to
 ‘sharpers, who might otherwise be obliged to take to
 ‘the road for a maintenance: this must undoubtedly
 ‘be the motive, or what else could induce them to
 ‘game with fellows, who, by a *coup de main*, will al-
 ‘ways be winners?

‘Thus, they display their patriotism, in a mode
 ‘quite new and peculiar to themselves. How hum-
 ‘ble and condescending do they appear in admitting
 ‘men of the lowest rank, both in intellects and mo-
 ‘rals, to their tables and conversation; men who are
 ‘only remarkable for shuffling a pack of cards, and
 ‘shaking a dice-box with dexterity? I knew some
 ‘malignant censurers say, they choose such compa-
 ‘nions that they may shine in their own eyes from the
 ‘comparison; but this, I think, cannot be the case,
 ‘as those persons eminently possess the very quali-
 ‘fications that are most valued by themselves, and
 ‘which they so studiously strive to acquire: even
 ‘supposing it was; did not Cæsar shew a laudable
 ‘ambition by saying, he would rather be the first
 ‘man in a paltry village, than the second in Rome?
 ‘and why should they be blamed for acting on the
 ‘same principles?

‘Where can a young man acquire so useful and
 ‘accurate a knowledge of the world as at a gaming-
 ‘table? A sharper by stripping a youth, teaches him
 ‘to be wary and acute, and not suffer himself to be
 ‘imposed on in any other dealings; as rubbing a new
 ‘coat with a wet sponge, though it takes off the gloss,
 ‘prevents it from being so easily stained.

‘I think we may also ascribe that high polish the
 ‘Beau Monde has attained, to the benign influence of
 ‘play, as it promotes that intimate connection which
 ‘refines and improves both sexes so much: how gal-
 ‘lant and generous are those gentlemen, who freely
 ‘release their amiable debtors from all demands, for
 ‘a momentary gratification; and also think them-
 ‘selves

‘ selves so much obliged by the favour, that they
 ‘ commonly publish it to the world, to shew their gra-
 ‘ titude.

‘ It has been urged as an objection, that gaming
 ‘ dissipates all serious thought and reflection, and di-
 ‘ verts our men of fashion from study, and so dis-
 ‘ qualifies them from serving their country in those
 ‘ high stations they are justly entitled to : but I think
 ‘ I have already proved, that they are of essential ser-
 ‘ vice to the community in their own way ; and any
 ‘ judicious person who daily sees what a figure they
 ‘ make without any such intellectual aids, will only
 ‘ laugh at so frivolous an argument : their genius
 ‘ sparkles with native light : the maxims and sentiments
 ‘ of others would only cloud it. They consider books
 ‘ as bladders, which may indeed assist bad swimmers,
 ‘ but rather incumber the skilful.

‘ Play, has been introduced and flourishes among
 ‘ all ranks and degrees, particularly the military ; you
 ‘ know Alexander destroyed the baggage of his
 ‘ troops, that they might have nothing to mind but
 ‘ their duty : some of our modern commanders took
 ‘ the hint in the late war, and established Pharoah
 ‘ banks, which by easing the officers of their cash, ef-
 ‘ fectually answered the same purpose, and I verily
 ‘ believe were the cause of our extraordinary success.
 ‘ It is not uncommon to see children early initiated in
 ‘ this noble science, and I have been delighted to
 ‘ view the little masters and misses sitting round a
 ‘ card-table, instructed by their papa and mama, who
 ‘ formed happy presages of their genius, from the
 ‘ quickness and apprehension they discovered in learn-
 ‘ ing the game. I hope soon to see Mr. Locke’s me-
 ‘ thod introduced, of teaching children the alphabet,
 ‘ by having the letters imprinted on dice : by playing
 ‘ Cribbage they may acquire arithmetic ; and so cards
 ‘ and dice may become the instruments of learning,
 ‘ to the total abolishment of horn-books and figures.

‘ I have observed an itch for gaming to prevail most
 ‘ in the poorest and least cultivated parts of the king-

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dom, where I have frequently seen half a dozen of the country folks, of both sexes, on a Sunday, sitting behind a ditch, and enjoying themselves like their betters: the only difference I could perceive was, that their cards were rather black.

The same diversion is practised in town among the chair-men and shoe-boys, chiefly in a dear summer; and some of them have told me, "it was to divert hunger." The like stratagem was used by the Lydians in a great famine, fasting and feasting each day alternately; they applied themselves to hazard and other ingenions games on their fast days, instead of eating, and continued this sport eighteen years. Now, as our commonalty seem to relish these amusements as much as the Lydians, in order to alleviate their sufferings in dear seasons, I would humbly propose that cards and dice should be distributed by the clergy every Sabbath, to their respective congregations, accompanied with a short lecture on their utility: this will also make greater numbers attend divine service, as I have known children induced to swallow physic, when they were sure of finding a lump of sugar at the bottom of the cup.

I have thus, Mr. Wagstaffe, endeavoured to point out some of the benefits accruing both to the public and particulars from gaming; and have just thrown out the last hint for our politicians, which I make no doubt of their improving.

I am, Sir, (with respect)

Your very humble servant,

J. C.



No. 94. Saturday, June 27.

————— *Alfenus vafer, omni*
Abjeſto instrumento artis, clauſaque tabernâ,
Sutor erat : ſapiens operis, ſic optimus omnis
Eſt opifex, ſic rex ſolus. Vellent tibi barbam
Laſcivi pueri : quos tu niſi fuſſe coërces,
Urgeris turbâ circum te ſtante, miſerque
Rumperis, et latras, magnorum maxime regum.

HOR.

THUS IMITATED :

That rogue Alfenus, now no more
 Will cobble ſhoes, as heretofore ;
 But ſhuts his bulk, throws by his awls ;
 And in a pulpit ſtoutly bawls ;
 A moſt heart-breaking preacher turns,
 Whilſt each old woman's middriff burns :
 But, Swadling John, you have great luck,
 If wanton boys your beard don't pluck ;
 Unleſs you drive them with a club.
 The mob will drag ye from your tub ;
 Thee, for their vengeance, they will mark,
 While you, great preacher, loudly bark.

ANON.

' To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq;* at the Mer-
 ' cury in Parliament ſtreet.

' S I R,

' I Am a man who carry on a conſiderable ſhare of
 ' trade in this city. I was for many years bleſſed
 ' with one of the beſt women upon earth for a wife,
 ' and we were remarkably a happy, induſtrious cou-
 ' ple, although we had no children. We might
 ' have been ſtill bleſt, were it not for a curſed goſpel
 ' goſſip,

gossip, a neighbour of our's, who seduced my wife, as the serpent did Eve, to go with her one evening to a swadling meeting-house: when she came home, she did nothing but rave of the sanctity of those good people, (as she called them) and of the heavenly man who preached. Her neighbour, when once she found that she had drawn her in, did not fail to call upon her every evening to go to the preaching: in short, sir, in a little time she became as great a swadler as any of them: she intirely neglected her house and family, and gave me very little of her company; for she was gadding most part of the day after the preachers' heels, and spent many nights among them at their love feasts. Oh, Mr. Wagstaffe, these swadling teachers are sad fellows; for would you believe it, my wife, who was always loving, virtuous, discreet and honest, they wanted to seduce, debauch, and lead astray.

' She told me one day, that the Lord had promised her a child, as he did to Sarah; I asked her, in some confusion, how did she know that: she bad me be calm, and she would tell me. She said, that Mr. Williams, the teacher, had assured her of it at the last love feast; and that at midnight she fell into a trance, in which it was confirmed to her; and that the holy man renewed his assurances to her. I began to smoke something, and to suspect that those sanctified devils had given her some drugs to throw her into a deep sleep, and so to fulfil rheir promises in good earnest. From that time I never suffered her to go near them, nor one of the scoundrels to enter my doors: for before that, they used to come to my house with as much freedom as if it was their own, and nothing in it was too good for them. Many a bottle of my best wine have Mr. W——y and Mr. Williams swallowed, and not only that, but every penny my wife could lay hands on, she gave to these saints: by this means I found my substance going, my house in disorder, and my honour at stake.

' I flat-

‘ I flatter myself that they did not accomplish their
 ‘ wicked ends with my wife ; but I thought it the
 ‘ best way to put it out of their power by giving
 ‘ them no opportunity. Ever since I have laid this
 ‘ embargo on her, I have had very little comfort of
 ‘ her, for she is peevish, fretful and discontented ;
 ‘ nothing can please her, she says she is sure of be-
 ‘ ing damn’d, and all I can say or do will not prevail
 ‘ on her to go with me to church. I brought the cu-
 ‘ rate of our parish to her, and he began to reason
 ‘ with her, but all to no purpose : she poured out
 ‘ such a torrent of jargon of grace, peace, faith,
 ‘ elect, and so forth, and quoted so much scripture
 ‘ in a quite mistaken sense, that she would not let the
 ‘ good man say a word. He told me it was in vain
 ‘ to talk to her, for that her head was turned, and
 ‘ advised me to lodge her for a while with Mr. Jen-
 ‘ nings at the Broad Stone. This I am unwilling to
 ‘ do, as I still love her tenderly. I will, therefore,
 ‘ try every gentle method, and if all fails, I must at
 ‘ length have recourse to that.

‘ Now, sir, is not this dreadful, that these wolves
 ‘ in sheeps’ cloathing, should be thus suffered to prowl
 ‘ after the wives of honest men, not only to turn
 ‘ their heads, but also to furnish those of the hus-
 ‘ bands with horns ; and all this under the cloak of
 ‘ righteous sanctity. I think, therefore, you will do
 ‘ the public service, by giving this letter a place in
 ‘ your speculations ; it may be a warning to other
 ‘ men to put a stop to their wives swadling betimes,
 ‘ and prevent those fatal effects, which my too great
 ‘ indulgence to mine have produced to me. It is
 ‘ amazing to think, what mischiefs these canting,
 ‘ hypocritical villains, have done in this city, within
 ‘ these few years. Every idle tradesman who is too
 ‘ lazy to work, gets a few texts of scripture by heart,
 ‘ which he throws out in quite a contrary sense from
 ‘ their true meaning, and so commences a blind guide
 ‘ to lead the blind. This they find an easier and
 ‘ more lucrative way of working than at their trades ;
 ‘ for all the women who dance after their nonsense,
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‘ will rob, plunder, and steal, to supply them with
‘ money.

‘ I could write a whole volume on this subject,
‘ but I fear I have already trespassed too far upon
‘ your patience: I shall, therefore, conclude, by
‘ assuring you, that I am your constant reader, and
‘ most humble servant,

J

‘ PETER TRAFFICK.’



No. 95. *Tuesday, June 30.*

Uno ore conclamant omnes.

TER.

They all cry out with one voice.

MY paper of the 20th inst. upon Talkativeness, has brought upon me the tongues of half the women in town; and the pens of, I believe, very near the other half. It has produced me a bundle of letters, almost sufficient to keep a snuff shop in foul paper for a month. Some commend me for giving them good advice, but the greater part take up arms against me, as against an invader on those rights and privileges which the fair sex have enjoyed since the time of madam Eve. They imagine I would have them tongue-tied, because I would advise them to abridge any of their superfluous chat; whereas my whole intention is, that they should say more, and talk less; that is, that they should speak to purpose, and not employ their whole conversation on Dress, Fops, Cards, Fashions, and Scandal.

The Turks have a notion, that there is a certain portion of food and drink allotted to every man at his birth, which, when he has consumed, he must die. This is an excellent lesson to teach men temperance. Now if we only change a little the matter of this moral, and suppose that we had a certain number of
words

words allotted to us, which, when we had spoken, we must die; what a wonderful effect would this produce on many of those excessive talkers, who now prate us to death? How many trifling circumstances would it cut off, which render stories so prolix and tiresome to the hearers? But lest I should seem to my reader to transgress in the very article I am speaking against, I will satisfy his curiosity with such of those letters as are worth his seeing: the rest are fit only to be applied to such purposes as the Freeman's Journals commonly are.

To the BATCHELOR.

S I R,

I Read your paper on talkativeness, and wonder what you mean by it: would you have us women, to sew up our mouths, or talk of nothing but books? wou'dn't you have us to talk of dress and fashions? we should be meer frights indeed, if we didn't consult one another's opinions to know what is genteel or not: I suppose you would make mopes of us in company, to listen to such musty, old fellows as you: I am sure you have no right to speak, for, by your speculations, you seem to be a very prating old fellow. Others may do as they please, but for my part, as long as I have a tongue I will use it, and not keep it within my teeth to please you, or any old dotard like you. You may give us your advice in any thing else you please, and if we like it we will follow it; but in this of stopping our mouths, we must beg to be excused. A pretty story, truly! what, would you make statues of us? The next thing I suppose you'll say is, that women have no souls. I write this to shew you, you shall not silence

Your humble servant,

SARAH AFTERCLAP.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* at the Mercury in
Parliament-street.

S I R,

I Much approve of your speculation, on the over
love of talking of some of your's, and many of
our sex. I paid a visit the other evening to my
neighbour Mrs. Tattle, who is a kind of an alarm
clock, for when once she sets a-going, she never
stops, even so much as to put a comma into
her discourse, but runs on in one continued sen-
tence for half an hour together, without drawing
breath. Her three daughters too, the eldest of
whom is not above fifteen, are all repeating watch-
es; for no sooner did the mother leave the least
room for them to throw in a word, but you might
see the three misses bursting with impatience to
speak. I happened to say to the youngest, who is
not above eleven years old, that misses should be
seen and not heard; on which the mother seemed
not to be pleased, and told me she supposed I had
been reading that old fool, Mr. Wagstaffe, who
wanted to stop the mouths of half the ladies in
town. She ran on for above an hour without stop-
ping, to abuse you on that account; and I believe
would have gone on another hour, but that luckily
my servant brought me a message that my husband
was come home. I beg, sir, you will not drop
this subject until you have silenced the prating old
gossips, and prattling young females, who bring a
disgrace on our sex, and you will particularly oblige
your constant reader,

MARTHA SILENCE.

To the BATCHELOR.

S I R,

I Like all your speculations very well, except
that one against talking: I will say nothing with
regard to women, but I am sure a silent man is an
odious

‘ odious creature. This I had experience of some
 ‘ time ago: I happened to travel to a friend’s house
 ‘ about a day’s Journey from town in a coach, in
 ‘ company with two ladies, and a great scholar, one
 ‘ Doctor Snarl. For the first five or six miles, we
 ‘ endeavoured all we could to make him speak, but
 ‘ all to no purpose; he only stared at us with his
 ‘ goggle eyes, like an owl. When we found it was
 ‘ impossible to get a word out of him, we took no
 ‘ farther notice of him, and he took out a book from
 ‘ his pocket, and read for the remaining part of the
 ‘ journey. Now, sir, would not Mr. Rattle, or Mr.
 ‘ Any-body, that would talk like a christian, be bet-
 ‘ ter than our over-wise gentleman in company? we
 ‘ might as well have had the stall of old books on
 ‘ the Inns-quay in the coach with us as this learned
 ‘ pedant. Upon enquiry into his character, I find
 ‘ he wants to ape Dean Swift, who, it is said, used
 ‘ often to sit silent among ladies to make remarks;
 ‘ but then, every body is not a Swift, and this fel-
 ‘ low is, by those who know him, said to be no more
 ‘ than a meer book worm. I beg, therefore, you
 ‘ will say no more of your silent, sensible people;
 ‘ for a man or woman, let them be never so wise, if
 ‘ they want chat, are no better than a Cremona fid-
 ‘ dle without strings: it may be very fine, but it
 ‘ gives us no pleasure: therefore, I insist you will
 ‘ allow us the privilege of our sex, in using our pro-
 ‘ per weapons, and give us none of your silent philo-
 ‘ sophers. I am, sir, your humble servant,

‘ AMANDA LOVETALK.’

‘ To the BATCHELOR.

‘ S I R,

‘ **E**VEN by your own account, Eugenio is a stu-
 ‘ pid humdrum, and Mr. Rattle a sweet fel-
 ‘ low.

‘ Your’s, &c.

‘ LUCINDA SPRIGHTLY.’

No. 96.



No. 96. Saturday, July 4.

Sua sidera norint.

VIRG.

Their own stars they know.

IF we in this quarter of the world called Europe, are indebted to those enterprizing geniuses, who have discovered new countries on the other quarters of our little globe, how much greater obligations do we lie under to astronomers who have found out many worlds, some of which are larger than our own; nor are they satisfied with this, but even tell us they are inhabited, like ours; and that the genius of the inhabitants takes its bent from their nearness to, or distance from, the sun. For instance, those of Saturn are surly, morose and stupid, something like the northern people of our hemisphere; those of Jupiter, grave and sedate; those of Mars, fierce and warlike; those of Venus, lascivious and effeminate; whilst the inhabitants of Mercury, are all life and fire.

Our neighbours in the moon they are as well acquainted with as we are with the people of Patagonia, and they know every hill, dale, mountain and valley, sea, lake and river, as well as we do our own *terra australis incognita*. The learned Hevelius has given us a most accurate map of it, and has marked out every spot of it as exactly as Sir William Petty has done of this, our kingdom. Ricciolus has even gone further, and has assigned to each astronomer his proportion of ground there; you may meet with the land of Copernicus, the tract of Gallileo, the region of Kepler in that planet; and to shew his own modesty, he has allotted for himself the very best spot in all that country.

It

It is but just, indeed, that these men should have the benefit arising from their discovered land; but, by the bye, I cannot but think them a little selfish, not to share this new world with more people, but to make it a monopoly amongst four lunar princes. Here I cannot help forming a conjecture, (which the reader may agree to or not, as he pleases) that at the full of the moon, these proprietors gazed with such rapture at their lunar possessions, that they were deemed by the vulgar to be madmen, and that hence they who lost their senses, were since called Lunatics.

Bishop Wilkins, who had a vast ambition for translation, formed a project for converting his lawn sleeves into a pair of wings, and flying thither: if his scheme had succeeded, he would, no doubt, like our earthly discoverers, have fixed up a flag, a cross, or some other token of possession, and then have returned in order to bring with him a flying squadron, to conquer the country and subdue the natives to christianity. The latter motive, that of instructing the people in the principles of true religion, would certainly be a most noble one: it was that alone which induced the Spaniards to conquer Mexico and Peru, and not the gold and silver mines, as some have vainly imagined. The same great cause incited the Dutch to make settlements in the East Indies and on the coast of Afric; nor did we possess ourselves of such vast tracts of country in America for any other purpose. This might sometimes have been attended with some circumstances of injustice, not to mention cruelty; such as depriving the natives of their natural rights, and butchering, perhaps, three fourths of them; but then we must allow that they were savages who were thus treated, and that it was intirely for their good. But, perhaps, these fellows of the moon might prove more sturdy than the poor Mexicans were; and not suffer themselves to be so easily subdued or converted for want of some of those instruments which Cortes made use of, to wit, cannon; and I fear it would be no easy matter to fly any of them thither.

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The only scheme I can devise, therefore, of achieving this conquest, would be to clap large wings to some of our new discovered allies the Patagonians, and take ten or twenty thousand of them into our pay for that purpose: they would soon crush the poor natives, and we should draw as much advantage from it as possibly we do from many of the wild, uncultivated tracts which we already possess: we should certainly reap one great benefit by it, that our newsmongers and politicians, by the means of flying expresses, would constantly have fresh intelligence to amuse them in this dead time of peace. We should be then as impatient for packets from the Moon, as we are now from Holyhead; and it would be vast comfort that contrary winds could not retard them. We should have all our news papers begin thus: "*Last night arrived three Lunar Packets, which brought the following advices.*" Our intelligence then would not be confined to this little paultry spot, called Earth; we should then know what passed in the moon, as well as those astronomers I have mentioned.

But besides all those advantages, our travelling virtuosi, who, no doubt, would fly thither, might collect a vast number of curiosities, such as minerals, metals, exotics, fossils, skeletons, pebbles, &c. &c. for the use of the royal and antiquarian societies. How would these swell the philosophical transactions? What multitudes of hackney writers would be supported by publishing books of travels, and voyages round the moon? for we are assured that the luminous parts of that body are land, and the obscure, seas; because the watry parts imbibe the rays of light, whereas the earthy solid ones reflect it.

Our young gentlemen, who now travel only to know the world, would certainly gain vastly more improvement by taking the tour of the moon, as they would then know more than the world. They might there, perhaps, pick up as good systems in politics, and notions in religion, as they could at Paris: the journey would be less troublesome and expensive, and

as they ought not to take much money with them, lest it should be too burdensome and heavy for them in their flight, these absentees would be no sort of loss to the world. The ladies too might put on wings and take a scamper, to bring home fashions; but I would recommend it to such as wear large hoops, to put on drawers. This would be a fine opportunity for young, light, airy girls, who are married to old fellows, or to fat, heavy, lubberly husbands, to make an elopement with their youthful, brisk gallants: but they must continue to be in flying order, and not get themselves with child before they set out. It would be no easy matter to keep the young females upon this earth, or hinder them from taking wing after the young fellows: the only method I know of restraining them would be, constantly to keep their wings clipt, or else to pinion them like wild ducks.

It is a wonder to me, that those great astronomers I have mentioned, have not, like some voyage writers, given us the manners, customs, habits, &c. of the Lunar inhabitants more exactly: had they told us that they were Giants or Pigmies, *Anthropophagi*, or *men whose beads do grow beneath their shoulders*, we could not contradict them. They might describe them as very cruel savages, or as very civil poor people who worship our earth, which would endear them greatly to us; and it is odd that they should give a better guess at the inhabitants of the other planets, than of those of our own satellite the moon, which is just at home with us.

But I hope we shall no longer suffer thus a lunar eclipse of knowledge, and that some ingenious writer will clear up those points fully to us; for though they have assured us of the moon's being peopled, yet are we at a loss to know whether they resemble Patagonians or Laplanders. In this all-discovering age, therefore, it is to be hoped that either some of our longitudinarians or discoverers, will satisfy the curious in these respects, as nothing seems, in this enlightened æra of the world, to be too difficult for the researches of inquisitive men.

W

No. 97.

No. 97. *Tuesday, July 7.**Quid domini facient audent cum talia fures.* VIRG.

What will the masters do, when thus the servants dare?

‘ Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

‘ **T**HAT most wonderful prodigy of genius, the Dean of St. Patrick’s, observes in his Gulliver, that three quarters of this globe must be sailed round before a female English Yahoo can get her breakfast, or a cup to put it into. But what would he say were he now living, when even Irish Yahoos yahoos must have the same trouble taken for them. When all the abigails, cook-maids, kitchen wenches and scullions in town, must sit down every morning to a breakfast of tea, as well as their mistresses. I am told, that on hiring those drabs, the first question which they ask, is, “madam, do you find me in tea, or what allowance will you give me for it?” If the former be the bargain, that the mistress is to supply the hussy with tea, what is left after her lady’s breakfast will not do, madam must have a fresh pot; with this she treats her fellow servants of the male sex, and the consequence of this junketting is a bastard, which she smothers in the privy, or if she is afraid of the gallows for the murder of it, they both combine in robbing their master to maintain it: if the slut has money allowed her for tea, the footman who breakfasts with her, and drinks tea with her in the evening, must put in his quota; this he is in honour bound to do; but as his wages are not sufficient to bear this expence, he borrows his master’s pistols, and stops the first passenger he can meet on a dark

‘ night in the street ; and hence, no doubt, proceed
 ‘ many of the street robberies which often are com-
 ‘ mited in this metropolis.

‘ But there is also another ill consequence arising
 ‘ from this wicked custom, and that is the vast sums
 ‘ of money which go out of this kingdom, and that
 ‘ for no other reason but because ladies and gentle-
 ‘ men are fools enough to indulge their servants in
 ‘ idleness and luxury.

‘ If we consider the vast number of these tea-drink-
 ‘ ing jades in this city alone, and will calculate the
 ‘ quantity of tea and sugar consumed by them in a
 ‘ year, we shall find it to amount to a great deal of
 ‘ money. People will say ’tis but a trifle in propor-
 ‘ tion to the wines and other foreign luxuries expend-
 ‘ ed by the master ; and the jewels, French silks and
 ‘ laces, used by the mistresses : but that is reasoning
 ‘ as foolishly as the man did, who, because his house
 ‘ was on fire, set his offices also in flames ; for, says
 ‘ he, let them all go together : so that we are not sa-
 ‘ tisfied to lay waste and destroy this poor country
 ‘ ourselves, but we suffer our slaves to make havock
 ‘ of it.

‘ I shall not discant farther on the mischiefs of
 ‘ these tea junkettings, because every body is sensible
 ‘ of them, such as the idleness and loss of time from
 ‘ their business ; the insolence they acquire by thus
 ‘ imitating their betters ; the lies, scandal and tattle
 ‘ which these vermin propagate over their tea cups ;
 ‘ and lastly, the many whoredoms, thefts and robber-
 ‘ ries, which may be placed to this account only. I
 ‘ see no reason why the footman should not as well
 ‘ be allowed claret by his master, as the woman ser-
 ‘ vant her tea by her lady : he is descended of as
 ‘ good parents, and as well brought up ; and has just
 ‘ as much pretensions to the one, as she has to the
 ‘ other.

‘ Now, I know the ladies will say, how can this
 ‘ evil be remedied ? we cannot get servants who will
 ‘ hire on any other conditions but that of giving
 ‘ them tea : to this I answer, this wicked custom
 ‘ may

' may be broke through by ladies putting on a resolution not to allow them any, and then they can have no other remedy but to starve, or live upon such diet as servants did formerly, before tea was known, or at least before it was drank by such wretches. Instead of the brave wholesome lasses we had some time ago, who went through their work chearfully, and kept the house clean; we have now, even in the houses of tradesmen, the kitchen wenches delicate fine ladies, subject to vapours, hysterics, and lowness of spirits. Two of these drabs must be hired in private families, where one used to do the whole business, and half their time, forsooth, is taken up in boiling their kettle, chattering over their tea, and washing their cups. Perhaps it may be thought that the stomachs of these very delicate females being accustomed to this thin diet, could not digest food of a stronger or a coarser nature; but Horace gives a remedy for this:

' Pulmentaria quære Sudando,

" Let them get an appetite for it, and digest it by the sweat of their brows:" if this will not do, we may use the same medicine with them, as people do with dogs who have got a surfeit by over-eating, let them fast till they come to their stomachs.

' Yours, &c.

J

' Z. Z.'



No. 98. Saturday, July 11.

*Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru,
Non minus ignotos generosis—*

HOR.

Chain'd to her beamy car, Fame drags along
'The mean, the great : an undistinguish'd throng.

FRANCIS.

IF we will consider the motives which generally stir men up to action, we shall find them often to proceed from false principles. There is no one point in which men are so liable to error, as in the pursuit of what is commonly called Glory. History furnishes us with numbers of examples, which shew us the evil tendency of this mistaken Glory. How many illustrious destroyers of mankind has it egged on, to be a plague and a scourge to their fellow creatures, in order to acquire a false character of heroism?

This prompted Alexander to cut off millions; this excited Cæsar to enslave his country: they vainly imagined that they were treading in the paths of true Glory, whilst, in reality, they were straying widely from it: for if, as Tully says, "Glory consists in "virtue only," surely neither Cæsar or Alexander could claim the least pretensions to it: for as virtue consists in the practice of what is truly laudable and beneficial to mankind, surely that which is attended with the most pernicious consequences, must be the reverse of it. Every body knows what mischiefs have arisen from this mistaken thirst of Fame in the world. If we will believe the ingenious Doctor Young,

"The love of Praise howe'er conceal'd by art,
"Glows more or less, and lives in ev'ry heart;"

we

we shall find that the very same principle of action, which prompted those renowned heroes of antiquity to destroy so many of their own species, or subvert the liberties of their country, has also incited others in a lesser sphere to undertake enterprizes no less prejudicial. For instance ; why may not the leader of a gang of robbers, a daring house-breaker, or a footpad, pretend to be actuated by a love of Glory, as well as Alexander or Cæsar ? The only reason why men do not view them in the same point of light, is only this, that by a wrong association, they usually annex an idea of greatness to the latter, and of infamy to the former. But this we must allow to be an error, unless we hold it as a maxim, that the man who injures a few individuals, is a greater villain than he who destroys a whole country : this I am confident of, that many criminals have justly suffered at Tyburn, who were innocent persons when compared with Oliver Cromwell.

But the man who is actuated by a desire of true Glory, will seek it by methods quite the contrary of those I have mentioned, and will certainly attain it by actions truly virtuous. It is not the ambition of being great, but of being good, which can intitle a man to the character of Glorious : the blood-stained conqueror, who has imbrued his hands in his countrymen and fellow-citizens' blood, in order to gratify his ambition of greatness, will ever be held detestable ; whilst the generous patriot, the noble defender of his country, will have his name transmitted to posterity with the most grateful odours of praise. We love and admire a Cicero, whilst we detest a Cataline ; and Brutus's dagger is more honoured than Cæsar's sword.

Horace, in my motto, tells us, that the love of Glory is not confined to the great alone, but that even the lower classes of mankind are desirous of it. His metaphor is very beautiful, and seems to allude to the conqueror's chariots in the Roman triumphs, after which the captives were drawn along. In like manner, men are by a kind of involuntary impulse

dragged on as it were, by a madness for Fame. It often has a more powerful influence on us than any other motive whatever, and when under the proper direction, will produce good effects. But, as I said before, virtue must be its basis, or the whole superstructure will be raised on a wrong foundation. If men will act upon virtuous principles, in order to acquire the esteem and approbation of good men, which is true Glory; then does it become most beneficial to mankind. Nor is the acquisition of true Glory, as it consists in virtue, confined to those whom fortune has placed in the more exalted stations of life: every man has it in his power to acquire it, let his means be what they will, provided he be good.

Mr. Pope says, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." And I say, he alone has the only title to true Glory. He, who with integrity and unspotted character, fills that part in life which nature has assigned him, claims his share of merit, as well as the hero in a more distinguished sphere: a man's abilities may be great, his inclination to serve his country may be strong, his desire of doing good may be prevalent, although an opportunity may not present itself to him of exerting these glorious talents in so eminent a degree.

I dare say, we can boast of numbers of great men in this kingdom, who would be as ready as Cicero to save their country, if the same occasion offered. Nor are the Demosthenian eloquence of a MALONE, the sweet oratory of a HUTCHESON, or the amiable abilities of the good MASON, less in reality, though perhaps not in so distinguished a point of view, as if they had a Rome or an Athens to display them in. The composition of a Raphael may not appear so well, where it wants an advantageous light; but yet it loses nought of its intrinsic merit on that account.

Since, therefore, true Glory and Virtue are almost synonymous terms, it is in every man's power to achieve it, because he may be virtuous if he pleases.

T

No. 99. *Tuesday, July 14.*

——— *Convive propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato :*
Quid dem? Quid non dem? ———

HOR.

One sort not all admire, nor all approve,
A different palate is to every guest.
What shall, what shall I not provide?

I Happened the other evening to saunter into a certain coffee-house in this town, which is much frequented by critics. I sat down, and called for a dish of coffee; whilst I was sipping it, and looking over some news papers, a tall thin man, of the physical tribe, who carries in his face strong marks of the small-pox, and ill-natured criticism, chanced to sit next me: he took off his hat, which is really emblematical of his mind, (for it is cocked into three very acute angles) and laid it down: he then looked into the Mercury, which lay on the table: "Pray, sir," says he to me, "have you seen this day's Batchelor?" "I think he begins to grow very dull." I gave him the deaf ear, and called for another dish of coffee. A fat well looking man, who sat in a corner of the room, saved me the trouble of answering this ill-natured fellow: "Sir," says he, "I can by no means agree with you; I think the Batchelor rather becomes more pleasing every day, and the gentleman who writes it seems to have no other end in view, but to amuse and instruct the public. It is the only paper in this way, which has ever had any success in this town, as no other was ever carried on with any sort of spirit."

A third, whom I knew by his accent to be my countryman, and whose belly seemed to be better filled with beef and pudding, than his head furnished with brains, immediately took up the argument, by interrupting my friend, and sputtering out a load of invectives against me, without knowing that I was present: "Gentlemen," says he, "I will tell you as how and what the case is, demme, I'll hold ye what ye dare that this here Wagstaffe, for all he pretends to be an Englishman, is some Irish Jesuit; for he would make us believe black is white. It's as plain as the nose on my face, that that there paper about flying to the moon, has some hidden political meaning in it, which we don't see. Mind how he games us about our friends the Patagonians, and would make us think they will be no use to us but to conquer the moon. But what is *worsten* of all, he would hurt our East-India company, by hindering the consumption of tea in this here town amongst the servants." Here I could no longer contain myself: I told him, that what he advanced was absolutely false; that I had the pleasure of being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Wagstaffe, the writer of the Batchelor, and that the accounts he had given of himself in his paper from time to time, were exactly true: that he was a gentleman born in England; possessed of a very easy independent fortune; a zealous member of the church of England, and no Jesuit, as he falsely alledged. Just at that instant my friend Eugenio entered the coffee room, and saluted me with, "your humble servant, Mr. Wagstaffe;" upon which the whole company stared at each other, and my English gentleman walked off.

The many disadvantages which a living author labours under from the envy, prejudices, and prepossessions of mankind, are almost sufficient to discourage any man from attempting to please the public. But there are two adversaries which I dread even more than those I have mentioned, to wit, Ignorance and Want of Taste. There is a homely proverb, which

which I do not choose to foul my paper with, which accounts for many peoples' being as well pleased with the nonsense of other papers, as with my speculations. Many cry me down, who never read me; and numbers dislike me, because they are unacquainted with my person. Various are the conjectures concerning me: sometimes I am a Jesuit, at other times I am a northern clergyman, and again a lad in the college: thus other people know me better than I know myself. I have given the public repeated accounts of myself; but I am not believed. I am under no necessity of deceiving any body, and surely he who imposes for imposing sake only, must be a fool.

I have endeavoured, ever since, the commencement of these my speculations, to find out subjects to hit the taste of every palate as nearly as I could; and if I fail sometimes of success, it is my comfort that many other writers have had the same misfortune. I received a letter this morning written from Portarlington, by a person who subscribes himself AMATOR VERITATIS: it seems to be an attempt at a criticism on my speculation which treats of the wonderful discoveries made by astronomers concerning the moon. The sagacious writer of this very ingenious epistle, says, 'That he received the highest entertainment from that paper; but at the same time confesses he does not understand it. He is pleased, I suppose, ironically, to call it a piece of wit and humour, and immediately demands a key to unlock the meaning of it.' The only answer I can give to this admirer of truth, is, that if his ideas are confused, it is not in my power to clear them: nor am I obliged to furnish explanatory notes on every occasion, for the use of such readers as are void of taste, judgment, or learning.

We find in the Spectators, Tattlers and Guardians, subjects calculated to please different kinds of readers: each paper in them has its admirers: some like the easy, familiar, or humourous ones; whilst others are charmed with the more abstruse papers in a moral or critical way: so that almost every reader has his favourite

yourite papers. I do not by any means pretend to compare these my rude attempts, with those incomparable essays; but I only mentioned them, to shew that cavils may be raised by the ignorant against them, as well as against me. I write as intelligibly as I can, and I suspect that if I am not understood, the fault does not lie in me. The writings of the best authors are, to a bad head, what wholesome plain food is to a weak stomach; it all turns to phlegm and indigestion. I fear, where the intellectual constitution is weak, it is no easy matter to strengthen it; medicines may sometimes have success in disorders of the body; but none, that I know of, can give vigour to the mind. The application of books will rather encrease than diminish the weak habit of mind, and only turn the ignorant fool into a conceited coxcomb.

W

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

TWO or three days ago I was desired to read a letter printed in the *Dublin Mercury* of June the 27th, I cannot possibly believe what I have heard strongly asserted, that the author is a clergyman of our own church: the slander is so dull, so trite, so barefaced, and cloathed in so base, ungenteel, billingsgate language, "Curfed gospel gossip, sanctified devils, scoundrels, canting hypocritical villains." These are some of the flowers which he strews abroad, with no sparing hand. The writer therefore must needs be one of the lowest class, as void of learning and good manners, as even of conscience.

His wonderful tale confutes itself, "At the last love feast at midnight she fell into a trance." *Ex pede Herculem*. Let every man of reason judge of the rest by this. None of our love feasts last till midnight,

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night, no nor till ten, rarely till nine o'clock, but the poor man counfounds a love feast with a watch night, (at which the service does usually continue till midnight, or a little longer) knowing just as much of the one as of the other. I call upon him hereby, if he does "carry on a considerable trade in this city," or any trade at all, (except perhaps that of retailing whiskey, or crying *bloody murders* thro' the streets) to give us his name and place of abode, with the name of the curate whom he brought to reason with his wife, no evasion here can be received, unless this be done without delay, all candid men will believe the whole story to be a senseless, shameless slander.

If Mr. * B—— (with whom I had formerly the pleasure of conversing at his own house, and who behaved like a gentleman and a christian) had had objections to me or my fellow-labourers, he would not have proposed them in such a *manner*, he would have spoken (in private or publick) as a gentleman to a gentleman: and I would have answered plainly and directly. Indeed I am ready to give any man of understanding *a reason of the hope that is in me, that I have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.* I am

Your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Whitefrier-street,
July 9, 1767.

* We assure Mr. WESLEY, that the initial letter of the gentleman's name who wrote the paper in the BATCHELOR, at which he has taken offence, is not *B*: nor has any person, to our knowledge, whose name begins with that letter, ever wrote a paper in the BATCHELOR. *Vtutes avias tibi de pulcherrime revello.*



No. 100. Saturday, July 18.

Vix ea nostra voca.

I scarce call them my own.

I Lately received the two following letters, which, as they are really originals, I thought might not be unacceptable to my readers. I have made no manner of alteration in them, as to style or language; I have only corrected them a little in the spelling: they shew the sentiments of pure nature, undisguised by art, or improved by education. Things of this sort sometimes make a variety from graver subjects, and may, perhaps, please some readers better, than those of a more serious cast. If my correspondents would now and then favour me with some things in this way, I should be more obliged to them than for poetry; for, as Horace says,

————— *Mediocribus esse poetis*
Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ:

But God and man and letter'd post denies,
 That poets ever are of middling size.

The misfortune is, that the genius of almost every young writer, inclines him rather to bad poetry than to tolerable prose. But I can assure them, that the talents requisite for the former, are the gift of but a few; whereas, a man of common sense, by reading good English writers, and giving a little attention to their manner and style, may communicate his thoughts in a better manner in humble prose, than he possibly can by invoking the Muses.

' To the BATCHELOR.

' S I R,

' **M**ARRY come up here, Mr. Wagstaffe ;
 ' what have you to do with us poor servants,
 ' who earn our bread by the sweat of our brows.
 ' I liked your Batchelor, well enough until now, and
 ' all the servants in our house used to buy it turn a-
 ' bout : for you must know I live in a very good
 ' family in this town, and my master and mistress al-
 ' low us tea morning and evening, in spite of you and
 ' your Batchelor, and no thanks to them for it ; for
 ' if they did not, I thank God I am not at a loss
 ' for good places. Jack, our footman, who can read,
 ' and writes this letter for me, says you have affront-
 ' ed his cloth, as well as us. You'd make our mas-
 ' ters believe that tea-drinking makes us whores, and
 ' them rogues, but no thanks to you ; if we get bas-
 ' tards, we will not call to you to maintain them,
 ' nor is our tea out of your pocket. I believe you
 ' are some poor low scrub, and never had any ser-
 ' vants of your own, for all you pretend to be a gen-
 ' tleman, but I am sure no honest servants would live
 ' with you, for I suppose you'd think stirabout would
 ' be breakfast good enough for 'em.

' When Jack read your paper this morning to us
 ' in the kitchen, we were all at breakfast ; we were
 ' all, you may be sure, very angry ; and Mrs. Mar-
 ' gery the cook, swore that you and Hoey were al-
 ' ways putting bad things into the heads of the quali-
 ' ty, and we all agreed never to let a news-boy near
 ' our house with the Mercury : so that if you have a
 ' mind not to affront us all, I would have you to
 ' change your note, and tell our masters and mistresses
 ' that you were but joking.

' James the butler says, that the quality like that
 ' paper of yours very well ; but what signifies that,
 ' they like every thing that leans upon us poor ser-
 ' vants. We all wish that the Freeman's Journal
 ' would

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‘ would take our parts, and attack you on this subject : they might call it supporting the rights, liberties, and independency of the servants’ tea-table. ‘ Mrs. Abigail is just come into the kitchen, and says, ‘ that my lady does not regard your paper, tho’ my master does, and that they had a great dispute about it ; for she is my lady’s woman, and knows all her secrets. My lady says to Mrs. Abigail, that she’ll ‘ give us a drum next week, to spite you and your Batchelor, and in spite of my master’s teeth.

‘ My master, yesterday morning, called up Patrick the coachman, to scold him about the horses being so poor, “ Patrick,” says he, “ I suspect this ‘ damn’d tea starves my horses ” ‘ How, please ‘ your honour ? ” “ Why,” says he, “ My hay and ‘ oats are gone to supply your damn’d tea with ‘ those sluts in the kitchen, of an evening.” I am ‘ afraid poor Patrick will lose his place on your account ; so you see what mischief you have bred in ‘ our house. I don’t care, I will hire no where that ‘ I can’t get my tea, or where your Batchelor is minded. I wish you would write a paper to desire us to ‘ be allowed it morning and evening ; you will oblige ‘ us all if you will do this, and we will all join in a ‘ letter to thank you ; this being all at present from ‘ your humble servant to command,

‘ PEGGY-DARNWELL.

P. S. ‘ I forgot to tell you, all the servants in our ‘ street are as angry as we are, and are resolved to ‘ run down the Batchelor at all our drums, and scold ‘ you every morning and evening at our tea-tables, if ‘ you don’t leave off putting bad things into our ‘ masters and mistresses heads ; and I hope all the ‘ servants in Dublin will make a party against you ; ‘ so mind what I say.

‘ Mr. HOBY.

‘ I Have seen in one of your papers of Tuesday 23d ‘ inst. that you have given yourself the liberty to ‘ put chairmen on a balance with shoe-boys, which ‘ the

the best man in the kingdom would not be guilty of; being very well assured that they earn their bread honestly, and that with great labour; and that the generality of them would be sooner entrusted by gentlemen, than either you or Jeoffry Wagstaffe, tho' he styles himself Esquire. In short, sir, to be plain with you, (as I am your constant reader) if you don't make some atonement in your next, for that reflection and scurrilous comparisons, you'll have five or six hundred very disagreeable visitors, and as they all can't conveniently get in at the door together, some will be obliged to get in at the windows.

A CADET CHAIRMAN.

June, 26th.



Quis humana sibi doleat natura negatis. HOR.

What nature's deepest wants supplies.

AS the desire of happiness is the governing principle of our nature, we shall find it to have been the chief subject of enquiry in all ages. Some of the philosophers placed it in pleasures, attended by riches and honours, whilst others made it to consist in virtue, although accompanied by poverty and distress. But they, I think, seem to have come nearest to it, who have fixed it in a proper medium between these extremes: for, as on the one hand, great riches and high station are too apt to puff men up and make them forget themselves; so, on the other, our virtue is not always sufficient to bear us up against those sordid temptations which poverty exposes us to. Let people, therefore, say what they will, there is such a thing as a competency absolutely necessary,

necessary, in order to render our beings comfortable in this life. How to ascertain this is no easy matter, as the wants of men are in proportion to their appetites and passions: some are naturally moderate, whilst others are boundless in their desires. The only standard in this case must be reason, to which all our appetites, like true vassals, should tamely submit; and unless this be cool and unprejudiced, we should never judge rightly in this, or in any other matter.

The man whose eyes are dazzled by the splendor of a court, the luxurious epicure, the libertine, and the rake, are utter strangers to that golden mean, which alone can constitute true happiness. They who are immersed in a continual round of gluttony, riot and debauchery, which are often the effects of ill-placed riches, seldom reflect seriously on this matter, as their senses are intirely hurried away by their brutal appetites. Horace, who knew human nature perfectly well, expresses this finely in these beautiful lines:

*Discite non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
Quum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & quum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite.*——

Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its madding splendors are display'd,
That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.

We must, therefore, drive from our minds the deluding phantom of false happiness, before we can attain to the true: for, as upon examination, it cannot be found in those gay scenes I have mentioned, neither do I contend that it dwells in the miserable habitation of poverty and distress. With respect to a future state, I shall not dispute but the poor man may have the advantage; but in this life he suffers many things: those very ills which Shakespeare speaks of, such

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
which are ever the portion of the indigent man,
are sufficient to embitter any enjoyment he can
have on this side the grave. If large possessions, titles
or honours, lead us into evils which destroy our hap-
piness, how much greater will the want of those com-
forts, which are necessary to the support of our wretch-
ed beings, bring upon us.

I can by no means agree with those writers who
extol poverty to the skies, and are ever decrying riches
as the greatest evil under the sun: both extremes
are bad, and center in one point, that of making us
unhappy: but of the two I should rather take my
chance of being unhappy in this world, with a good
fortune, than as a beggar. The great author I have
quoted above, has finely fixed the true limits of that
medium, where true happiness may be found, to
wit, in the middle station of life:

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.*

The man, within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.

Many of my readers may, perhaps, think them-
selves too much stinted by this rule. The desires of
mankind are as various as their complexions; and
what may be reckoned a competency by one man,
may by another be looked upon as penury. In
stating this account, therefore, a true ballance must
be struck between real and imaginary wants. We
shall see some, who in the midst of real affluence, are
depressed by imaginary poverty, and fancy them-
selves beggars, because they are not richer; whilst
others

others are happy and contented on a small pittance. This difference, then, can arise only from pride, and an over weening conceit of our own merit, which are ever insatiable: persons of this stamp, are rather objects of contempt than pity. But when we see men of parts and genius, who have received a liberal education, (who in their younger days have basked in the sunshine of prosperity) depressed by poverty, and wanting what is universally esteemed a competency; this is melancholy indeed! Yet this is too often the case of our inferior clergy, who are obliged, upon a very small income, to support themselves and their families with some appearance of decency.

It is a common cry in every person's mouth, that clergy have too much! Some, perhaps, may; but how many are there who have too little? A bashful modesty, which is ever the companion of true merit, prevents the most worthy from rising: they must, with a patient resignation behold the pert, ignorant, forward coxcomb, wallowing in his pluralities, and enjoying all the luxuries and modish vices of the city; whilst they must humbly be content to be drudges in the remote corners of the kingdom, a prey to penury and solitude, with no other prospect of promotion than that of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom: In the mean time they may, like Hudibras in the flocks,

“ Comfort themselves with ends of verse,
“ And sayings of philosophers.”

There are, undoubtedly, men of great abilities in the higher stations of the church; but at the same time, there are some, perhaps, of as great, who languish on curacies of forty pounds a year, and want opportunities of displaying their talents to the world, for the very reason which Juvenal assigns in respect to merit in general:

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*Haud facite emergunt, quorum virtutibus abbat
Res augusta domi.*—

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.

I am by no means for levelling those distinctions in point of rank and dignity, which have been for very wise reasons established in the church; but I am of opinion, that no man is fit to serve in it, who is not worthy of such a competency as may enable him to support the rank of his profession, which is certainly that of a gentleman.

Let wise men or philosophers, moralists or poets, say what they will, there are certain conveniencies and comforts of life, which are absolutely necessary to render it supportable. All the succedaneums drawn from philosophy to supply their place, are but imaginary. They tell us,—think yourself happy and you are so; content is the only true riches—and so forth. But let me tell them, that this mental kind of wealth will never supply the necessities of the body. The ideas of sensation will never be satisfied by those of reflection. As long, therefore, as we carry these bodies of flesh and blood about us, we must provide for their wants, even though we should look upon them as incumbrances; else, I fear, the mind, which is so strongly connected with them, will enjoy but little comfort in this world.

T



No. 102. Saturday, July 25.

—————*Spirat ad huc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.*

HOR.

And Sappho's charming lyre,
Preserves her soft desire,
And tunes our ravish'd souls to love.

' *To the ingenious Miss LETTY LOVEYOUTH.*

' MADAM,

' **A**LTHOUGH I am thoroughly sensible of the
' natural aversion which young ladies have from
' us old fellows, as lovers, yet, as correspondents, I
' flatter myself we may not be altogether so disagree-
' able. I have many reasons to regret your long
' silence, but particularly as it affected the public and
' myself. My readers have had a most inexpressible
' loss in the want of your entertaining, sprightly let-
' ters; and it has deprived me of the imaginary plea-
' sure of fancying myself a young fellow, by receiving
' epistles from a fine lady. Believe me, madam, it
' was cruel in you to engage the affections of the
' poor old Batchelor, even in a Platonic way, and
' then, like a coquet, to deprive him of the only
' pleasure which a man at his time of life is capable
' of enjoying with your sex.

' It is not every woman who could captivate me;
' but I own, that Miss Loveyouth has, by her supe-
' rior intellectual accomplishments, made me her
' humble admirer. I ever declared that my design
' was not upon your person, but your pen; nor do I
' want that you should throw yourself upon the pub-
' lic

lic in any other manner, than as a writer. The delicacy of your refined sentiments, may have a more powerful effect on the minds of the readers, than my unpolished ones can possibly produce. You may support the cause of virtue, by continuing the correspondence, without the least imputation on your character, or suspicion of your own.

‘Yield, therefore, your charms to the public and me: I mean, the charms of your wit; as it is a pity nature should have endued you with them in vain. I wish the intentions of all old fellows, like me, were as innocent from impotent desires, and were as conscious of the infirmities of threescore, as I am. I am not, therefore, so unreasonable as to sue for favours which I cannot enjoy; and the only one I request, is, that of Abelard to his Eloiza, to correspond with you. This you cannot in reason deny me, as I have slighted many female correspondents on your account, since the commencement of my speculations.

‘You cannot be at a loss for subjects, as your lively imagination, and the foibles of your own sex will furnish you with abundance of materials. Do not leave it in the power of my sister Grouse to say, you have jilted me; or of the world, to doubt of your constancy. I hope, madam, I shall not beg for such favours as I ask in vain; and let me assure you, that I am,

‘your constant admirer,

‘J. WAGSTAFFE.’

Since my last, I have received the following.

‘Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

‘**Y**OUR papers of the 7th and 18th inst. have done infinite good: Sunday morning I was reading the Mercury of the preceding day, when my friend Mr. Bellmour came in, who assured me, that he has all as one as broke his servants of drinking tea, or expecting it; and that he owes this happy change
‘intirely

“ intirely to you :—“ I was resolved,” says he, “ to
 “ try an old experiment which was once hinted to
 “ me from the pulpit: a minister one day beseech-
 “ ing his congregation, every one singularly, to amend,
 “ said, “ I know very well, there is a general notion
 “ prevails in the world, that every body’s business is
 “ no body’s business; and one will be apt to say to
 “ himself, what signifies my doing such a thing, if
 “ my neighbour won’t do it?” But to confute this,
 “ he took out a pair of scales, and in one put a
 “ pound weight, in the other he threw some shot,
 “ grain by grain, till he turned the ballance; to shew,
 “ that if every one would agree and act right, what
 “ seems to some impracticable, might be easily ef-
 “ fected.

“ Now,” says my friend, “ I, for one, have stopped
 “ tea gossiping among my servants; and have done it
 “ with so good an appearance, that now they don’t
 “ pretend even to grumble: at first, indeed, I heard
 “ some cabals in the kitchen; and one day observing
 “ that my name was pretty often mentioned, I was
 “ curious enough to listen; when I heard John the
 “ coachman, pronounce those very words: “ Why
 “ then, that same Jaffry Wagstaffe is a damn’d old
 “ fool, and I wonder that he would mention tea to
 “ us; O! by ————— ’tis a sign he knows very
 “ little, never considering that a peck of oats would
 “ go to five times better advantage, for a sup of the
 “ flick, or a pot of pint and pint, than for your tea.”

“ I am, your humble servant,

“ J. W.”

No. 103. *Tuesday, July 28.**Periisse clamant.*

The cry is, that we are ruin'd.

THERE is nothing more common in the mouths of most people, than the general outcry, that *we are all undone*. Each individual vainly imagines, that if he does not flourish in the sphere of life he is in, that the whole community is ruined: this is some kind of consolation, that he is only involved in a common calamity, and comforts himself with this notion, That others suffer at least as much. Thus, the lawyer, if folks grow honest and detest law; the physician, if people are healthy and do not need physic; the seller of wine, or other liquors, if men become temperate and hate debauch; the importers of foreign luxuries, if we acquire sense enough to use the produce of our own soil; all these will instantly set up the hue and cry, that trade is dead, and that there is no business stirring: nay, I have heard a petty shop-keeper in a remote corner of the town, who never was worth an hundred pounds in his life, say, that the kingdom is gone to ruin, for that business was very slack with him.

Some politicians in trade, exclaimed loudly during the late war, that our money all went abroad; others again, that we were destroyed by the peace. Our printing presses too often spread this epidemic terror, (as an ingenious writer calls it) and our magazines, news-papers, and other flying trash, are ever threatening imaginary desolation. One, is perpetually warning us of the danger of ground-sellers; whilst another, foretells the ruin of the nation from a bawd's being suffered to cover her face in the pillory; a

third, by a witty allusion, compares the nuisances of this city to a wood, which if my Lord Mayor, as woodman, does not cut down, we are all undone:— if they were in reality trees, I could wish them hewn down to form a gallows for the maker of that comparison.

I remember some years ago, a mountebank came to a certain small town in England, which I happened to be travelling through; I had the curiosity to hear this quack doctor hold forth; it was on a market-day, and I believe there could be no less than two thousand people assembled on this occasion. He began by telling them, that he travelled a great way on purpose to cure the good people of that place, and spoke a great deal of the virtues of his medicines. This had no effect, not a creature bought a single pacquet: at length, the artful peripatetic changed his note; he discanted on the infirmities to which the human frame is subject, and then looking around at his audience for some time, he said they were all undone without the help of his infallible nostrums, for that he discovered more mortality in their faces than in any he had ever seen before; and that unless they would let him prolong their lives, not one of them could live three years. The poor ignorant folks were frightened out of their wits, and were as eager to part with their money, to save their lives, as he was to receive it. In short, they bought all his packets of brick-dust; and the juggler, by this artifice of playing upon their fears, pocketted their cash.

It is most amazing, what a mighty influence imaginary terror has upon the minds of men in a neighbouring kingdom. If a few savages in America, impelled by hunger or avarice, should plunder and scalp a score settlers on their confines, stocks instantly fall ten *per cent*. If a Nabob in the East-Indies looks cross, he infuses as great a panic at London as Hannibal did at Rome after the battle of Cannæ; if the mail tells them that there is a sixty gun ship on the stocks at Brest or Toulon, they immediately tremble for their liberties and properties.

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What else, but this hypochondriac phrenzy, can cause the public funds to undergo such a variety of alterations? How can a revolution at home be in the least apprehended, from such trifling circumstances in other quarters of the world? Can the national security be a jot the worse because the states of Barbary are displeased, or the Great Mogul seems angry? There must, therefore, be some roguery at the bottom of this: the Jewish stock-jobbers of 'Change-alley, create this false phantom of national fear, in order to delude the credulous, and cheat them of their money. This must certainly be the case; for no sooner have the poor simple people sold out, and these Iscariots have bought up, but the frightful spectre of bad news vanishes, and people may sleep safely in their beds. That this imposture should have been played once or twice, would have been no such matter of wonder; but that it should for a length of time be practised with success, is indeed surprising.

I believe there never was a nation endowed with more good sense than the English, nor any where the arts and sciences flourished more; and yet I defy history to furnish an example of so great a bubble put upon any people, as this which is imposed upon my countrymen, by pedlars and pickpockets. I shall conclude with a fable, which my reader may apply as he pleases. A dog once was left to watch a flock of geese in a barn; a fox came, and told him that the house was certainly coming down, and advised him to provide instantly for his safety; on which, the foolish dog fled, and we may easily guess what Reynard did with the geese.

W



No. 104. Saturday, August 1.

Adfit.

Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas. HOR.

'Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the crime———.

MR. Locke tells us, that there are three kinds of laws by which mankind are governed: the law of God; the law of man; and the law of opinion. He says, "The penalties that attend the breach of the divine laws, are seldom seriously reflected on; and that they who do reflect on them, entertain hopes of future reconciliation. And for the punishment due from the laws of the commonwealth, men flatter themselves with the hopes of impunity: but no man escapes censure and dislike who offends against fashion; nor is there one in ten thousand stiff and insensible enough to bear up under the constant dislike and condemnation of his own club."

In this polite and well informed age, the law of opinion, or fashion, seems, like Pharoah's lane kine, entirely to have devoured the other two. Thanks to the learned labours of those worthy, free-thinking philosophers, Tindal, Toland, Woolston, and others; the divine laws have now but little force. They have freed the minds of men, of refined taste and sprightly genius, from those slavish fears of future punishments. They have represented the Supreme Being, as infinite, but in one attribute only, that of mercy; and by robbing him of all others, have thus formed a Deity from their own inventions, and made him subservient to their own inclinations. They describe him

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him as a being too merciful to punish a man in another life, for faults committed in this. Thus, they take from him his omnipresence, his omnipotence, his omniscience, and his justice: for if they will allow him these attributes, they must acknowledge that he will regard the actions of rational creatures, to whom he has given faculties to distinguish good from evil, and reward or punish them accordingly. This retribution, then, must happen some time or other. We see it cannot be in this life, which is no more than a state of trial and probation; therefore it must be in another.

I should be very unwilling, by the gravity of these reflections, to cast a damp on the spirits of any of the fine gentlemen about town, or to deprive them of those little innocent pleasures, which are absolutely contradictory to the divine laws. I do not design this paper for them, but for the sober, thinking part of mankind, who alone can be counted moral agents, or reasonable beings.

As to human laws, ours are generally cried up to be the best that ever were made; and I believe they would be so if we had fewer of them, and those few executed strictly; but I believe that every body will allow, that a superfluity of laws, (like too much blood in the human body) hurt the constitution. The adhering too strictly to the letter of the law, and regarding too rigidly the *Minutiæ*, or little quibbles of it, often approach nearly to injustice, according to that old maxim of Tully, *Summum jus, summa injuria*: 'The rigour of the law, the greatest injustice.' Our laws are indeed very well calculated to keep the lower class of mankind in order: they will hang a thief or a robber, if he be a poor man; they will deprive the indigent tradesman of his liberty, and send him to starve in a jail for a debt of ten pounds, whilst a great man, who perhaps owes him fifty, can walk the streets in the greatest safety, and laugh at his creditors: it is the cursed privilege of great ones, as Othello says, to be exempt from those laws which bind only the little.

Since, therefore, the divine laws are not attended to, and that human ones are adapted only to keep the inferior part of the world in awe, we must fix upon the third, to wit, the law of opinion or fashion, as the only one by which the upper part of mankind is governed. It happens very luckily, that the present age is so very enlightened, and consequently so very virtuous, that this is an unerring guide. Our nobility and gentry now-a-days, would esteem it most infamous not to pay their just debts. A man who is out of the power of an arrest, would look upon himself as a robber, should he squander away thousands at a gaming table or a horse race, whilst he is largely indebted to his draper or his taylor. Happy times in which we live! glorious law, which produces such glorious effects! It is to this alone we owe the many blessings which flow from the virtues of people of high rank: by its benign influence, our youth are temperate, modest, sober and chaste; men are just, moral, sincere, and lovers of truth: our ladies are frugal, constant, and virtuous; detest gaming, are regardless of frippery in dress, loath foreign luxuries and fashions, and place their whole delight in pleasing their husbands, and educating their children.

These, and many more, which the limits of my paper will not allow me to enumerate, are the blessings which flow from this law of opinion, in this our golden age of virtue. But should times change, and men's notions of things alter, what a precarious rule of action would this be? nay, what a dangerous one? Should we be over-run at any time by the vices of other nations, and our ideas of right and wrong be inverted, how dreadful would the consequence be? Suppose for instance, it should be the fashion (for the law of opinion is nothing else) here, as it is in France, that married men should keep mistresses, and that madam should have her gallants; suppose that it were thought polite for the ladies here to take Cicibeos, and men should fall into the vices of Italy; then would this law prove indeed to be most destructive. Should it ever so happen, that luxury, debauchery,

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chery, gaming, dishonesty, lies, scandal, hatred of our country, and other vices, should be alone countenanced, and that they should be the only method of rising in the world; and virtues of every kind be laughed at and despised; then, I am afraid, this law will prove defective.

How long we may continue in our present virtuous state, is not easy to determine; and as this law of opinion depends entirely on the caprice and humours of people, and consequently must be very uncertain, I should therefore imagine that the divine laws would answer rather better for the rule of people's conduct: but this, with the greatest deference, I shall submit to the decision of my betters, who perhaps do not think themselves bound by any law whatsoever in their actions. I shall conclude with only observing, that the divine laws are invariable, productive of real happiness; and, in my weak opinion, less difficult to be observed than any others; for we have good authority to be assured, that *all their ways are pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.*

T

No. 105. *Saturday, August 8.*

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

It is the nature of man to thirst for news.

AS I have a most tender regard for the good people of this kingdom in general, and for the worthy citizens of Dublin in particular, I am highly concerned at any thing which can effect their welfare: for this reason, my whole thoughts, and a good part of my time is taken up, in an humble imitation of other busy patriots, by devising schemes for their service: I would willingly contribute my poor endeavours

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vours to obviate any difficulties they may labour under, and readily offer my weak assistance for their relief. Now, I do not observe any thing which seems to cause a more grievous calamity in this city, than the continuance of a westerly wind for a few weeks: not that it causes distempers, or is any ways unwholesome, but that it occasions a most dreadful dearth of foreign intelligence.

The uneasiness which our politicians feel, when there are any packets due, is, no doubt, very great; as I have at those times observed them watching the motion of the weather cocks, with the same anxiety as the Egyptians do their Nilometers: every blast of westerly wind chills them to the soul, as much as if it brought famine or pestilence with it. I am often plagued by some of these news-mongers, to know my opinion of the weather, and whether the wind is likely to change, or hold in the same point; and I observe them very uneasy if my answers do not correspond to their wishes. I remember a very honest tradesman with whom I formerly lodged, who became a bankrupt in the late war, by attending more to what was doing in America and Germany, than in his own shop: he watched the motions of the King of Prussia, better than those of his foreman; and was more pleased at a victory gained by that monarch, than at the acquisition of customers: he knew how the national accounts stood, better than he did his own; and regarded more the posting of our armies, than the posting of his books. At a time when there were a good many packets due, he went to Holyhead, on no other business but to read them; and in the mean time his creditors supposing that he had run away, seized on his effects, and on his return he found himself a beggar. This, however, did not in the least abate his thirst for news: he seemed more concerned at the late peace, than at his own unhappy circumstances; "Ah, Mr. Wagstaffe," says he, "our papers now will not be worth reading." I saw the poor man the other day, and he seemed to have got some little spirits from

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from the Corsican, Polish, and Jesuitical affairs: the various changes in the ministry, and the Patagonians, are a vast comfort to him.

As there are many people in this town, who are of the same way of thinking of my landlord, and who are troubled with a disorder, called, a *Kaisopania*, or *news madness*, I would humbly propose a scheme for supplying this great metropolis with news at all times, let the wind blow from what quarter it will. Others, if they were the authors of so useful an invention, would, no doubt, apply to the Dublin Society, and perhaps obtain a large premium for it: but I shall communicate mine to the public gratis, though it is perhaps of greater utility than many that have been well paid for.

My plan, therefore, is this: That (whereas, by the frequent blowing of westerly winds, many of his Majesty's good subjects in this kingdom are deprived of the benefit of knowing what is doing in foreign parts,) a society, or company, be immediately established for the making and manufacturing of news in this city; the members of it to consist of such persons as have studied little else all their lives but Chronicles, Evening-Posts, Gazettes, Journals and Mercuries. These men may very easily be collected from the different coffee houses in town. This society should meet at least two days in the week, and at each meeting should make up a large stock of news, to lay up in their repository, to have it ready for the public use in case of contrary winds. This, like corn laid up in public granaries, would effectually prevent a scarcity: it is a matter of no great consequence whether the intelligence they should make, should be literally true or not; it will be enough if it be not impossible, nor very contradictory; it may very possibly have as much reality in it, as what we often meet in foreign mails; or supposing it should prove to be absolutely false, which is more than an even chance that it may, yet what have they to do but to contradict it in subsequent papers: I am sure this is the method used at present by the compilers of news papers.

This project of mine may, perhaps, be treated by some as a visionary one, like the marine chair, the time-keeper, and other attempts to discover the longitude: but I can assure them it is no such thing: it is, on the contrary, a very feasible one, can be attended with no ill consequences, and will quiet the minds of curious people. There seems to have been a manufacture of this sort at *Brussels*, as we see by *their Gazette*, which they have carried to as high perfection as that of their laces, and which our Committee of the Free Press have attempted to imitate, but awkwardly.

In order to set this matter in a clear light, and to give my readers a better idea of the utility and easiness of my scheme, I shall present them with just a slight sketch of my own, as a specimen of what may be done, which will demonstrate that I am no idle projector.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Brussels. From Constantinople we learn, that in a late insurrection of the Janissaries, the heads of the Grand Vizier and three Bashaws of three tails, were struck off there. The chief barber of the seraglio, and twelve black eunuchs, died of the plague.

Russia. We hear from good authority, that the Empress has given orders that all the women throughout her vast dominions, shall for the future wear the breeches, and that all the men shall be under petticoat government.

Warsaw. A strange sort of blindness at present prevails in this country; and we hear that a certain great power in the north, has sent thirty thousand experienced oculists, with positive orders to couch the King, senate, and clergy; by which means it is hoped they will recover their sight. This causes many speculations.

Berlin. It is rumoured here, that if a certain great power will supply our monarch with men and money, he will engage to enlarge his own dominions very con-

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considerably ; but that the said power must not think him under the least obligation for any supplies afforded him.

Madrid. It is said, the Jesuits have made an offer to this court of a considerable quantity of shuttle-cocks, for the use of his Catholic Majesty, in case they are reinstated in their former possessions in his kingdom.

Rome. The following is the copy of an authentic letter from the Pope, to his Catholic Majesty.——

“ Dear son,—I thank you most heartily for your present of Jesuits ; but would most willingly return them, as I am over-stocked with such goods already. I know not what to do with them, unless I make fingers of them, and send them to England.

“ *Your loving father,* CLEMENT.”

They write from Naples, that there has lately been a most lovely eruption of Mount Vesuvius ; and that several virtuosos lost their lives by peeping into the volcano, amongst whom were three English gentlemen. There are several more here, waiting with the utmost impatience to see an earthquake.

Paris. His most Christian Majesty has caused the following declaration to be made to his parliament :

“ Gentlemen, ye are a pack of scoundrels, to dare to remonstrate to me, or to hesitate one moment to register my edicts : if I hear any more of your impertinence, I will drive ye all to the d——l.”

Private letters from Brest inform us, that there are fifty flat-bottom boats on the stocks there, said to be destined for a descent on Patagonia.

Thus have I furnished a fund of Foreign Intelligence, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable people for one paper ; and if the space Mr. Hoey can now afford the BATCHELOR would permit, I could give a great deal more : but perhaps I may in a future speculation.

W



No. 106. *Saturday, August 15.*

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter. PERS.

A man's knowledge is worth nothing without he communicates it to the world ; for science is not science till revealed.

To JOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* *at the Mercury*
in Parliament street.

‘ S I R,

‘ I Have read with vast pleasure your project for
‘ the supplying our Dublin papers with news, in
‘ case of a dearth of foreign intelligence, by contrary
‘ winds. It is a thing I often wish for, as indeed all
‘ our papers, except the Mercury, are not worth
‘ looking into, when the pacquets do not arrive.
‘ Your Batchelor makes that paper well worth read-
‘ ing at all times ; but at the same time, it is melan-
‘ choly to see, at the very head of the paper, three,
‘ four or five pacquets due ; and instead of news
‘ from abroad, (such as a hurricane, or an earthquake
‘ from the West-Indies, a number of people scalped
‘ in America, or an insurrection in Turkey) to see
‘ only, perhaps, a cure for the tooth ach, or a receipt
‘ for corns.

‘ For my part, I have from my childhood taken
‘ great delight in reading new-papers. There is not
‘ one published in London or Dublin that I do not
‘ constantly read ; so that you may judge I am an
‘ adept in that way. I would therefore, propose,
‘ that if your scheme of erecting a society for making
‘ foreign intelligence should take place, I should be
‘ appointed president of it ; or if that place is bespoken
‘ that

‘ that I may be at least a member. I will venture to
 ‘ affirm, that you will scarce find any man in town
 ‘ who will pen a piece of news better than your hum-
 ‘ ble servant. In order to prove this, I will give you
 ‘ a specimen of my abilities in this way.

‘ *Brussels Gazette.* We hear there is for certain a
 ‘ treaty of marriage on foot, between the king of the
 ‘ Patagonians and a Lapland princess ; his majesty is
 ‘ nine feet ten inches high, and her royal highness
 ‘ but four feet six. But this needs confirmation

‘ Private letters from the Hague mention, that
 ‘ several august houses in Germany, have requested
 ‘ certain great powers, to declare war against each
 ‘ other, in order to employ their troops, or else to
 ‘ grant them pensions on a certain establishment : and
 ‘ we hear that this is under consideration at a certain
 ‘ court.

‘ We also hear, that if a certain great power should
 ‘ declare war against a certain great power, several
 ‘ preliminary articles will come upon the tapis, which
 ‘ were never before heard of, and will astonish all
 ‘ Europe ; but this we fear is without founda-
 ‘ tion.

‘ *Paris.* It is said, that a celebrated English exile
 ‘ is reprinting here a new edition of the *Essay on Wo-*
 ‘ *man*, with notes and interpretations *in usum Delphini*.
 ‘ The celebrated John James Rousseau is coming hither
 ‘ to assist him.

‘ Private letters from the same place assure us, that
 ‘ the celebrated Mynheer Van Boorden, the famous
 ‘ Dutch dancing master, is appointed to teach the
 ‘ princesses a new dance of his own invention.

‘ So great is the concourse of English here at pre-
 ‘ sent, that beef is raised six sols in the pound within
 ‘ these twelve months.

‘ Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, for the London paragraphs,
 ‘ domestic intelligence, &c.

‘ *London.* It is said Mynheer Van Hop, and not
 ‘ Mynheer Van Boorden, is appointed to teach the
 ‘ madames of France to dance.

‘ It

‘ It is said that a bill will be brought next session into a certain august assembly, to prevent certain great personages from certain disorders, on certain occasions; and that the public affairs have, for some time past, been so gouty, as to halt or go upon crutches.

‘ After a turtle feast lately near this city, three persons died of an apoplexy, six of surfeits, and many more are in a languishing condition; but it is hoped that by the help of vomits they may again recover their appetites, and be able, to appear at the next venison feast with their usual credit.

‘ Last week, a common-council man of Farringdon Ward, eat six pounds of roast beef, and four pounds of plumb-pudding, for a wager; after which he eat six custards for his own amusement.

‘ We hear, that a treaty offensive and defensive is on foot between a certain great maritime power and his lofty majesty of Patagonia, whereby that monarch engages to furnish ten thousand Patagonians in case of an invasion; and that his men are to be armed with field pieces instead of muskets.

‘ A certain great n———n has declared that he will have no share in the present a———n, unless it be upon his own terms, and that he may dispose of what p———s he thinks fit.

‘ Yesterday nine felons were executed at Tyburn, six of them were said to be Irish.

‘ From the East-Indies we learn, that L——C—— is to have the first vacant Nabobship in that country, and that he is at present learning to ride the elephant for that purpose, as that is the beasts which the Nabobs use instead of horses.

‘ Considerable wagers are now depending, that we shall have many changes in the m———y before the end of summer.

‘ It is computed that some thousands within this year have died in this city from surfeits only.

‘ Dublin.

Dublin. Yesterday a man being intoxicated with liquor, fell into the Liffey and was drowned ; also, a woman having drank too much whiskey, expired in Thomas street.

‘ Thus you see, Mr. Wagstaffe, by this small trial of my knowledge in this way, that I am duly qualified for the office I desire : I have given you a sample both of foreign and domestic intelligence, and I appeal to you, whether in time of peace, two British pacquets would bring much more, I mean of real matter ; for if I pleased, I could so flourish with my own remarks on each article, as to spin out a very large news paper : besides, I might add, to make it out, an address to the public, in imitation of the grand conductors of the Free Press : I could in the foreign news add many circumstances which I have here omitted. I could easily bring a plague into Turkey, a hurricane into the West-Indies, besides earthquakes, tornadoes, water-spouts, meteors, balls of fire, comets, and inundations, such as we often read of in news papers : besides the various changes which may be rung on the m——y. What a number of cock matches, horse and foot races, could I bring into the English articles.

‘ If you carry your scheme into execution, you will do an act of great charity to many people in this city, who are in a very languishing condition in a westerly wind. I have known some of them come into the coffee-house, and lament the want of pacquets as bitterly as if their whole fortunes depended on their arrival.

‘ As I told you before, my assistance shall not be wanting, and I will engage to get three or four more, who are very able in this way to join us. If you will insert this, it may perhaps save you the trouble of writing a speculation.

‘ I am, sir, your most humble servant,

W

‘ SIMON QUIDNUNC.’

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

On the death of the Rev. RICHARD CAMPBELL.

TEars—cease—ye ease too soon a heart
 That should for ever mourn ;
 My plaintive muse—act now thy part :
 Contemplate yonder urn.—
 There lies a sacred heart still warm
 With friendship's purest blood,
 That waits for judgment day's alarm,
 To prove it truly good.
 No longer sounds that tongue divine:
 In th' Evangelic chair,
 That urg'd the sinner to repine,
 And rous'd him from despair :
 No longer sparks of friendship's fire,
 Emitted from those eyes,
 Thy friend's enraptur'd breast inspire,
 When met in sweet surprize.
 That hand ! fast bound in death's cold chains !
 That wrote in truth's defence,
 That oft redress'd, and eas'd the pains
 Of injur'd innocence.—
 These— darling Campbell, thy remains !
 A spectacle of woe ?
 Heav'n by thy death a soul obtains—
 We feel the loss below.
 Oh ! may thy now lamenting friend
 Deserve thy happy fate,
 That he his bliss with thine may blend
 In Heav'n's immortal state ;
 Then shall that *Union* form'd below,
 Be eterniz'd above,
 In mutual joys unmix'd with woe,
 And everlasting love.

No. 107. Saturday, September 19.

*Non domus, et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
Egrotò domini deduxit corpore febres.*

HOR.

Not heaps of wealth, the splendid house and lawn,
Has e'er the fever from the sick man drawn.

I Have been of late prevented from pursuing my speculations, by a very severe fit of sickness, which had well nigh put an end to my life and writing together. To a person of my years, the loss of life could not be very grievous, nor could the public have suffered much for the want of my pen. It has, however, given me some pleasure, that many people have enquired from Hoey concerning me, and seemed to regret my long silence.

It humours my vanity, as a writer, that even so important a subject as the DOUGLAS CAUSE,* did not compensate for it. I shall, therefore, take it for granted, that my friends, the public, are highly pleased at the recovery of their old friend Jeoffry Wagstaffe, who was very near being *for ever silent as the grave*, unless he could have written to them *from the Dead to the Living*; as is lately become the fashion: but it is as well as it is, and perhaps they are as well pleased to hear from me in this, as from the next world; and I own, I am as well satisfied. However, I think it incumbent on me, to declare to my readers, to whom, under God, I am indebted for my life, and they for a continuance of these my speculations. Both would have had their final period, but for the powerful assistance of a man, who unknowing of the trade, is thorough master of the healing art: for to his skill,
know-

* Inserted in the room of Jeoffry Wagstaffe's Speculations, during his illness.

knowledge, humanity, and tenderneſs, I entirely attribute my eſcape from the moſt dangerous attack I ever had in my life.

Swift ſays of Pope, “ Whoſe meaneſt talent is his wit :” ſo it may be equally ſaid of this gentleman, that his knowledge (tho’ at leaſt upon a level with that of any other man of his profeſſion amongſt us) is, if poſſible, exceeded by the many virtues he poſſeſſes. I think it derogates nothing from his abilities (which confeſſedly are very great) to ſay that they are excelled only by his generoſity and good nature. He ſcorns the low traffic of ſelling health to the wealthy. He, like a faithful and juſt ſteward of thoſe precious talents committed to him, uſes them alike for the benefit of his fellow creatures, without low, mercenary views.

After thus delineating the good man, and the curing phyſician, it may be thought tautology, to ſay, that all theſe perfections, and many more than I am able to deſcribe, center in Doctor JOHN FARREL of this city. I hope this worthy man will not take it amiſs, that I endeavour thus imperfectly to draw the outlines of his character ; that I endeavour to adorn my paper with the name of one who does honour to his country ; of whom it is juſtly ſaid by one of the greateſt men at our bar, “ that he is poſſeſſed of the art of healing, and that if it be in the power of phyſic to cure, he will effect it :—for HE is a phyſician.”

During my late ſickneſs, I made many reflections on this juſt ſentiment of Horace in my motto, “ that great poſſeſſions cannot keep off diſeaſes from the rich man ; yet, when they do come, has he many advantages over the poor man.” It is true, the temperance and exerciſe which the poor are neceſſitated to uſe, exempt them from many diſorders which their betters are ſubject to from their luxury and idleneſs ; yet are theſe unhappy creatures liable to many from over-labour, bad food, or infection. In time of health, the boaſted advantages of wealth are meerly imaginary ; but in the melancholy ſeaſon of ſickneſs, they

They are real; for then there are many comforts, many *subsidia morbo*, which only a man in good circumstances can command. Not to mention proper diet and attendance, necessary medicines, but even the advice of skilful physicians: these cannot be attained by the poor man on his sick bed, especially the latter, as he cannot see them properly. The gentleman I have mentioned, and a few others, indeed, are ever ready to alleviate the miseries of the poor, as far as is in their power; but they cannot attend all the wretched objects who want their assistance.

I wish that the rich when they are afflicted by sickness, would consider, how many of their wretched fellow creatures labour, perhaps, under the same infirmities of body, and are at the same time in want of the common necessaries of life. A trifling superfluity bestowed upon a poor man in his sickness, may probably restore a fond husband to his loving wife, a tender parent to his helpless children, and a useful member to the community.

The hospitals which are founded in the several counties of this kingdom, at once shew the humanity and good policy of our legislature. They will, I make no doubt, save the lives of many people, who must otherwise perish for want of assistance.

My readers will perhaps say, that this paper smells strongly of a fever, as the archbishop of Granada's homilies did of the apoplexy, and that I have not yet recovered my spirits. But I find I am every day recruiting strength, and may perhaps become more cheerful in my speculations, and write upon more sprightly subjects. If I shall happen to please, I shall apply to the abovementioned gentleman, (who enabled me so to do, by saving my life) what Horace does to the muse,

Quòd spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

If now I please, that gift is thine.

J

No. 108.



No. 18. Tuesday, September 22.

Non unquam gravis ære domum mihi d. extra redibat.

VIRG.

Both cashless and light-handed I returned.

AS I am considerably in arrears with many of my obliging correspondents, I shall endeavour as fast as I can to pay off my debts by inserting their letters as often as I have opportunity. The following was sent to me some time ago, and should have been inserted long since, but that my speculations were interrupted by my late sickness: I hope, tho' the subject of it be somewhat stale, yet, that it will even now afford some entertainment to my readers.

To GEOFFREY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Me-
cury in Parliament street.

S I R,

I have read most of your speculations with great pleasure. I really do, without any sort of compliment, think them to be the most useful and entertaining papers that were ever published amongst us in their way. I perceive by them, that you are a lover of mankind, and that your chief aims is to do the public service by your advice. I will, therefore, communicate something to you, which may amuse some, and be a warning to others in my situation. You must know then, that I am a clergyman, and have served a cure these many years, at the distance of above threescore miles from Dublin. I never had more than forty pounds a year by the church, till of late the bishop of the diocese compelled my rector to raise my salary to fifty. My

wife

wife is a very good woman, and a notable housewife, but a little too fond of finery : it cuts her to the heart that any woman should appear in church on a Sunday better dressed than herself, or as she calls it, more decently. Her vanity is her only fault, for in other respects she has many good qualities, and has borne me seven fine children, who, God be praised, are all alive and well. I assure you she makes excellent cheese, and Mrs. Cassock's ale is highly praised by all the neighbourhood.

' As I have a tolerable good farm, and she is a prudent manager, we have always contrived to live comfortably, and keep out of debt. We never knew what it was to be in distress, till lately, and that owing to the cursed curiosity and vanity of my wife. Like many other good women in the world, she sometimes must have her own way ; and tho' I often preach up obedience to her, yet it is all to no purpose. She says the precepts in the scriptures of obedience from wives to husbands, were designed for the primitive Christians, and not for people now-a-days. It would be endless to tell you all the false arguments she uses to gain her ends in any thing she takes into her head : you may observe this by what I am going to relate

' Just at the time when my quarter's salary became due, (which, by the late augmentation, was increased from ten to twelve pounds ten shillings) there came out most flaming accounts in all the papers, of the splendor and magnificence of the Franchises that were to be ridden and perambulated in Dublin : this set my wife all agog. She had never been in Dublin, and she must needs go at this time to see it, and the *Fringes*, as she called them. I opposed it with all my might : " but, my dear," says she, " you have gotten an addition to your income of ten pounds a year, and you now have money ; it will not cost us much." In short, I was prevailed upon, and told her she should ride behind me upon old Dobbin. " Ay, but my dear," says she, " there's

“ there’s our eldest boy, poor Jacob ; and our eldest daughter, Martha, have a vast desire to see the *Fringes*, and they will be company for us, you know.”
 “ I have prevailed upon Psalmody, the parish clerk, to lend us his blind mare to carry them, so that we will leave our second boy, Ephraim, to look after the land ; our daughters Judith, Rebecca, and Sarah to mind the house, and you may take little Manasses before you.”

“ I did all I could against it, but in vain. Accordingly we set out as she had plann’d it ; and after a tiresome journey, we arrived at the metropolis. My wife and children were highly delighted and surpris’d at every thing they saw. The grandeur and magnificence of the several corporations as they pass’d pleased them excessively ; but what they seem’d to take most notice of, was the little boys of the Marine Society, rowing along the streets. Manasses did nothing but rave of them the whole day. This was all very well, and I design’d to pack them all baggage next day out of town ; when, behold my wife must needs go very early next morning shopping, to buy some few little necessaries, as she said, for the country. I had unluckily the night before given her my purse, wherein was contained our whole stock of money, as I had occasion to go out and was afraid of robbers, and forgot to get it from her.

“ To be brief, Mr. Wagstaffe, as she was utterly unacquainted with the ways of the town, and met with so many temptations, and found the people of the shops so very civil, that she laid out every penny of the money in gewgaws and trumpery for her and her daughter. She never once considered how we should discharge our lodging, pay for our horses, or bear our expences on the road homeward ; so that we should all have been in the highest distress imaginable through the inconsiderate folly of my wife ; when by great accident, I met a gentleman from the part of the country where I live, who upon telling him my misfortune, lent me some money. My wife is quite happy

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happy, that, by throwing away my money, she can now appear finer than Farmer Thresher's wife at church; and she, and Jacob, and Martha, never cease telling the neighbours of all the fine things they saw in Dublin

'I wish this letter may give a hint to others to hinder their wives from gadding, and am, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

W

'ABRAHAM CASSOCK.'



No. 109. *Saturday, September 26.*

O servi imitatores.

HOR.

O servile imitators.

Know of no part of Europe which has, from time to time, been so much indebted to other nations, as this island. We have borrowed from almost every country, the arts and sciences, our knowledge in trade, our skill in manufactures, and also our manners and customs: we have even adopted the very tempers and humours, as well as the virtues and vices of other countries.

It is generally remarked that an Irishman, Cameleon like, takes the hue of his disposition from the nation he travels to, or the people he converses with. If he has spent any time in France, he is volatile, jealous in honour, quick in quarrel, foppish, and talkative; if in Spain, he contracts all the gravity of that nation, and returns to his own country the strangest creature imaginable, a Spanish Don: should he take the tour of Italy, he brings home vices which are detestable to human nature; or if he has lived a while in Holland, he becomes a phlegmatic Mynheer. Hence it comes to pass, that we have so many people
amongst

amongst us, who resemble the inhabitants of those different nations in their mode of behaviour: hence it is, that we are every day improving in vice, folly, and impertinence. This, indeed, holds more amongst the higher, than amongst the lower class of people.

But there is a very odd humour which has of late, like the Influenza, infected all sorts, all ranks and conditions of people; I mean that of PUFFING. I know not whether to call it a folly, or a vice, or both. It is both speaking and living a lie. By means of this, a man whose fortune is in reality worth a thousand pounds a year, if his debts were paid, shall be puffed up to two thousand, and shall live according to his supposed income. This is in fact cheating his creditors, his family and himself. The splendour of equipage, the number of servants, the grandeur of living in every respect, are proportioned not according to the real, but the nominal fortune of almost every 'squire in the kingdom. Madam, forsooth, must have her town house, her coach, her drums, and her French silks, because every body says her husband can afford it: but when the industrious tradesmen send in their bills for payment, then the puff appears.

This vein of puffing, likewise, prevails very much amongst men in business, shopkeepers, and even mechanics. Let a man have but a full bottomed white wig, and a good stock of assurance, he is instantly worth thousands. If he converts his front parlour into a computing-house, and puts iron bars to his windows, every credulous fool vies who shall pour in his money fastest to him. Thus the indigent bankrupt is puffed into a banker. In like manner, we have hardly such a thing as a shop in this whole city; they are all puffed into warehouses. Every petty dram shop is a Spirit Warehouse. The peddling grocer, who sells a penny worth of bohea tea and brown sugar, to kitchen wenches, writes over his door, *The Grocery Warehouse*. We have the Hat, Wig, Shoe, Stocking, and Millinery Warehouse.

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houses. I make no doubt, but in time, we shall have some of the hucksters cellars called the Potatoe Warehouses.

He who has not, perhaps, twenty pounds worth of goods in his shop, advertises that he will give great encouragement to country dealers, and to those who buy to sell again. There are some, also, who impose upon the public by pretending to undersell others in the same kind of goods; but this is an ar-rant puff, or in other words, a cheat: for this can be done only by defrauding ignorant people in the quality of the wares, as every body will find by experience. In short, it would be endless to enumerate every different species of puffing, practised within these few years in this our metropolis.

The reader will, perhaps, be inquisitive to know from whence we have derived this art of puffing. I blush to own, that it had its origin in my country, England, and was brought hither by some smart cits, in order to answer some private ends. In my place of nativity, every trader who has the least appearance of credit or business, is instantly puffed into a plumb. Our very coblers' stalls are Coblery Warehouses. Notwithstanding the number of bankruptcies every day in the papers, every man there is wallowing in riches; so that this nation is entirely indebted to my country for that useful succedaneum for money, puffing: and truly they seem here to be pretty apt scholars in this science.

But of all the puffers in the world, I know of none greater than those in the literary way. Every scribbler puffs his trash upon the reader by a pompous title, or a character which he by no means deserves. Thus we see every foolish novel or romance, is written by the celebrated Mr. or Miss Such-a-one, whose writings have so much amused the public. Were I inclined to puff this my paper, I might perhaps have more readers, and some admirers.

We may observe then, that the man of real wealth, as well as of real merit, will ever disdain puffing: for in the trader it betrays latent poverty, and in the writer ignorance, want of merit, and effrontery.

J



No. 110. Tuesday, September 29.

Iatet anguis in herbâ.

There's a snake in the grass.

To JOFFERY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Mercury in
Parliament street.

S I R,

I Think it must give the highest pleasure to every true lover of his country, to see so many respectable corporations of this great city, concur unanimously in addressing his Grace the Duke of Leinster, to invite the Marquis of Kildare to represent us in parliament. Ever since the vacancy happened, it has been the sincere wish of every fair and impartial man in this city, that his lordship would offer himself as a candidate.

The minions and tools of a certain faction, may give themselves what airs they please, and endeavour to mislead the judgments of people, by such arguments as do not carry even the least shadow of reason. If you will take the trouble to read the address to the free-men of Dublin, signed ADRASTUS; the short address, signed, A WEAVER; and also that signed, A SHEERMAN and DYER; you will find in them such sophistry, such a mixture of scurrility and impudence, as must rather disgust, than prejudice, any man of common sense, in their favour.

I shall

‘ I shall begin, therefore, with Mr. Adrastus, who
‘ seems to be the Goliath of the party, as he steps out
‘ the foremost from their ranks to bid defiance to all
‘ opponents. Het sets out by telling us, “ with
‘ what reluctance he takes up his pen to attempt to
‘ become an adviser, but finds himself constrained to
‘ give his unbiassed sentiments, in a matter wherein
‘ your present and future well being are most nearly
‘ concerned.” What this present and future well
‘ being is, this unbiassed gentleman afterwards tells
‘ us, namely, “ in choosing one of those candidates
‘ who have already declared themselves. One who
‘ has nothing to hope, nor any thing to fear from
‘ his conduct in parliament.” Not in the least to
‘ derogate from the character of any gentleman, I
‘ cannot conceive that the *younger* son of a banker
‘ can possibly be supposed to be in so independant a
‘ situation in life, as the *eldest* son of a DUKE. It
‘ would be a disagreeable matter to explain how
‘ much bankers are in the power of government,
‘ nay, even of private persons; so that Adrastus
‘ could not have produced a more unlucky argument,
‘ than that of independency.

‘ He then proceeds, by making an allusion, which
‘ is not at all to the purpose: “ Would you trust the
‘ management of your counting houses, warehouses,
‘ shops, or estates, to a person entirely ignorant of
‘ the first principles of trade, merchandize, or the
‘ value of ground and house rents?” I should be
‘ glad to know from this sagacious gentleman,
‘ whether the knowledge of these things are abso-
‘ lutely requisite to a representative for the city of
‘ Dublin: if they are, how come they to return,
‘ upon the late general election, a lawyer and a phy-
‘ sician? Were these gentlemen traders? Were they
‘ expert book-keepers? No: I believe if they under-
‘ stood how to keep their own accounts, it was as
‘ much as gentlemen of their professions knew how to
‘ do. And yet, I believe, their want of knowledge in
‘ trade, never in the least prevented them from serving
‘ their country.

' He is extremely angry at the corporations who have
 ' addressed his Grace, to desire he would declare the
 ' Marquis as a candidate ; and immediately after he
 ' acknowledges, that " the house of KILDARE have
 " always acted the part of true patriots, and on all
 " occasions stood foremost in the breach, to repel the
 " open or secret attacks of the enemies of our happy
 " establishment, in church and state ; who, like true
 " friends to their country, have lived and spent their
 " FORTUNES amongst us ; and as far as in their
 " power, encouraged our traffic and manufactures."
 ' This is the only truth Mr. Adraftus sets forth in
 ' his whole harangue, and would be a very just
 ' compliment to this noble family, if he did not
 ' immediately dash it down, by saying : " But can
 " all these happy circumstances render the young
 " heir of this noble house a proper person to re-
 " present a trading city in parliament?"

' I should be glad to know, how the young heir
 ' of this illustrious house, is less qualified to repre-
 ' sent this city, than the younger son of a man in
 ' trade. In point of years, and knowledge of the
 ' world, I believe there is no great difference ;
 ' I fancy, with regard to their conduct in public
 ' affairs, each would be guided by the judgment
 ' of their seniors ; and it is beyond a doubt, his
 ' Grace would ever direct his son to tread in
 ' those paths of true patriotism, and the real in-
 ' terest of his country, which he himself has ever
 ' happily pursued.

' It would be endless to follow this babbler of a
 ' party, through all his specious nonsense ; but
 ' there is one thing more I cannot help remarking ;
 ' he says, " that the dignity and unanimity of the city
 " would support her, and cause every request she
 " had to make, to be attended with the greatest re-
 " spect." This is too palpable to go down even
 ' with the most ignorant : for how is it to be sup-
 ' posed, that the son of a private citizen, could have
 ' as much weight, either with government, or in the
 ' house of commons, as the presumptive heir of the

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‘DUKE of LEINSTER? Suppose, for instance, with regard to the septennial bill: if the house should think proper to send an address immediately to his Majesty about it by any of its members, who so proper to present it as one of the representatives of our metropolis? and it is an easy matter to judge what a different reception his lordship would meet with, from that of any private citizen whatever.

‘After all, Mr. Wagstaffe, I cannot but think that all the frivolous objections raised against his lordship’s being the representative, by these fellows, are only a poor artifice to prevent his Grace from suffering his son to stand candidate. But I hope, that his Grace will rather be influenced by the free, and unprejudiced voice of the People in general, than be prevented from doing a real service to his country, by the petulant barking of a few curs. I hope also, that all the corporations will unanimously concur with those who have already addressed his Grace.

‘I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T

‘A CITIZEN.

No. III. *Saturday, October 3.*

Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi. HOR.

If you’ll with patience lend an ear,
The people’s wish, and mine, you’ll hear.

IT is an old saying, and a true one, that lookers on often see more of the game, than those who play. The reason of this is very plain, for the indifferent spectator sees things thro’ the medium of cool reason, when the party concerned is agitated by a conflict of contending passions. It is just so in common life, where our own interests, our passions, or our preju-

dices interfere, we are very apt to commit errors, though we very clearly discern the least mistake in the conduct of others, where we are merely standers by. As I am no way interested in the present political affairs of the city of Dublin, any farther than as I wish its welfare, I can plainly perceive a very odd kind of game played at present, by some people. The corporations of this great metropolis have addressed his Grace, the DUKE of LEINSTER, to prevail upon his son, the Marquis of KILDARE, to offer himself as candidate. His Grace has received their addresses with his usual politeness; and the friends of the Marquis have declared for him, that he will accept of the honour proposed.

I cannot agree with some, that it was either beneath them to make such a request, or beneath his Grace to accept it: they were actuated by a sense of his Grace's steady attachment to the real interest of his country; they were conscious of the signal services which his vast property and interest ever have, and ever will enable him to confer upon it: they were willing to turn into their own city, that enriching stream of the Kildare power and influence, which has always flowed freely for the benefit of the kingdom. In short, they were desirous of conciliating the friendship of an illustrious house, which at all times is able to procure many advantages for the city of Dublin. I own then, that I cannot conceive how these corporations acted below their dignity, in making an offer which thus manifestly tended to the public good; or that his Grace in the least lessened himself by accepting it: on the contrary, they shewed a true patriotic spirit for the real interest of their country; and he, that cheerful readiness which always appeared in his conduct for the public welfare.

To make a comparison between the Marquis of Kildare, and the other candidates, with respect to their power and abilities of serving the city of Dublin, would be paying but a very ill compliment to his lordship. It is alledged by their creatures, that Mr. Such-a-one understands trade, and that his lordship
does

does not : for my part, I cannot imagine how it is any way requisite for a member of parliament to have been bred behind a counter. If any question, with regard to trade, arises in the house of commons, some of the principal merchants of Dublin are constantly called in to inform the house in those matters : nor do I apprehend that if Mr. Latouche or Mr. Green were returned, would it alter this proceeding, as I believe neither of these gentlemen would be equal to the task of clearing up any doubts which might arise, even in mercantile affairs.

I make no doubt that Mr. Latouche may be a very honest man ; but then trade is very uncertain, and he is liable to such temptations, as can never reach a nobleman of the highest rank, and vast fortune. A person of so exalted a character in life, and of so immense a landed property, which entirely lies in this kingdom, will even, from self-interest, be studious to preserve the liberties and properties of a country where he has so large a stake : he would be infatuated, even to madness, to suffer any law to pass, which tended to oppress this kingdom by taxes, as he must be a considerable loser by it ; so that his own immediate interest is inseparably connected with that of his country : whereas, a private man, whose small fortune consists in money, is in reality but a bird of passage. If at any time the laws of his country should become injurious or oppressive, he can, like the Huguenots of France, flee into another, and carry his property along with him.

It has ever been the court policy, to remove from the lower, to the upper house, as many men of great fortunes, as they possibly could. The design of this is pretty obvious. They are not so tractable as poor men, nor so liable to be under ministerial influence.

There is a specious argument made use of in the Freeman's Journal, which upon examination, has neither sense nor reason in it. It is this : " that we " should imitate our sister city in returning citizens to " parliament." It is true, the city of London have

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returned four aldermen, who are men of vast properties, power and influence, as well as knowledge and experience : so that comparisons are odious. One of them, though a merchant, is brother to an Earl ; we see neither that, nor the more tremendous title of ALDERMAN, prevented his election.

The city of Westminster, has chosen for her representatives, the heir apparent of the great house of Northumberland, and the eldest son of a lord : and yet we never hear of the free citizens of Westminster crying out, that their liberties were invaded, or that their city was made a borough.

As to the objection of his lordship's being under age, and therefore not in a capacity of doing service to the city, this next session ; that is frivolous ; for it is to be presumed, that if the present representative, should propose any thing for the advantage of the city next winter, there would not be wanting a most powerful interest to back him, if the citizens be not wanting to themselves. Though his lordship may be, for the next session, in his minority, yet his *influence* is not ; and when he is of age to speak, he will be heard with more attention, than any democratical orator can possibly expect to be.

So that, upon all these accounts, I hope the free and independent electors of this city will not suffer themselves to be cajoled by the insinuations of crafty, self designing men, who want to make a property of their fellow citizens, and mislead them into the road of error and ignorance.

Weigh with yourselves, my friends, maturely, every circumstance of things on the present occasion. Will ye elect a man who is liable to corruption, or a man who is above it ? Will ye choose a man who has it but little in his power to serve your city, or a man who has great power to do it ? Consider, that the electing one of your own citizens is like a man marrying in his own family ; he gains no new alliance by such a match, to increase his interest : whereas, by paying a seasonable compliment, (which ye now have an opportunity of doing, by joining with ONE

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voice to seat the Marquis in parliament) ye will ever
secure to your city the powerful friendship and firm
alliance, of that, MOST NOBLE and ILLUSTRIOUS
HOUSE. T.



No. 112. *Saturday, October 10.*

Metire se quemque suo modulo, ac pede, verum est.

HOR.

—————For all should be confin'd,
Within the bounds which nature hath assign'd.

MANY are the inconveniences which attend the putting men of mean parts into the learned professions, especially into those of law and physick. A stupid bishop, or a fat-headed divine, can do no great harm, if they be only orthodox: but a wooden-headed judge, or a stupid physician, may endanger our lives and properties. A clergyman, if he is a well-meaning, moral man, let his capacity be ever so poor, may, by the prevalence of good example and assiduity, do much good; whereas, if a professor of law or physick, whose intellects are weak, chances to fall into any practice, it is odds but he does some mischief to those who employ him. How many have been ruined by a misapprehension of their case, and what numbers every day go out of the world by mistaking their disorder.

If then, such ill consequences flow from the ignorance of practitioners, even of those who have been regularly bred to their professions, what shall we say of those impudent pretending fellows, who without either parts or education, will pretend to dabble in these matters, which require the utmost skill and knowledge. Thus, solicitors will presume to advise as lawyers, and barbers to practise as physicians amongst

the ignorant. Nor is it impossible to imagine, an illiterate quack who may set up for the eloquence of a Malone, a Hutcheson, or a Flood; and the medical powers of a Smith, a Farrell, a Quin, a Barry, or a Corry, at the same time.

Nature has been sufficiently bountiful, though not lavish, to mankind. She has given to men, abilities suited to the different purposes of life; and if they would act according to her intentions, they would commit fewer mistakes. Every man should keep within the sphere which she has prescribed to him, for so sure as he quits that, he goes astray. A man, for instance, may be an excellent weaver, and a very bad politician; another may dye a piece of cloth well, and yet may stain paper most horribly with nonsense: a merchant may understand accounts perfectly well, and be entirely ignorant of the constitution of his country; he may be very clever at drawing a bill of exchange, or counting money, and yet make but a poor figure in a house of Commons. Nay, the man who in the public halls, may pass for a Demosthenes, in a more polite assembly, will be reckoned a babler.

Notwithstanding all this, we find weavers throwing by their shuttle, and sheermen and dyers taking up their pens, to tell their fellow citizens (in the Freeman's Journal) they are ruined and undone, if they invite a noble lord (who has power and inclination to serve their city) to represent them in parliament. If the worthy corporations, who addressed his Grace the Duke of Leinster, had set fire to the city, could there be much greater exclamation against them than that in the beginning of the weavers address: "*What frenzy, my fellow citizens, has seized you? Or what fiend has possessed you?*" Whereas, it would be both folly and frenzy, to let slip such an opportunity of procuring the friendship and alliance, as well as the powerful interest of so great a man, towards obtaining such laws as may not only conduce to the good of this city, but of the whole kingdom in general. I will appeal to the unprejudiced reader, whether they, who oppose
so

so noble a patriotic design, are not rather possessed by some fiend of DISSENTION. If they would speak out, it is nothing else but that cursed levelling principle (which has ever been so destructive to our constitution,) that causes them thus to exclaim against their fellow citizens.

I should be glad to ask those, who thus dissent from the public welfare, what would the great author of the Draper's letters advise upon this occasion, were he now living? Would he, who used to say, that our nation would never be right until every banker was hanged? would he, I say, recommend the returning one of them into parliament? He tells us in his Epilogue to the play for the Weavers Benefit,

“ Wit and weaving had the same beginning.

“ Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.”

Would he not now retract, and say, that some of them had lost their wits? He certainly would detest the partizans of G—n, as much as ever he did those of Wood: he would consider the man who obstructed the public good, as an enemy to mankind; nor would it make any difference with him, whether a hardwareman dealt in gold, or in base copper, if the public suffered.

I will venture to say, he would have used his invincible pen, and his influence, to support the address, and no body would have dared to oppose it. He would have dived to the bottom of the opposition, and laid open the rancour of a party, who would sacrifice the Public weal to their own wicked designs. He would tell the people, that the Duke of Leinster is a true patriot, loves his country, and *resides in it*: that he spends a great part of his time in that grand house, with which he has ornamented their city; that he has been so desirous of uniting with this city, as to become free of some of the corporations, and on all occasions has acted as a friend to this metropolis.

Had

Had I either the talents, or the power of that great champion, who freed his country from fetters of brass, I could set forth in very strong colours, the wicked views of those men, who for certain ends, endeavour to make a fruitless opposition to the Marquis of Kildare. As his lordship has been so good as to accept the kind invitation of so many corporations; he has already baffled the weak schemes of his opponents; for they vainly imagined that their idle babbling would cause him to drop it. They find themselves wretchedly mistaken; and now, I think, it would be the most prudent method for them to join their fellow citizens, in the request to his Grace. That his lordship will conquer every opposition, they may be certain; and then, to what purpose will it be to them to have shewn their teeth, especially in a wrong cause.

I am as zealous for *true* liberty, as any man upon earth; and would vindicate it as soon. But then, we must distinguish between real and imaginary liberty; between that goddess "heavenly bright," as Mr. Addison calls her, and popular clamour and licentiousness. If we be not careful to use this caution, we shall grasp at a shadow, and lose the substance. I shall conclude, by observing, that if we do not call in a powerful assistant, it will not be in the power of *Physic* to save our septennial bill.

T



No. 113. Saturday, Octobre 17.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?
Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore & armis !*
VIRG.

Who is this stranger in our palace seen ?
How great in arms, of what a godlike mien ?

THERE is nothing which, to a generous and noble mind, can give so exquisite a pleasure, as the power of relieving objects in distress. The alleviating the miseries of our fellow creatures, carries with it higher satisfaction than the gratification of sense can bestow. This is a delight which every man, to whom providence has committed the gifts of fortune, has it in his power to enjoy ; I mean that of lessening the sorrows of the indigent by his bounty. This lies within the reach of private persons ; but there are means of doing signal services to mankind, which only men in a more exalted sphere of life can confer. The inclinations of the former to do good, may be strong, but his power may be limited to only a few individuals ; whereas, the man of rank and abilities, may save a community, nay, perhaps, a whole kingdom from ruin.

I was ruminating upon this subject last Tuesday night in bed, and it made so strong an impression on my imagination, that when I fell asleep, it presented to me the following dream.

I thought I was walking on the shore of the bay of Dublin, somewhere near Ringsend : the sky wore a beautiful azure, the sun was bright, and the bosom of Old Ocean was only agitated by a gentle zephyr, which brought a health-bearing breeze to the land ;

so

so that he seemed rather to kiss, than to lash the beach, with his billows. All nature seemed to put on the appearance of the highest good humour, and to have decked herself in her gayest robes in that enchanting place. After I had feasted my eyes for some time on this beautiful landscape, I heard the sound of sweet, but melancholy music, at some distance: I listened for some time with the utmost attention, and was impatient to know the cause of it, and whence it proceeded. I followed the direction of the sound, and soon arrived at the origin of it.

I saw a damsel seated on a rock, playing upon a harp, which had the appearance of antiquity. Her features were lovely, and regular; her aspect mild, and her complexion languid and pale, as if she laboured under some secret disquietude. Her eyes too, were sunk in her head, and seemed as if they had been long used to weeping. Altogether she had vast beauty, and that of the most striking kind, beauty in distress.

My curiosity was raised, by the situation I saw her in, and the melancholy which I saw visibly in her appearance, to enquire from her the cause of it, I accordingly addressed her thus: "Fair damsel, I perceive that some trouble disquiets your breast, by your choosing this place of solitude and retirement; something more than ordinary must cause you thus to sequester yourself from your gay companions, and to wear this habit of melancholy and despair. If it be in my power to serve you, you may command my fortune or my sword." She answered, with the sweetest accent imaginable, "Oh, Sir, it is not in your power to serve me; what you could do you have already done by your pen; but you have not power or strength sufficient to redress my wrongs. Were your abilities even as great as those of my champion, the Draper, (who once saved me from inevitable ruin) yet would they avail nothing at this time." Here she was interrupted by a shower of tears, which flowed in abundance from her lovely eyes. She then proceeded—

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" You must know, Mr. Wagstaffe, although I have the appearance of youth, yet I have many children, and they have brought upon me those griefs which I suffer. They are undutiful to me in the highest degree. They, in no wise, regard me as their mother, nor do they consider that my interest is their own. They encourage foreigners, who are my hired servants, to hector, bully and domineer over me. They are profuse of my money, so that they have often almost reduced me to want, and that, to throw it away on strangers and vagabonds. I have made clothes good enough for my children to wear, and spun, and wove them with my own hands; but they spurned at them, only because I kept the money at home.

" They are divided amongst themselves, nor do they consider each other as brethren. Party and faction disunite them, and they are contending who shall plunder me most. They are over-run by deism, fanaticism, pride, luxury and prodigality. They have stript me almost naked by places, pensions, and jobbing. To this miserable state am I reduced, by those to whom I gave birth. My only expectations then of relief, is from a noble stranger, whose arrival I here wait for with impatience. He, it is, from whose nobleness, generosity and many virtues, I must seek redress of my wrongs."

Whilst she was speaking, I saw a ship approach to the shore. She no sooner saw it, than, she ran with all speed to the very edge of the sea. " Here," cried she, with the greatest expressions of joy, " comes my friend, my champion, my deliverer. Now all my troubles are at an end: henceforth I shall be happy." By this time the ship arrived, and the noble stranger landed. She embraced him with the highest rapture, and they remained clasped in each other's embraces for some time. His mien was noble, his countenance expressive of every exalted sentiment which can adorn the human heart; in short, he seemed formed by nature to be the pattern of

of every virtue, the assertor and defender of the rights and liberties of mankind. They conversed together for some time, and then they both ascended a carriage, which there waited his arrival. The carriage moved toward the city, and I was weakened by the rejoicings and loud huzzas of the people, which, upon inquiry I found to be, for the arrival of my LORD TOWNSHEND to the LIEUTENANCY of IRELAND.

J

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

An ODE on the death of his Royal Highness, EDWARD AUGUSTUS, Duke of York.

I.

ALL pale and sad, Britannia now appears;
Her head reclin'd, her cheeks bedew'd with tears;
Her mournful brows with sable sorrow crown'd,
And her torn tresses scatter'd on the ground.
Long time she weeps, ere she her silence breaks,
When thus, at length the mourning matron speaks:

"And is," she cries, "the Royal YORK no more?"

"Ye waving woods,

"Murmuring floods,

"Silent graves,

"Sounding caves,

"Your country's loss, your country's loss deplore."

II.

She said, and instant thro' the skies,
Her voice in mournful murmurs rise;
The wind grows pregnant with the sound,
And scatters the sad tale around;

'Till with her cries,

Seas and skies,

Hills and rocks, and echoing vales rebound.

III.

Wak'd by the sounds, black melancholy rears
Her gloomy head, and all death's liv'ry wears:

All

*All nature grieves. Behold on ev'ry shore
The drooping flowers,
Relenting showers,
Leafless trees,
Fainting bees,*

Too plainly tell the Royal YORK's no more.

IV.

*No feather'd songster now salutes the dawn,
Nor saffron blushes paint the dewy lawn;
No fragrant incense from the fields arise,
Nor rich perfume the curling breeze supplies:*

*The meads no flowers adorn;
For him they droop, for him they fade,
For him, (in sable-garb array'd)
All mourn, all mourn, all mourn.*

E. C—N—Y,

Late of Swift's hospital.

No. 114. *Tuesday, October 20.*

*Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo;
Quem struit, baud ignara ac non incauta futuri.*

HOR.

For thus the little ant (to human lore
No mean example) forms her frugal store,
Gather'd, with mighty toils, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future want——

AFTER my late illness, I was for some days on a visit to my friend, Colonel Barnacle, in the country. His seat is in a fine part of this province, about a day's journey from this metropolis. His mansion-house is a good old one, and has the air of great antiquity. He tells me it was built by his great grand-

grandfather, who came to settle in this kingdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There is a vast number of well grown oaks, and other trees, about it, which, together with the music of their inhabitants, the rooks, contribute to give an air of pleasing melancholy, and solemnity, to the place.

The Colonel had often pressed me to go thither, and told me it was a fine place for speculation. As he is one of the best men in the world, with only a very few oddities, I complied with his request the more readily. As every man has his foible or weak side, his is, (as I formerly hinted) a vast veneration for former times, and a contempt of the present. He thinks the world is degenerated vastly since he was young, and that every age is growing worse. When I arrived at Barnacle Hall, (for so the Colonel's seat is called) he told me, he had been all that day very busy overseeing his workmen at his harvest: "Not," says he, "Mr. Wagstaffe, that I require that the poor men will work harder when I am present, but I take a delight in seeing the fruits of the earth gathered in."

Next morning, after breakfast, my friend made me an apology, that he must leave me for an hour, to reconnoitre his work, and offered me the key of his study, to amuse myself with books. I begged leave to accompany him in his expedition. We accordingly sallied forth on horseback. As the sky was serene and clear, and the day rather pleasant than hot, the Colonel told me, the ride would be of service to me, and get me an appetite for my dinner. I was highly delighted with the beauty of the country every where around me; the various shades of corn fields, pasture grounds, and new-mowed fields. I considered, with pleasure, the various gifts which bountiful nature liberally bestows on the industrious husbandman, at that season of the year. I was deep sunk in contemplation, when my friend interrupted me, by telling me, that most of the land I saw was his estate. "You may observe," says he, "what a large quantity of it is tilled, yet there is but a small part of it for
" my

“ my own use : the greatest part of it belongs to my tenants. I encourage tillage amongst them as much as I can, as being the sure way to make them rich, and at the same time to serve my country. They have good bargains under me, and I have a pleasure in seeing them happy.”

As we rode along, I saw those tenants that he spoke of, with their wives, children, and servants, all like so many bees, working at their harvest. The Colonel rode into many of their fields, and either approved of, or chid them, for their manner of proceeding. They seemed to listen to him with great attention, and to look upon him rather as a father than a landlord. After we had taken a circuit round his tenants' fields, we proceeded to his own. The first thing he did, was to order a large vessel of ale to be brought to the poor labourers, and called to his servant for a roll of tobacco, which he distributed amongst them.

As we were riding homeward, my host observed, that this is a glorious island we live in ; that providence has blessed it with many natural advantages over almost any part of Europe ; and that notwithstanding the many discouragements the natives labour under, they are industrious ; that, what with the oppressions of luxurious, needy landlords in the country, who rack their poor tenants to death, to support their idleness and vanity ; and what with the universal dislike to any thing of Irish manufacture in our cities, which ruins the industrious manufacturers ; it is wonderful how this country flourishes as it does, even in spite of ourselves. “ Never,” continued he, “ let people say that the Irish are more lazy or idle than their neighbours, when by their industry alone they support the vast expences of absentees, &c. &c. &c. Are there a more indurious set of tradesmen any where, than the weavers of Dublin ? and yet every saucy slut turns up her nose at their silks, and our pert jackanapeses despise their cloaths.”

By

By this time we reached the house, and my good friend was interrupted in his harangue, by the butler's coming to tell us that dinner was ready. As the Colonel is a batchelor, and an old one like myself, we sat down with no other company but the parson of the parish, whom he had invited that day to chat with me, as he said. The divine is a sensible man, and free from a good deal of that stiffness and pedantry which many of his coat are possessed of. I found the Colonel's prediction at our setting out, to be true, for I believe I eat almost as much as the parson. After the cloth was taken away, we chatted of various matter, which, perhaps, may be the subject of a future speculation.

J



No. 115. Saturday, October 24.

Hinc metuunt cupiuntque.

VIRG.

Hence spring their hopes, and hence their fears.

IT has ever been the maxim with democratical promoters of faction and sedition, to endeavour to sow dissention between the nobility and the people. Men of obscure birth, low education, and little property, have no other chance to worm themselves into consequence, but by representing men of exalted rank, as the most dangerous monsters in nature. They are ever dinging into the ears of the multitude, that every man who is not a plebeian, is of course their natural enemy; a nobleman with them is a most dangerous creature; and a duke, or a marquis, is more tremendous than a lion or a tyger. They represent them as frightful as they possibly can to the populace, as the show-men of wild-beasts hang out pictures drawn beyond

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beyond the life, in order to pick people's pockets.

Thus it was at Rome; every turbulent seditious fellow, who aimed at power, always strove to sow dissension between the senate and people, and pointed out the Patricians as tyrants and oppressors. The people were deluded by the specious sophistry of these artful demagogues; the power was taken out of the hands of the Patricians, who were the men of property, and lodged with some needy plebeians, under the title of Tribunes of the people, who sold the liberties of their country to the highest bidder. Thus the usurper Cromwell, abolished the house of lords in England, as well knowing, that they would ever oppose his wicked schemes of overturning the religion and liberties of their country.

I still observe, that the favourers of Cromwell's usurpation, are generally of his way of thinking in that, as well as in other respects. Behold a late second Curtius, ready to leap into the gulph to preserve his fellow citizens. What hard hearted Turks are those aldermen, not to grant him a stipend for all his patriotism? Is it not hard, that he is not thought worthy of being bought off, and that this great preserver of the lives, this champion for the liberties of the people, should be suffered to starve; that this leveller of all distinctions, this binder of nobility in links of ————scurrility, should not be worth somebody's purchase, ————is dreadful.

The Freeman's Journal (the channel through which these worthy gentlemen of Linnen - Hall street, convey their *candid sentiments* to the public) have lately set forth some *Intelligence Extraordinary*, and indeed it is extraordinary enough, "that a cabinet council was held last night at the Tripplle Crown and Flying Thief, G — y W — — ff, Esq; president, to consider of the present state of affairs, when it was unanimously agreed, that the only method to destroy the schemes of the aspiring banker, was to petition John Wilkes, Esq; immediately to set out from Paris, and stand candidate for this city; and

“and to assure him he should be supported by all the
 “interest of a mighty Thane, and his associates, re-
 “markable for opposing government; accordingly an
 “humble address was drawn up and dispatched by a
 “flying stationer.” [Freeman's Journal, Oct. 20.]

Now there may possibly be a great deal of wit in this piece of intelligence extraordinary, but I protest for my part, I can find no meaning in it. If they mean to say, the friends of the Marquis of Kildare intend to invite Mr. Wilkes, they are much mistaken; I am sure they will never recall from *banishment* a man who traduced either the King or his viceroy. I believe the city of Dublin have played deep enough at that game already. I see no use in thinking of Mr. Wilkes, unless that members of Parliament for great cities, were to be matched, like coach horses.

I remember to have heard of a man, who had been married six or seven times, and his rule was, when a wife died, if she had been a bad one, he took care to choose the next with qualities as different from hers as possible. I think this would be no bad rule in returning members. Let people consider in what the objects of their former choice were deficient, or faulty. Whether, like the ghost of Ajax in the *Odyssey*, silence would not have been their highest eloquence: whether, from want of a proper education, ignorance of rules, a petulant itch of haranguing, they were not rather hurtful, than serviceable to their constituents: whether, it be not more eligible to prefer a man, who is a gentleman by birth and education, and who has been nurtured in true church of England principles, to a person brought up in the ignorance and prejudices of a Linnen Hall faction.

It is Phlogos, and not the friends of the Marquis, who wants to make this city a borough; is it a reason, that because the city of Dublin was formerly guilty of error, they shall now persist in it? No man in his senses will repeat a medicine which he found before to be ineffectual, or perhaps hurtful. Will he not try another, which he has reason to think more effi-

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acious, though a quack may tell him it is contrary to the practice of physic? It is just so in the present juncture of affairs. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs and Commons, with sixteen corporations, have addressed the Marquis of Kildare to stand candidate, and the tools of faction all cry out, it is *unprecedented*, that is, the like was never done before. Very possible. The eyes of the citizens are opened; they now see plainly the necessity of inviting a man who is able to serve them. They are persuaded, that the power and interest of a great man will procure more real benefit to their city, by his influence in the house, and with government, than all the Linnen hall orators put together.

The Freeman is very smart in saying, "a most terrible dysentery has *broke out* amongst fifteen parts out of twenty four in this great city. which is so stubborn, that it hath hitherto baffled all the power of physic." I never before heard of a dysentery breaking out; but perhaps this is of a new kind, or my friends of the Free-press may, possibly, mistake this disorder for a breaking out, or an itch, which they themselves have contracted from their brethren of the North. But let it be what it will, I am very glad that it has baffled all the power of their quack medicines. These political empirics, are very ready, upon all occasions, to offer their political packets of rotten wood and brick-dust to this city, with no other view, to be sure, but *for the good of mankind*. However, I am glad to find that the public have more regard to their own *constitution*, than to swallow their prescriptions; and that the wholesome kitchen physic, prepared by the honest cooks,* will go down better with every worthy citizen, than the rotten drugs of those cheating charlatans.

T

No. 116.

* The corporation of Cooks, was the first that addressed the Duke of Leinster, to prevail on his son, the Marquis of Kildare, to stand candidate.



No. 116. Tuesday, October 27.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est. Hor.

To have pleas'd great men, is not the smallest praise.

IT is a maxim with numbers of people, constantly to abuse great men, meerly because they are great. It is really unaccountable to hate men, for no other reason but that of their being superiors in rank, fortune, or abilities. This can proceed only from these two causes, Pride or Envy. These two malignant and corrosive passions, when suffered to rankle in our breasts, render our own beings miserable in life, and make us odious to our acquaintance. If we indulge ourselves in an over-weening conceit of our own merits, which is pride, we are apt to imagine that we have scarce an equal in any respect, much less that we have any superiors. We turn the magnifying part of the perspective to ourselves, and the diminishing side to others. If our birth and education are low, we affect to despise nobility of blood, and the liberal acquisition of knowledge. In the general, men of the meanest capacities are very well satisfied with their own portion of natural understanding, and seldom dislike another for having a greater share of it than themselves: but where any man, by a vast superiority of talents, acquires honours, riches, or fame, there all the blockheads in the nation immediately declare war against him. In like manner, we may observe, that fellows sprung from the lowest of the people, as much as they seem to condemn the dignity of family, yet in their souls detest the possessors of it, because they themselves want it.

It

It is the ambition of almost every man, to be great ; he looks with an evil eye on every object which obstructs his views. The lowest mechanic will have power, if he can, not for the sake of doing good, but to gratify his vanity. He will endeavour to get above the rest of his fellow citizens, by every artifice imaginable. He, and his partizans, will tell them, it is dangerous to invest a great man with power, and that their rights and liberties are at stake if they make any other than himself the object of their choice. The tools of faction, will endeavour to delude the people with the basest and most absurd sophistry ; such as, that a nobleman's son can have no other view in getting into parliament, but to enslave his country ; that is, the heir apparent of the first peer in this realm, of an immense landed property in this kingdom, will do all he can to make himself a slave, and entail slavery on his posterity. How this nonsense can go down with any body, is amazing to me.

Again, they say, that by electing the son, the father will make a borough of our city. This is equally absurd ; for how can he ever have any interest in the city, any farther than by doing good to the city ? It is quite a different case from a small country borough, where a great man, by once getting a corporation into his hands, may make all his own tenants or dependants free-men, and so secure a lasting majority to himself. But how can this ever happen in such a city as Dublin ? Does the choosing the Marquis of Kildare for the present vacancy, preclude the citizens of Dublin from making a free choice hereafter ? Can the Duke of Leinster ever in time to come, oblige the freemen of Dublin to return any of his family or friends for their city, if they do not like it ? If they should disapprove of the Marquis's conduct in parliament, have they not a remedy for the future ? But this very argument is a reason why they should elect the Marquis. For not only from gratitude, but also from hopes of having an interest in the hearts of so great a body of men, as the citizens of this vast metropolis,

he will picque himself on rendering every service in his power to their city. So far will he be from being haughty to his constituents, or negligent of their directions, that I dare venture to say, he will be as attentive to them as any man whatever. We find his noble father was ever careful for the public good, and if we believe Horace,

Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis.

The great spring only from the great and good.

I believe no body will dispute, but that if his lordship had not been invited to represent the city of Dublin, he would soon have been returned for some other place. But then what obligation should he lie under more than other country members, to do any particular service for Dublin? whereas, by a most seasonable compliment thus paid at his entrance into life, the city of Dublin will engage his early affections to them; and they will have the pleasure of initiating the eldest son of an Irish Duke into the body of our legislature.

It is well known, that impressions received in our younger days, will sway us all our lives. Now, if after the kind invitation given by so large a body of the citizens, the noble candidate should meet any opposition; how greatly will it destroy the compliment? Tully says, "that they who preside over public affairs, should attend to two precepts of Plato: the first is, that they should defend the rights of the citizens; and in whatever they do, they should refer to that, forgetful of their own private advantage: the next is, that they should regard the whole body politic, left, whilst they guard a part, they desert the rest." If, therefore, an unhappy division, should prevent his lordship from being UNANIMOUSLY elected, it will naturally turn the current of his regards entirely to those corporations who manifest their zeal for him. Whereas, it were to be wished, that they should be general, and extend to the whole body of the citizens alike.

The

There is no corporation in Dublin which I respect more than the weavers. I have ever manifested my esteem for them, as the most useful body of industrious men in the community. I have constantly recommended, for their sakes, the use of their manufactures to the public. I have always wished them the protection of some powerful friend, who might have it in his power to assist their honest endeavours. Now an opportunity offers of gaining such a friend; a friend, who may possibly be able to put them upon a footing with the manufacturers of other countries.

I should be sorry, therefore, that these honest men should be caught meerly by words. I know the cant, *trading man, fellow citizens, trading city*, and such like unmeaning phrases, are made use of by crafty, swaddling orators in politics, to lead people astray. What is very provoking, these popular demagogues, have neither the eloquence of a Malone, a Hutcheson, or a Flood, nor scarce the learning of a school-boy; and yet by a kind of enthusiastic jargon, they persuade some to act diametrically opposite to sense and reason. I shall, therefore, upon this occasion, apply an old fable, which I have met with somewhere.

A man once had an ass, which by his slowness of foot, he found to be unfit for expedition in performing journies. He was therefore resolved to buy a horse, as being more fit for his purpose in travelling, and to put his ass to works of drudgery. The ass perceived his master's intention, and thus addressed him, "Have
" I not always, sir, been a faithful servant? I re-
" quest, therefore, you will not get a horse, for then
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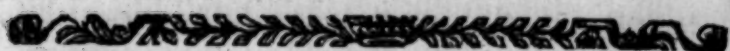
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 " I shall be despised; but purchase another ass, and
 " we will between us endeavour to do you the service of a horse."
 T



No. 117. Saturday, October 31.

————— *Prout cuique libido est,*
Siccat, inæqualis calices convivæ solutus
Legibus insanis; seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; seu modicis uvescit lætius. Ergo
Sermo oritur —————

HOR.

Each person there may drink, and fill
 As much, or little, as he will,
 Exempted from the bedlam rules
 Of roaring prodigals and fools:
 Whether, in merry mood or whim
 He takes a bumper to the brim,
 Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
 Grows mellow with a scanty glass.

IN a former speculation, Numb. 114, I gave my readers some account of my being at Barnacle-Hall, the seat of my old friend. I believe I broke off my narration just where the cloth was taken away, and the Colonel, the Parson, and I were sat down to take a bottle of exceeding good old claret. After having dispatched many loyal toasts, such as the King, Queen, and royal family, and drank the Lord Lieutenant, &c. our worthy host filled his glass: 'Come, gentlemen,' says he, 'I will give you a toast. Here is *prosperity to the city of Dublin, and success to the* MARQUIS of KILDARE. I have long known the illustrious family of that young nobleman. His ancestors have ever been good and loyal subjects, friends to our constitution, both in church and state; and above all, have ever been most zealously attached to the true interest of their native country. They have been always true patriots, Mr. Wagstaffe; they have ever been ready to sacri-

fice

‘ since their lives in the glorious cause of liberty ; and,
‘ as Mr. Addison says,

“ *Nor thought the golden prize too dearly bought.*”

‘ It gives me vast pleasure, therefore, that so many of
‘ the corporations of our great metropolis, have in-
‘ vited him to represent them in parliament. He is
‘ the first commoner in Ireland in point of rank, and
‘ therefore the fittest, in that respect, to represent the
‘ first city of a great kingdom. His exalted charac-
‘ ter in life, and his vast fortune, set him above even
‘ the temptation of corruption ; and above all, the
‘ precepts and example of his great father, will ever
‘ cause him to adhere most stedfastly to the true in-
‘ terest of his country.’ “ How comes it then, sir,”
says the clergyman, “ that the weavers of Dublin, of
“ whom you run into such raptures before dinner,
“ have not yet addressed his lordship ?” ‘ They are
‘ deluded, sir, replies the Colonel ; ‘ they are cozen’d
‘ and cheated, by the artful insinuations of crafty,
‘ self-designing men, who lead them astray by false
‘ arguments. Fellows, (who by constantly dinging a
‘ trite rhapsody of unmeaning jargon into their ears
‘ in their hall, and frightening them with sprights and
‘ hobgoblins (like children in the Freeman’s Journal,)
‘ want to make a property of them. A faction of
‘ obscure men, whose very principle is DISSENSION,
‘ whose sole aim is to keep their fellow-citizens in
‘ leading strings, have the impudence to cry wh—re
‘ first, and say, that the duke wants to make a bo-
‘ rough of their city. But Mr. Wagstaffe has an-
‘ swered that very fully in the Batchelor. Am I not
‘ right in what I say, Mr. Wagstaffe ?” “ You cer-
“ tainly are, sir,” replied I : “ but these fellows,
“ when they found that all opposition to the Mar-
“ quis was vain, they were resolved to try what
“ throwing dirt and scurrility would do. They were
“ in hopes, that by means of low scandal and abuse,
“ the friends of the Marquis would drop the election,
“ and then they had the ball at their foot. They

" went upon the maxim of the sloven, as Swift
" says,

*" Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
" His snot into the mess; 'tis all his own.*

" But the Marquis's friends saw through their poor
" stratagem, and laughed at their folly. They
" justly considered, that according to the same
" author,

*" The most effectual way to baulk
" Their malice is———to let them talk.*

" They had the insolence to assert in that black——d
" paper, which they keep up at St. Owen's-Arch,
" that there was a scheme on foot to recall Wilkes
" to stand candidate for Dublin, and that I was at
" the bottom of it. For my part, I never desire to
" see another exile, or fellow returned from transpor-
" tation, made a member of our legislature. I would
" as soon leave a noted thief to watch my house, as
" I would entrust a man to make laws for me, who
" had been expelled his country for wicked, seditious,
" and illegal practices."

" Gentlemen," say the Divine, " there is one
" thing which appears very unaccountable to me, in
" the conduct of those corporations who have not
" yet addressed the Marquis; and that is, The city
" of Dublin, as well as the rest of the kingdom, seems
" very desirous of having the septennial bill: now,
" surely the most effectual method of obtaining that,
" (or indeed any other favour) is by sending the man
" of the greatest power, weight, and influence, they
" can find, into the house. It is to be supposed that
" any private person or persons can so powerfully
" serve his country in that, or in any other respect,
" as the heir apparent of that illustrious house. Is
" not his Grace the Duke of Leinster a nobleman,
" not only highly respected and beloved for his many
" virtues, but has he not also great connections and
" alliances

"alliances in both kingdoms? Is he not a man of
 "vast interest, which he ever has, and I dare answer
 "for it, ever will employ for the good of his coun-
 "try? Let us consider his conduct in government,
 "when a Lord Justice: with what grandeur and
 "dignity; with what justice, humanity, and good-
 "ness, did he support the rank of that exalted station?
 "His sumptuous manner of living, equalled that of a
 "viceroi; his affability and courteous behaviour,
 "resembled that of a private man. That he scorns
 "all lucrative employments, we have demonstration;
 "his spirit is too noble to be fettered by such paltry
 "considerations, from the free power of serving his
 "friends, or his country. Now, is it not amazing,
 "that any of the free electors of Dublin, should hesi-
 "tate a single minute to join their fellow citizens in
 "inviting the son of this great man; where the ho-
 "nour will be mutual, and the advantage entirely
 "theirs? Besides, as his lordship will certainly carry
 "the election, (in case any private man should be mad
 "enough to oppose him,) by a vast majority; I
 "should be very sorry that so useful and industrious a
 "body of men, as the weavers, should not intitle
 "themselves to a share of his lordship's friendship and
 "protection." The Colonel, who had been used
 sometimes to sleep in church, at a long sermon, now
 fancied the parson in the pulpit, and began to doze.
 The Doctor, when he perceived the Colonel nodding,
 stopt his harangue, at which our host awaked, and
 rubbing his eyes, said, 'I think, Doctor, you had
 'better write a speculation on this subject, and give it
 'to my friend Wagstaffe for his Batchelor.' "Sir,"
 replies the parson, with the greatest modesty, "Mr.
 "Wagstaffe is a great favourite of the public, and his
 "speculations are much liked by the town. And
 "tho' some people have been pleased to attribute se-
 "veral of them to me, yet I assure you, I never at-
 "tempted any thing in that way, as I despaired of
 "rivalling a writer whose reputation is so well estab-
 "lished."

I thanked him for his very polite compliment, and assured him, that all my motive in writing was to amuse myself, and divert the public. That if they were so good as to accept my humble endeavours to please them, I was amply rewarded for my pains. It is true, I have the highest regard for the city of Dublin, and from that motive alone, I would most earnestly recommend it to the worthy citizens, to concur *unanimously* in pursuing their common interest, to stifle all rancour and prejudice of party, and to look upon any man as a common enemy, who would strive to kindle *DISSENTION* amongst them. I have also a vast respect for the antient and noble house of *KILDARE*, whose foundation is built upon the solid basis of real patriotic virtue, cemented by fortitude and princely generosity: nor should I be so strenuous an advocate for the Marquis to my fellow citizens, if I knew a better man in the kingdom than his father, or one who, upon all occasions, is more ready to do it good.

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

To the Freemen of the city of Dublin.

Quere: Whether on a vacancy for a representative, it be the interest of the city of Dublin to chuse a person of the first weight and consequence in the different branches of the legislature, or one of no interest or connections?

Quere: Whether it would appear becoming in the citizens of Dublin to prefer a man of yesterday, the descendant of aliens, and the younger branch of such a stock, to the heir apparent of the first, and most noble family this nation boasts of; whose line of ancestors, for several centuries past, have withstood every ministerial tyrant, who dared to attempt enslaving or oppressing this kingdom; whose patriotic father spends one of the largest fortunes in this country

try amongst its industrious inhabitants, thereby encouraging the cultivation of the sciences, and liberal arts; and whose illustrious, powerful connections, second and strengthen his princely, disinterested efforts?

Quere: Could the city of Dublin, with propriety, forget the Duke of LEINSTER's active, spirited and impartial discharge of his duty, as a Lord Justice, when in that high station, or more recent marks of his regard conferred on them by that generous peer?

Quere: Should his late spirited and indignant resignation of one of the greatest appointments in this kingdom, on his apprehension of measures being taken to the prejudice of his native country, be passed over unnoticed by the citizens of Dublin?

Quere: Is it not commendable in the artificers of this city to remember, with gratitude, the vast sums of money, which his Grace (while at the head of the ordinance of Ireland) caused to be expended among them, by the casting of cannon and small arms, constructing of pontoons, tents, carriages, &c. &c. which were formerly imported, to the great disadvantage of this kingdom in general, and the city of Dublin in particular?

Quere: Should not the citizens of Dublin, with pleasure, remember his firm, patriotic conduct in the year 1753, when he boldly and singly addressed, even Majesty itself, against the evil ministers of those days?

Quere: Is it not factious, as well as insolent, in any candidate or his underlings, to calumniate the bulk of the corporations, for being so free as to point out the person, in their opinions, the most proper to represent them in parliament?

Quere: Is it not unjust and ungenerous to prejudge the conduct of any person, as has been done, in relation to the Marquis of KILDARE, by the scriblers for the bank.

Quere: Have not the citizens of Westminster, (a part of the metropolis of Great-Britain,) thought, and found it their interest, to return as their representatives

in parliament, the heirs apparent of two noble families, in the sons of the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Sandys?

Quere: What advantages can this city expect from a man, who has neither a considerable fortune, family, interest, connections, or personal abilities to support him? Had we not former instances of such representatives, and what were the consequences?

Quere: Must not a banker, in parliament, be obedient to the nod of government, or destroy himself; and must not the only connection he has in the house enslave, or endanger him the more; of which have we not had very modern and striking instances within our walls?

Quere: Can it be expected, that such a man as I have last pointed out, will (if elected) give any assistance or weight to our present worthy member; may we not rather fear, from some particular circumstances, that they will never draw together? And have we not reason to expect the contrary on a choice of the Marquis?



No. 118. *Tuesday, November 3.*

*Quem is mediâ arripe turbâ ;
Aut ab avaritiâ, aut miser ambitione laborat.*

HOR.

Take me a man, at venture, from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.

THE great Tully, whose political writing breathe nothing but a true spirit of liberty, tells us, "that it is the part of a private citizen, to
"live upon equal terms with his fellow citizens, neither to be too submissive, nor abject in his behaviour; nor, on the contrary, to puff himself up:
"and at the same time, to study those honest things,
"which

" which make for the peace and tranquility of the " common weal." Such a one, he calls a Good Citizen ; and I think, in this light we should view the worthy candidate, who, at the desire of his fellow citizens, immediately preferred the public good to his own private advantage. He has acted upon noble principles from the very beginning, as he all along declared, that if a more worthy person should offer, as a candidate, he was ready to decline it. He justly disdained to give way to a private fellow citizen, whom he knew to be in no respect qualified for that important trust. He was conscious of his own superiority in every point, whatever, to his fellow candidate ; nor was it a duty incumbent on him, to quit his pretensions in favour of a man whose talents were inferior to his own. He saw, that his competitor had never shewn the least glimmerings of abilities which ought to render him the object of the city's choice. He never even attempted to address his fellow citizens in their halls, to shew he would not be merely a dumb cypher. But when the powerful heir of the great DUKE of LEINSTER was invited by so considerable a body of the city of Dublin, Mr. GREEN, like a good citizen, and a man of sense, who had the true interest of the public at heart, did not hesitate to join his fellow citizens to choose this illustrious commoner, who could most effectually do vast service to the city. From this generous, disinterested conduct of Mr. Green, on this, as well as upon other occasions, I think he has shewn himself more worthy of the favour of the city of Dublin, upon any future opportunity, than *he* has done, who obstinately persists in a fruitless opposition, with no other view than to give vexation and trouble.

Though I look upon Mr. L****'s abilities to be very confined, yet surely in the business of *calculation*, he cannot be entirely ignorant. Now, let him only calculate what an immense loss, his opposition to the Marquis will be to this city, and the whole kingdom. How many industrious men in all sorts of business, will be kept idle, by his standing a contested election?

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Let him consider, that the loss of their time, is the loss of so much money to his country. But he regard this little, as it is the interest of bankers that the kingdom should be poor. This, however, favours somewhat of ingratitude, for a man who has made his fortune entirely by the public, should have some little regard for the public.

The restless ambition of obscure men, has ever been a curse to every free state. This prompted Cataline to attempt the destruction of his country. This incited Cromwell to overturn the religion and constitution of England. The same pernicious aspiring temper at present stirs up a seditious —ting party, to embroil the city of Dublin in faction; to cause riot and idleness amongst the inhabitants; and all this, to answer no other end but to shew their spleen and impotent malice. We can in this opposition plainly discover the gall of a certain set of people, remarkable for promoting faction, particularly in this city, whose characteristic is uncharitableness, inasmuch, that the children of many honest citizens are at this day the unhappy victims of their vindictive, unforgiving temper. What other cause, but this, can be assigned for their setting up a man of neither family, parts, learning, elocution, knowledge, or experience; in opposition to a nobleman of the first interest, as well as rank in the kingdom?

They alledge in their excuse, that he is a citizen: so is the Marquis, if to have drawn his first breath in the city of Dublin entitles him to be a citizen. He has also had more distinguished marks of favour from his fellow citizens, than any other man ever had. He has not only had the freedom of the city most generously presented to him in a gold-box, but also the freedom of many of the corporations conferred upon his lordship, with the particular emblems of their several guilds. Should not then every freeman of Dublin pride himself upon returning such a citizen into parliament?

I most heartily wish, that the great Swift were now alive, and in the same vigour of mind and body, as
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when the weavers used to follow him through the Liberties. He would soon *still the rage and madness of the people. He would quickly overthrow the tables of the money changers.* His works, however, are immortal, tho' many are now too regardless of his precepts. One would really imagine he had a kind of foreknowledge of our present aspiring banker's presumption, as nothing can be more apposite than these lines :

- “ Rais'd up, on Hope's aspiring plumes,
 “ The young advent'rer o'er the deep,
 “ An eagle's flight and state assumes,
 “ And scorns the middle way to keep.
- “ On paper wings he takes his flight,
 “ With wax the father bound them fast ;
 “ The wax is melted by the height,
 “ And down the tow'ring boy is cast.”

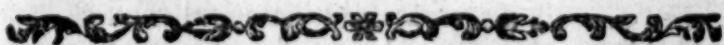
I would therefore advise this young adventurer, not to trust to his paper-wings too far. He who now attempts the towering flight of an eagle, may share the fate of the jay in the fable, if the birds should make a demand of their own feathers.

But laying aside all considerations of private advantage or interest, should not a man, who is conscious of his own inability in every respect, to be of any advantage to this city in parliament, should he not give place to one whose rank, and powerful connections, enable him to procure to his constituents, every thing which they in reason can expect. Or if he should still obstinately persist in his Quixotism, which may be the effects of his inexperience, what shall we say of those *veterans* who knowingly oppose the real interest of their city and country, through a wicked principle of party zeal? Let them, with shame and confusion, remember the year FIFTY-THREE, when the Duke of Leinster had the courage and spirit to address the head fountain of power, for a redress of their grievances. Would the whole city of
 Dublin

Dublin have ventured to do, what HE *singly* did? and yet now, O shame and reproach to your city, the eldest son of this great defender of the liberties of his country, shall meet with opposition from some of those very people whose cause he then so nobly pleaded.

They themselves do not even pretend to say that Mr. L**** is a proper person to represent this city, in point of abilities. What can he have then to recommend him as a candidate? Surely he is deficient in every other requisite which might render him useful. If Mr. L**** had vast powers of speech, he might claim some pretensions, but those he does not pretend to; or were he even possessed of the eloquence of Malone, Flood, or Hutcheson, could he procure so much good to this city as the Marquis will be able to do? It can never be presumed that a man bred up entirely to trade, will ever be a perfect orator; whereas, we may have strong expectations from a young nobleman, who, from a consciousness that he will one day be a member of the most august assemblies in Europe, I mean, the houses of lords of England and Ireland, will certainly take the proper means to improve himself in eloquence: whilst a young man in trade is busied about the difference of exchange, his lordship will be employed in acquiring a knowledge of the laws and constitution of his country.

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No. 119. Saturday, November 7.

Hoc age.

Mind this.

IT has ever been the peculiar misfortune of this country, above any other upon earth, that the people of it never concur unanimously in any thing for

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for its advantage. Even when that hellish project was on foot to ruin this kingdom, by an inundation of base copper, (to their everlasting infamy be it spoken) did not many even of the natives of Ireland, allured by the promises of that cursed hard-ware man, join even in the destruction of themselves and their posterity? Ireland was then very near the crisis of her fate, and must inevitably have perished, if not rescued by the wonderful talents of one man :

Unus qui scribendo nobis restituit rem.

He alone, by writing, fav'd the common weal.

Now though my abilities are by no means equal to his, yet are my inclinations full as strong, to set my worthy fellow-citizens of Dublin *right* in some points, which are at present of the utmost consequence to them. It matters not to them whether the destroyer be a dealer in *brass* or in *paper* ; for he who obstructs the real interest of the community, is certainly an enemy, as well as he who offers an injury to it. This is the case at this very time.

Mr. Latouche, upon the death of the late Recorder, declared himself a candidate for the seat in parliament. Some people, (not knowing that he was to have any antagonist, except Mr. Green) *unwarily* promised to vote for him. I have heard even several of them declare at the same time, that they by no means thought him a very proper person for that important trust, and wished that some man more equal to it, had set up. At length the most noble the Marquis of Kildare, upon the invitation of sixteen corporations, and a numerous body of the free electors, declared himself a candidate. It was then the general opinion that Mr. Latouche, like a good citizen, would have immediately given way to a man, in every respect so much better qualified than himself. He must, one would imagine, have been conscious of his own want of consequence sufficient to be useful to his

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constituents, either with government, or in a house of commons.

This gentleman, who can never be more than a meer cypher if returned, is endeavouring to prevent the election of the only man in the kingdom who has it in his power to do immense good to this city. Can any man in conscience think himself bound by any engagement, to vote for L****? No, surely, no Christian divine, no moral philosopher, will tell us, that we are obliged by such a promise. Tully expressly tells us, "we are bound by no promise, whereby the PUBLIC may be injured." That noted maxim of his ever was, and ever will be, allowed as a certain truth, *that we should not stand to any promise into which we have been deceived.* Now, if in our private dealings, we are not tied by rash, inconsiderate promises of this kind, how much less are we held by them, where the keeping of them will manifestly injure our country, or our city.

A freeman voting at an election, should consider himself as a trustee for the public; and that if he gives his voice to a man who is incapable of fulfilling the trust reposed in him, in preference to one who has both power and inclination to serve his country, he is betraying the cause of the public. Next to our duty to God, is our duty to our country; he who is deficient in the latter, is but a hypocrite in the former. Now, I do insist upon it, that no hasty engagements, contrary to the good of our country, which we may have been led into through ignorance, folly, or want of consideration, are binding upon us; nor can any wise atone for that duty which we owe to our country.

Whoever is properly acquainted with the real situation of this kingdom, must acknowledge, that it differs from that of every other country in Europe. We are in the general strangely misrepresented; we have but few friends who are able to serve us. Our industrious manufacturers are debarred of many advantages, for want of some powerful advocate in their

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behalf. Is it not their business, then, to look out for such a one; to conciliate his friendship by all honest means, and to invest him with as much power as possible, to enable him the more effectually to procure them those advantages. Can Mr. L**** pretend to be this powerful friend, or advocate? Though this bill may pass for money on the other side of the water, yet I am sure his application in behalf of his fellow citizens, would be protested. On whom then, but the DUKE of LEINSTER, can our woollen manufacturers ever cast their eyes to obtain for them any privileges or favours? Should they then think themselves bound by any promises whatever, which can debar them and their country of these benefits? Ought they not to insist upon Mr. L**** following the example of Mr. Green? Shall he tell the free citizens of this great metropolis, "Gentlemen, I am sensible the Marquis can serve ye, and I cannot, but I will hold ye to your engagements." Were ye fools or mad enough to return him, would this gentleman, think ye, consult entirely the good of his country? Will any man after he gets into the house, become a greater patriot than he was before? I will leave ye to judge whether it is fair or honest to hold ye to promises made to your own disadvantage. Tully tells us, *Nec promissa igitur servanda sunt ea, quæ sunt iis quibus promiseris inutilia: nec si plus tibi noceant, quam illi profint, cui promiseris*: Those promises, therefore, are not to be kept which are useless to the person promised; nor if they hurt you, more than they serve him to whom you have promised.

Now I think it is pretty plain, that the people in the Liberties, at least, will suffer more by voting for Mr. L****, than he can possibly gain by it, were he to sell himself ever so well. The privilege formerly granted to mariners, of each taking forty shillings worth of woollen goods from this port, may, perhaps, be again restored, if ye be not wanting to yourselves, my fellow citizens; if ye do not openly fly

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fly in the face of the only man who is able and willing to do you good. The opportunity now offers, of procuring happiness to yourselves and your posterity. Should ye let it slip, ye will have no other satisfaction than that of cursing the author of your misfortunes, and blaming yourselves for adhering too strictly to the nice punctilios of honour, contrary to all sense and reason.

As I have no other motive in writing, but for your good, I request therefore that ye will listen to the dictates both of reason and religion. Let the Marquis be the object of your present choice. Your city and your country call aloud for him. Look upon him as your guardian, your protector, and your friend. Try him this once, and if he should fail your expectations, ye have your remedy on a future occasion. I would regard my promise as religiously as any man, where I only can be a sufferer by keeping it, or where a prior obligation, such as my duty to my country, does not forbid it: but let no man ever go about to persuade me, that I ever am bound by any rash engagements, which are manifestly repugnant to the good of that society of which I am a member. I should not only reckon that man my foe, but an enemy to mankind.

T



No. 120. Tuesday, November 10.

*Præstare fateor posse me tacitam fidem
Si scelere cureat : interim scelus est fides.*

SEN.

What I have promis'd, I own, I can perform, if there's no crime in't: sometimes 'tis a crime to keep one's promise.

AS some of my worthy fellow citizens are prevented, at this time, from pursuing the true interest of their country, by having entered into rash promises ;

promises ; I shall endeavour, as well as I am able to set this matter in a clear light, and to shew them that these promises are not binding : nay, that the keeping of them is unjust and unlawful.

Next to our duty to the Almighty, our duty to our country is the strongest upon us. Nothing whatsoever can justify the breach of it. It is a prior engagement upon us before all other earthly ones. Our duty to individuals, is but inferior and subsequent to that : consequently, where these two duties happen, to clash, the *lesser* must give way to the *greater* ; the antecedent duty must take place of the subsequent. Now, every man certainly lies under an original obligation from nature, as well as from self-preservation, and self-interest, to do all the good he can to his country, and by no means to do any thing which may tend to its prejudice. This is the voice both of reason and religion. Will any man then pretend to say, that I am bound by any promise whereby the good of my country is obstructed, nay, where it will suffer considerably by my keeping that promise ? All moral writers tell us, we are not holden by any rash or inconsiderate engagements, which tend to the hurt of the public. Tully positively affirms, *that there are times in which 'tis worthy of a just man not to keep his promise* ; and particularly mentions, *where the good of the public is concerned*.

A man, at the time he makes a promise to a particular person, may not have considered every possible circumstance which may happen. Therefore, as the *circumstances of things* alter, the *things* themselves alter. This Seneca tells us : *Then shall I break my word*, says he, *then shall I be justly charged with levity, if, when all things continue in the same posture, as they were at the time of my promise, I do not perform it*. For if there be any ALTERATION in the circumstance of the affair, it gives me a LIBERTY to determine A-NEW, and discharges me from my former obligation. All things should be in the very same state and condition they were in when I promised you, if you would

SEN.

would have me to keep my word.—Can any thing be stronger, or more to the point, than this, in the present situation of affairs? Many well-meaning citizens inconsiderately promised their votes to Mr. L—— upon this election. They did not at that time know that the Marquis of Kildare would set up; for I am certain if they had, they never would have engaged to Mr. L——.

The promise, therefore, to Mr. L——, could, in its own nature, be no more than *CONDITIONAL*, and of course may be recalled at pleasure. It certainly was upon a strong presumption, that no *fitter* man than him, would declare himself candidate, and then people might as well vote for him as for any person upon the same level. Grotius, who was as nice in this point as any writer, says, *that all promises contain a tacit condition*. Now I am very certain, that no man, at the time of his promising Mr. L——, imagined the Marquis to be in the question.

But I shall quote an authority higher than all these, upon the present point, which I believe no citizen of Dublin will dispute: I mean the great author of the *Draper's Letters*. In the year 1733, upon the vacancy in parliament for this city, occasioned by the death of Alderman Burton, Humphry French, the good Lord Mayor, and Alderman John Macarel, were the candidates. Swift, well knowing the many virtues of that great and good man, Mr. French, warmly recommended him to the city, in a small pamphlet, which he intitled, his *Advice to the Freemen of Dublin*. Many of them, it seems, before they knew his sentiments, had unwarily engaged their votes against Mr. French. Does he recommend the keeping of those engagements? No! quite the contrary. *Tell me not of your engagements and promises to another*, says he: *your promises were SINS of INCONSIDERATION at best; and you are bound to repent and ANNUL them*. Now, if Swift thus earnestly insists upon the freemen of Dublin breaking through their engagements

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and promises, on account of the high opinion he entertained of Mr. French, what shall we say in the present case? if his reasons were then convincing, how much more so are they at this very time? at a time, when a young man stands in opposition to the eldest son of the DUKE of LEINSTER. And shall I bridle my indignation? One of that fraternity whom Swift positively affirms to be the ruin of the kingdom. Were he now living, he would tell the freemen, that they should much rather send him to S. ———'s G. ——— than into the parliament house. It requires many generations to wear out national prejudices, or to conquer those impressions which we have received from our forefathers. Many traces of a veneration for arbitrary power will still remain, even in the grandsons of those who were obliged to fly from it. I have often known many of our best subjects imported from abroad, *quo pruna & coclona vento*, not over-rejoiced when our enemies were defeated. But I cannot blame them: *Vincit amor patriæ*.

Be not then persuaded, my worthy friends and fellow citizens, that any little French punctilios of honour, can bind you to that which is both unjust and unlawful. The good of your country, the welfare of your city, demand that ye should all vote for the Marquis. Your city has invited him, and it is incumbent on you to make good your engagements to him. The one, is able and willing to serve you; the other, wants to serve himself. The Marquis has nothing to ask, nor to fear; the other is not only absolutely in the power of government, but is even in the power of private persons. Besides, it is really bad policy to give him a privilege which may screen him from the laws, as it will lessen his security to the public. — — — Ask Swift's advice, how ye shall behave in this juncture, which ye may do by consulting the fourth and eighth volumes of his works. If the authority of that wonderful man is not sufficient to direct you on this occasion, Jeoffry Wagstaffe,
from

from this day forth, is determined to be for ever silent as the grave.

T

A Postscript by a Friend.

As the true patriotic sentiments [transmitted to us lately in the London Chronicle of the 31st of October last, signed by that revered name, Algernon Sidney, breathe the purest spirit of rational liberty, and good sense, so happily tend to direct the people of Great Britain to their truest interest, as well as honour, on the approaching general election; and most unanimously prove what regard any electors, high or low, ought to have to a promise prematurely made, or artfully obtained, in an affair of so general concern, I thought I could not do my fellow citizens a more real or acceptable service, than thus to publish the few paragraphs of that excellent paper, which more particularly relate to those citizens at present, who have promised to vote, before they could well know whom to vote for, or who would offer themselves as candidates for the great honour and trust now to be disposed of: which, I hope, the honest and the wise among us will well consider, before it may be too late: How cogent soever the reasons of that paper must be in our mother country, where septennial parliaments are known, the weight thereof becomes infinitely greater here, where the weakness of a constitution produces a longevity of parliaments. All this, I trust, many of my fellow citizens will maturely attend to, and also that the most noble Marquis of Kildare, now proposed to us for our representative, is not only our fellow citizen, but the son and grandson of fellow citizens; the oldest son of the oldest, and most noble house among us; whose great family estate has been always disposed of among ourselves, to the enriching and adorning us and our city. He that can doubt where he ought now to give his vote and his heart, let him consult the annals of his country; they will tell him to whom we are indebted, under heaven, for

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our city, for our laws, for our religion, our liberty,
and our very language. And I had rather the his-
toric page of my country should tell all this, than their
friend,
STRONGBONIUS.

*The following paragraphs are extracted from the Lon-
don Chronicle, October 31st. fol. 420.*

“ Highly, however, as the conduct of the British
“ constituents is to be condemned in this respect, I
“ will nevertheless, kindly impute their behaviour
“ rather to weakness, than to corruption; rather to
“ a want of reflection, than a want of probity.—
“ But they ought to know their own consequence
“ better, and they ought to consider the nature of a
“ vote more seriously before they engage themselves
“ to support the interest of any particular candidate.
“ —Was his own welfare alone concerned, every
“ man would have a right to give his suffrage as he
“ thought proper; — but when the choice of a
“ worthless representative, not only plucks down op-
“ pressions upon himself, but upon millions perhaps
“ besides; and not only endangers the happiness of
“ the present age, but the happiness of all posterity;
“ the man who votes for such a candidate with a pre-
“ vious opinion of his turpitude, is in conscience a
“ sharer in his crimes, and must be answerable at the
“ bar of eternal justice as an instrument in the cala-
“ mities which the prostitution of his voice has
“ brought upon his miserable country.
“ ’Tis in reality amazing to see with what indif-
“ ference men of good sense and upright principles
“ give their votes at every general election—No
“ consideration would induce them to injure an indi-
“ vidual in his property or person, but they never
“ trouble themselves about the injury which in choo-
“ sing a representative they frequently do the whole
“ community: they are conscientious to the last de-
“ gree in little matters, but in affairs of the greatest
“ importance they seem utterly unacquainted with the
“ most obvious dictates of honesty. Nay sometimes
“ where

“ where they have been rashly surprized into promises of supporting particular candidates, they imagine themselves bound in honour to commit a parricide upon the property of their country— They think that the reverence which is due to their word with one man, should make them perfidious to thousands, and never recollect that they are obliged both by the law of religion and the sentiments of reason to break every promise which is injurious to the cause of justice, and the interest of humanity.

“ A bad promise is in itself sufficiently criminal, but the execution of it is doubly so ; 'tis in fact doing a very wicked action, to justify a very foolish one, and there consequently is a much greater share of virtue in violating a scandalous engagement than in fulfilling it ; did a man promise to murder his friend, nobody would hesitate to applaud the sacrifice of his word.—In the same manner he who has rashly engaged to support a candidate whom his conscience secretly condemns, is praise-worthy for declining the guilt of his faith ; and I hope that the various freemen of Great-Britain, who have prematurely bound themselves against the next general election, will pay a proper regard to what I have hinted on this subject.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.”



No. 121. Saturday, November 14.

Ita est genus mulierum.

TER.

Such is the nature of Women.

YESTERDAY morning a packet of old papers, with the following words written in the cover of it, was left for me at the Mercury.

“ Sir,

“ Sir, I am a Tobacconist in this town, and very
 “ often have bundles of papers brought to me by
 “ people who take snuff in exchange for them. I
 “ now and then meet with some curious things.
 “ Amongst the rest, I have picked out part of a no-
 “ vel in manuscript, which I send you. It is so old
 “ torn, and written in so crabbed a hand, that I fear
 “ you will hardly be able to make any thing of it.
 “ Such as it is, you have it, and if it be of any use
 “ to your speculations, it will highly please, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ W. A.”

I have taken a good deal of pains to make some-
 thing of this old paper, as I find the general taste to
 run so much upon novels; and as my readers have
 been so much taken up hitherto by party papers,
 this little novel will make some variety for their
 palates.

The HISTORY of EBLANA: a NOVEL.

EBLANA was a young lady of good family, and
 reputed rather handsome than otherwise. Her
 own family might, perhaps, have been a little partial
 to her, for many of her relations looked upon her as
 a perfect beauty. She was reckoned to be a very
 rich heiress, and to be worth immense sums of money.
 That was owing to the great appearance which she
 constantly made, in dress, equipage, and furniture,
 which dazzled the eyes of the vulgar; but in fact, it
 was more show than reality. She was also somewhat
 whimsical in her disposition, for if she could pick up
 any where pieces of paper, with

— — — — — she was
 apt in the flighty mood, to think them worth a prodig-
 ious value. Notwithstanding her little foibles, she
 was possessed of many excellent qualities, and her va-
 nity was the means of giving employment to a num-
 ber of industrious people.

VOL. II.

L

This

This our heroine, had a vast train of admirers from time to time, who solicited her in marriage: some for the sake of her beauty and merit, and many others on account of her fortune. Several paid their addresses to her in the most ardent expressions, that they were ready to sacrifice themselves for her, and swore they were entirely smitten by the radiancy of her bright eyes, the

Eblana listened with the greatest coolness imaginable, to all their romantic speeches, and told them, they might as well go home and mind their business, if they had any, for that from interest, as well as inclination, she was determined to give her hand to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood. She said, she and her family lay under the strongest obligations to the family of the young gentleman, so that even gratitude compelled her to make choice of him.

Hiatus valde deflendus

"Madam," says this young man. "you perhaps forget that some of your friends promised you to me." "That may very possibly be, sir," replies Eblana, "but I know not by what right they could pretend to dispose of me to you, who are no fit match for me. You never even attempted to make one handsome speech to me in your life, no, not so much as to say you loved me; and if I were fool enough to marry you, what could I possibly expect to find in you but a

As to those people who were so very ready to promise me to you, the best construction I will put upon it is, that they were very rash and inconsiderate. They might easily have known, that young Mr. WORTHY was the only match in the whole country for me.

"Damme, madam," says L——, "if I will give you up so easily either, I will try titles with Mr. WORTHY, and if I cannot get you by fair means, I'll try other methods. I will never bear to see you

" in

“in the arms of such a stripling.” ‘Sir,’ says she, ‘I despise your vain threats, nor is there any reason I should yield up my person and fortune to you, merely, forsooth, to make good the ill advised engagements of those who never at all considered my advantage in the matter. It is plain you must have used undue influence on many of them. For what could they see in your sweet person, or mental accomplishments, to think you worthy of me. It never can be in your power ever to make my estate a whit better than it is at present; you can’t be of any the least use either to me, or my family. If you needs must have a wife, go court some ignorant country girl, who knows but little of the world. She will match you best in every respect. — — — — —

‘I do not in the least, sir, think myself bound by the promises of men, who would thus make a sacrifice of me; and I assure you, if you have that regard for me, which you pretend to have, you will from this day forth drop all pretensions to me.’

The lady, notwithstanding these peremptory injunctions, is still pestered by his addresses. He still insists upon promises, and priority of claim. Mr. WORTHY, on the other hand, acts like a gentleman, with all the respect of a man who really loves her. He knows he is pretty secure of her heart, and has also assured her, that if he should be the happy object of her choice, he would make it the whole study of his life to make her as happy as possible. That nothing would please him so much, as to see her wear as good clothes as any lady whatever, and that her servants should have as handsome liveries as any in the country. That he would promote industry amongst her tenants, and — — — — —

‘I am thoroughly convinced, my dear Mr. WORTHY,’ says Eblana, ‘of your truth and sincerity, and therefore most readily you shall have my heart and my hand; and let those gentlemen who

' have so readily promised for me, take care for the
 ' future to be a little more cautious, how they en-
 ' gage for what is not in their power to perform. —
 — — — — — Here it was
 so torn I could not read it. — — — — —

Mr. Worthy and Eblana are now the happiest couple upon earth. His noble and generous father has enabled them to improve her estate, so as to make it appear as well as any other in the country. She enjoys every privilege she could in reason wish for, and his whole study is not only to make her as happy and contented as any woman upon earth, but also to diffuse happiness to all around him. T

EBLANA was the ancient name of DUBLIN, so called in memory of the daughter of the lord of this town, who was drowned in crossing the Liffey at the place where the Old Bridge is erected.



No. 122. Tuesday, November 17.

O urbem venalem cito perituram emptorem si inveni-
neris. SALLUST.

Oh venal city, which must quickly perish if you find a purchaser.

WHOEVER is at all acquainted with history, must see, that since the first rise of states and empires, they have flourished so long as virtue prevailed amongst them; and that so sure as vice made her fatal inroads upon them, they instantly fell into decay. Rome, Athens, and Sparta, were strong instances of this. Rome, whilst she held fast her integrity, very justly held with it her power and grandeur. She was mistress of the world, so long as she was worthy of it; but when Punic faith, became the

stan-

standard of Roman honesty, she then fell of course into ruin and decay.

The principles of virtue are as necessary to the political, as temperance is to the natural body. Public vices are as naturally destructive to the one, as excess is to the other. Luxury, prodigality, and a total corruption of manners in the higher rank of people, will undoubtedly have vast influence on the lower sort. Their ill examples will affect the multitude; will cause riot, idleness, and universal debauchery. The vulgar will as naturally imitate the good or bad example of their betters, as we find some of the brute species mimic human nature. So that men in power and station, may, in this respect, very properly be stil'd Leading Men, as they are in a great measure the means of being either great blessings, or scourges, to the public. The great, who are but few in comparison of the vulgar, have it, therefore, in their power to serve their country, even in this respect, by defending the cause of virtue, and discountenancing vice in others, as well as by presenting themselves a noble pattern for imitation.

But there is no one vice which can so soon sap the foundation of liberty, in any country, as venality. By means of this cursed instrument of destruction, the people sold the liberties of Greece to Philip. The words of my motto are an expression of Jugurtha, which he uttered in a kind of prophetic spirit at a time when he was leaving Rome. He justly foresaw the downfall of the liberty of that great city, from the general dissolution of manners; the luxury and extravagance which every where prevailed in it: and the reason was very just, for the wealth of those countries, which the Romans had conquered, flowed in such large quantities upon them, as quite to drown the old Roman virtue. Had Cæsar attempted to have enslaved his country at the time of the elder Brutus, not a dagger, but an open execution, would have been his fate.

By the laws of Sparta, made by Lycurgus, the use of money was absolutely forbidden; and so long as

they kept off that bewitching evil, they were a free and a happy people. Their poverty in this respect, was their great bulwark.

Money, in a free state, is what the blood is to the human body: a certain quantity is necessary, if it circulate properly; too great an abundance will cause fevers and convulsions in the constitution. But there is one certain evil which is the consequence of it, that of bribery and corruption. The richer, prompted by an inspiring principle of ambition, will be ever ready to tempt the poorer sort to sell their country. This is a vice which we of these countries are peculiarly happy in being exempt from. Bribery never has admittance into our constitution. Our elections are never swayed by this canker worm of liberty. Let scandalous and malicious tongues say what they will, I am very certain there could be nothing of this kind alledged in the present case; I mean in the contest at present between the Marquis of Kildare, and Mr. Latouche: I can answer for it his Lordship's friends never attempted to offer any man money for his vote; and I do suppose that Mr. Latouche, from his own declarations at the end of his poll paper, is incapable of attempting to make any undue impressions by money.

He is by no means accountable for the conduct of others, who, from an over warm zeal for his interest, may, perhaps, have incurred some little suspicions in this particular. This, no doubt, has no foundation in truth; but it is a difficult matter to shut up the foul mouth of scandal. For my part, there is nothing I hate more than scurrility, although the Freeman of last Saturday, in his usual strain of candor and veracity, is pleased to say, "that he does not *chuse* to demean himself into a Wagstaffe or a Hoey." Now let him make as free as he pleases with me, I am able to defend myself against any dirt or stones he may kick up at me from behind: but as to the printer of the Mercury, he is only the midwife of mine, and other correspondents' bantlings; he is no way accountable for any deformities which the brats of
others

others may bring into the world with them: and I fancy, like others of his profession, he is ever ready to attend the labour of those who employ him.

I was so disgusted at this foolish, unjust accusation of scurrility thrown out against Hoey and me, that I was just flinging away the paper, when I luckily chanced to light upon a letter from a citizen to his friend in the country. I was really surprised to see a thing of so much spirit and humour, in the midst of so much trash. It gives a very lively, pleasing and impartial account of the disputes between the parties at present in town. I should not forgive myself, did I not pay the due regards to such a *Rara Avis*, even in that Bæotian collection of dulness and detraction. T



No. 123. *Saturday, November 21.*

Communi sensu planè caret inquitimus.

HOR.

We say, that he wants common sense.

THOUGH I am looked upon by many to be a violent party man, because I have, in some late speculations, taken some pains to open the eyes of my fellow citizens, with regard to their real interests; yet I can assure my readers, that I am not so far blinded by party zeal, as not to examine into truth with the utmost candour and impartiality.

The reasons assigned for electing the Marquess of Kildare, are certainly very strong; nor are Mr. Latouche's pretensions without some degree of plausibility. However, as truth is said to lie in the bottom of a deep well, I will endeavour to draw her up on this occasion, and state the affair with the utmost regard to her unprejudiced dictates. I shall therefore examine the justice of their claims, and let the reader sit as judge upon this cause, as I shall do no more than

lay the evidences before him pro and con. I shall begin first with the objections against the Marquis in favour of his opponent, and so *vice versa*.

In the first place, his lordship was born in IRELAND, in the city of DUBLIN; is of a very antient Irish family. His ancestors have ever been great friends to Ireland, and particularly to the city of Dublin. *These reasons are alone sufficient to disqualify him from any honour which this kingdom, or city, can confer upon him without going any further.*

Secondly, he has been bred up in such old fashioned principles of freedom, liberty, and independency, under his patriotic father, as may, perhaps, render him troublesome, in case any thing should be proposed any where to the prejudice of Ireland. It is likewise said, that his lordship has drawn in with his very first breath, some innate notions of stubborn virtue, which, it is apprehended, he has derived from his parents.

Thirdly, it is affirmed by a gentleman of great veracity, and exalted station, who lately saw his lordship abroad, that he is a most promising young nobleman; that he expresses great love for his country, and that it is very probable he may reside in it, as his illustrious father has done. This is a strong objection, as perhaps he may make a most shining figure in our senate.

Fourthly, as he has very strong inclinations to serve his country, and this city in particular, it is by many *knowing people*, thought to be neither prudent or adviseable to enable him so to do. It would be giving too much power to the Kildare house, which, it is notorious, would be ever employed for the benefit and advantage of Ireland. I might also reckon up many other objections equally good as these, against the Marquis's being returned for Dublin, such as the Duke of Lienster's behaviour in the year Fifty-three; his spending his vast estate in Ireland; his being the great encourager of arts; not to mention also her Grace the Dutchess's being the patronness of the Hibernian Ware-house, and many others; but these, I
hope,

hope, are full sufficient to shew my great impartiality. Now, there are many things to be said in favour of the gentleman who stands in opposition to him.

In the first place, he has no other connections with Ireland, only that he was born here. He is not born with those family prejudices with regard to this country, which the Marquis has. It is certainly the policy of every wise nation to encourage foreigners who come to settle amongst them, and especially those who came merely on account of their religion, without any other view whatsoever.

Secondly, this gentleman carries on a business, by which he has it in his power to oblige vast numbers of people, estated men, as well as merchants. And it is well known, that they who vote against him, are such as are under no obligations to the bank.

Thirdly, he considerably encreases the riches of the nation, by the means of paper money, which answers the end of gold and silver.

Fourthly, he has been at an immense expence to obtain this election, and has set his heart so much upon it, that it would be a great pity if the *real friends of liberty and independency* should not be able to return him. They may depend on it, he will do all that lies in his power to promote the trade of this city, and if he shall not be able to speak for the good of trade, he will think the more, or will get somebody to do it for him. No body surely will ever expect that a man shall do more than he can, and if he means well, that is sufficient.

Now, all that can be said in favour of the Marquis of Kildare, even by his warmest friends, is not enough to ballance what I have said in favour of the banker. For, what is it to the purpose, that eighteen corporations have invited him to stand candidate? I must own, however, that it would be a little scandalous in any one man of those who joined in the invitation, to turn tail to him. No man should be so *Eager* after his own private convenience, as to ap-

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pear against his lordship, after having gone to Carton to solicit the Duke that the Marquis might stand the election.

Next, it is alledged by many, that his lordship may have it in his power, as well as inclination, not only to serve us here, but elsewhere. But others will tell ye, what advantages does Dublin want, or what good can he do for Ireland? If neither Ireland nor Dublin want any advantages, why then the Marquis will be of no more use than any other private man, who wants the use of speech or power. But if on the contrary, we stand in need of many things, then the Marquis is beyond all doubt the only man, who can procure those things for us.

But there is one objection remaining, which should weigh stronger with the citizens of Dublin. more than all I have yet mentioned; and that is, what a certain great personage has declared upon this occasion: That great men may have their connections with great men, but that he would rather his son should be returned for Dublin, through the means of the *honest citizens* thereof, than by the interest of any great men whatever.

P. S. Upon looking into the Freeman of last Saturday, I find some unanswerable arguments in favour of the banker. First, I am a Jesuit, although I am a most zealous member of the church of Ireland, and no fanatic. Next, the Marquis's education is unfinished, and the banker has compleated his behind a counter, where he is become a most compleat orator. Ergo, I O U's made to him, are binding, although engagements to the Marquis are not.

I can assure my readers that the sophistry of a Jesuit's college, and the canting Proteus tricks of a conventicle, are equally detestable to me. Therefore, I do insist, that no promise which was made to the banker could bind any voter, no more than if he had promised to vote for the wooden-man in Essex-street.

T



No. 124. Tuesday, November 24.

— *Eripe turpi*

Colla jugo, liber, liber sum, dic age — HOR.

Now loose thy neck from the ignoble chain,
And boldly say, — "I'm free."

The Address of GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; *to the*
Public.

AS I find my character attacked in a most
scurrilous manner by the writers of the Free-
man's Journal, in a letter, signed, TRUE BLUE,*
I think it incumbent on me to publish this vindication
of myself.

I have

* To the COMMITTEE for conducting the
FREE-PRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Indiscretions of Artifice often guard us against its
Success, you have received from the School of St. Omers,
which has dared to broach its Doctrines in our Streets, a Dis-
pensation absolving you from all your Engagements in Favour
of your CITIZEN CANDIDATE, should not Proofs have been
given, carrying Conviction with them, of the Unfitness of the
Citizen and the Fitness of the Nobleman? Should they not
have made it clear, that a young Man of Quality, whose
Education is yet unfinished, will make a more proper Repre-
sentative for a Trading City than a Citizen, who in his Youth
regularly attended a Merchant's Business, and whose Profession
since leads him into a Knowledge of every Operation of Com-
merce? Should they not have made it probable, that a base
and servile Submission to Nobility was the most likely Step to
give Vigour and Spirit to Trade? and before they attempted
to tear asunder the strongest Ties between Man and Man,
should they not have assigned one real moral Reason to justify
their Recommendation of such a Conduct? But my Friends,
I can

I have in several papers of the Batchelor, asserted, that no man was bound by any promises or engagements whatever, to vote for Mr. L**** on this election. I proved plainly, from Mr. L****'s incapacity, and inability to serve his country, that it was contrary to that duty which a man owes to his country to vote for him. This I confirmed by quotations from Tully, Seneca, Grotius, and Swift. And I do still insist upon it, that he is just as fit to represent the city of Dublin, as he is to be Lord Chancellor.

I should be very unwilling to anatomize Mr. L***, or his party, if they had not made a stab at me in their fanatical Journal. They are pleased to call what I say, the doctrine of St. Omer's, thereby insinuating that I am a Jesuit, and by that means to blacken the Marquis's party with the hateful colour of popery. This is most scandalous and malicious, as I assure the public, I never was at Mass or Meeting in my life time, and that I abhor and abjure Popery as much as I do their canting principles. I am a most zealous professor of the only true protestant church, which is that by law established, and which, like the great author of it, is crucified between two thieves.

I am

I can give you the true Reason why they did not—because they had it not in their Power—Instead of Reasons they poured out low Abuse: Instead of Proofs they asserted notorious Fallhoods, on which they argued as Maxims that ought to be received.—Such are the Arguments taught in papal Colleges, such are the Grounds upon which the Pope of Parliament-street issues out his ridiculous Mandates.

With Pleasure I perceive my Friends, that the Poison, flowing from this Serpent of Rome, has served as an Antidote to many others, which have been used to pervert your Understanding with every Art of Electioneering Craft. The Doctrines of the Jesuits in Disguise, so audaciously propagated in this Protestant City, have at length alarmed you. I see with Pleasure that you begin to see with your own Eyes, and to hear with your own Ears, and that your Conduct is directed by Principle, and I congratulate you that within a few Days DUBLIN will be herself again.

NAT. TRUEBLUE.

I am not only thus insulted, but they have even the insolence to make free with the character of the Duke of Leinster's eldest son. They say he is a young nobleman whose education is unfinished, and therefore not a fit person to represent this city. They then run great encomiums on a youth, *who regularly attended a merchant's business, and whose profession since leads him into a knowledge of every operation of commerce.* These are all fine specious words to catch the ears of the ignorant. But will any man pretend to say, that the lending out the money of fools, who do not know how to keep their own cash, at six per cent, is merchants business. Is the receiving interest for his stamp paper, an operation of commerce? Does the knowledge of discounting bills for peddling dealers, enable a man to speak in a senate, or to judge of the expediency of laws for his country? If the legislature were employed about nothing else but transacting bills of exchange, this young banker might then, perhaps, put in his word; but as he could scarce now even understand what they are about, he would be *silent, yea even from good words; nor would it be any pain or grief to him.*

Every body knows what he is, and but few know the Marquis. But if they will enquire into his character, they will find from good authority, that he is a young nobleman of promising parts, and is now finishing an education which will one day make him an honour to his country.

All this, the Freeman calls begging the question; but I would be glad to know what glimmerings of reason did their hero ever shew. Is he able to express his sentiments to his fellow citizens at present? how much less then will he be capable to speak for them in parliament? Is not a shrug, a cringe, and a bow, the only return he is able to make to his friends who vote for him? Is this the mighty champion of the city of Dublin, to defend the liberties of the kingdom? Is this silent man of traffic the tool of a party, set up in competition with the Marquis of Kildare? For shame, my fellow citizens, such a choice

choice would ever be a reproach to your city. Do not sell yourselves to everlasting infamy for dross. Let not these Jesuitical D*****rs persuade you by craft, to betray your city and your country, by making the weather-cock of a conv—le your choice, whose only motion will depend upon the blasts from a Linnen-Hall faction. The *ay* or *no* of this *mobile lignum*, will entirely proceed from him, who will get the wire into his jaw. I am,

Your sincere friend, and well wisher,

T

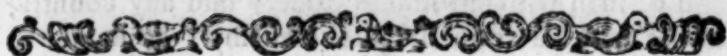
JEOPFRY WAGSTAFFE.

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

A hint to MUNDUNGUS, chief whipper-in to GRIM-BEARD the Brock.

MUNDUNGUS *who makes such a bustle and din,*
And acts at the Tholsel as chief whipper-in,
May now, if the wretch has the wit of a brute,
Be rais'd to an office of higher repute,
A place of more profit and fame by a million,
For instance, the rank of his Grace's postillion ;
A station, in which he may act with an air,
And cry, clear the way, before noble Kildare. X

N. B. Mundungus cannot accept of the office here generously offered him, being engaged, so soon as the election is over, to serve as dog-pelter to a M——g H——e in the North of Ireland.



No. 125. Saturday, November 28.

*Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris aut carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis : ————— Juv.*

AS it is the nature of some men, though blessed with very mean talents, to be of a restless, aspiring, busy temper, so should it be the study of those of greater power and abilities, to restrain them within their proper bounds. There is a kind of a mixture of madness and folly in the composition of some men, which makes them aspire to things highly above the reach of their capacities. Hence it is, that in all free states, where honours are elective, men of very weak understandings will plot, bribe, and betray, in order to arrive at what they are utterly unfit for. If they have money, they imagine that qualifies them for any office or employment whatever. This was the case of Crassus at Rome. He was immensely rich, and stupid at the same time : but his ambition was great. He must needs share in the administration with Cæsar and Pompey, and they made a dupe of him, to his own destruction.

Few people ever consider the iniquity of thus obtruding themselves into such offices in a state, as require great abilities. But if they attempt it by bribery or corruption, there the crime becomes more complicated. The foundation of liberty is overturned ; the very vitals of the constitution are consumed by this cursed poison. By this means, the most dissolute or abandoned, nay, the most ignorant persons, may, by the force of money, in bribing the suffrages of the people, obtain those employments which should be freely conferred on the most worthy.

The

The man who introduces bribery into any country, should ever be deemed a public enemy ; he should be looked upon as a corrupter of the morals of the people, and as a destroyer of every principle of virtue. This is a maxim as certain as any demonstration in Euclid, that he who buys the votes of the people, will as surely sell his own when opportunity offers ; and that he who bribes others, will himself take a bribe in his turn. For he that buys the devil, must sell the devil.

We shall find that men of the greatest capacities are more modest, and more diffident of themselves than fools. It requires some share of understanding in a man to know his own weakness. Ignorance is ever aspiring.

If it were at all necessary, I could produce numbers of instances from history, to prove what I asserted, but that I think it needless, as we are not without them at home. But I cannot, however, forbear one observation : Suppose in the flourishing times of the commonwealth at Rome, a man who could just pronounce *yes* or *no*, and whose knowledge reached no farther than in reckoning money, should have the presumption to apply for a place in the senate, what would be thought of such a man ? Would they not imagine this plebeian to be beside himself ? But how would their indignation be raised, if this candidate senator's grandfather had only come as a hireling legionary from Gaul ? If such a person were now in being, in this more refined age and country, who could be mad enough thus to aim at a seat in our senate, I am pretty sure he would be consigned to my friend Jennings at the Broad Stone, who could give him a place amongst many imaginary kings, princes, and senators. I was pursuing this thought farther, when I was interrupted by the receipt of the following epistle.

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To

T

' To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

' S I R,

' **A**LTHOUGH I know you to be a strong
' advocate for the Baboon party, yet I write
' this to convince you of your mistake. I am a mer-
' chant, and carry on some share of business by my
' credit at the bank. I can get money there
' when I have a mind, on good security, at Six per
' cent, or notes, which is all one. Now, what the
' devil is all your stuff to me, about the good of Ire-
' land, or the advantage of the city of Dublin. Every
' man for himself, and God for us all. I know
' very well what our friend L**** is, and that the
' Marquis is the only fit person to be member for this
' city: but what signifies that; will he lend me mo-
' ney or notes when I want cash? No! no! ye old
' sophister, you shall never persuade me to hurt my-
' self for the good of my country. You might talk
' this way in Greece or Rome, but it will not go
' down here. Let them vote for him who do not
' want or expect the friendship of the bank. For
' my part, I have bullied, hector'd, swore, bribed,
' lied, writ, and talk'd nonsense for my little banker.
' I have given you some damned severe strokes in the
' Freeman. I look upon you to be some old Jesuit
' in disguise. But it is no matter, for if you are of
' the episcopal church, I hate you as much as if you
' were a Papist. I have abused you, and your party,
' over and over again. I call ye all Papists, and
' you are the Pope of Parliament-street. I assure
' you, I discounted a large sum on the strength of
' that. I know we shall lose the day, and that will
' be the severest blow our party ever got. My curse
' is too little for you, and the master of the carpen-
' ters, and all I can do is to abuse ye both.

' I am, in defiance of you and him,

T

' BADGER BULLFACE.'

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

*An objection to the Dog-Pelter's being made Poſtillion to
his Grace of LEINSTER.*

GOOD master MUNDUNGUS, *I think it not
fair*

*To make you a driver to noble Kildare ;
For set you on horseback, that high elevation,
That right to precede the first peer in the nation,
Might tempt you to follow your nat'ral propension,
And drive to a place, which I chuse not to mention.*

X



No. 126. *Tuesday, December 1.*

——— *Sapiens, vitatu quodque petitu
Sit melius, causas reddat tibi*———

HOR

'Twixt right and wrong the learned may decide,
With wise distinctions may your conduct guide.

IT is a just observation of somebody's, that there is but one path which leads to truth, and a thousand high roads to falshood and error. The wrong notions which men have contracted by an early prejudice, will haunt their minds during their whole lives, unless they are blessed with an excellent understanding, or have the advantage of a liberal education, to shake them off. Without the help of one, or both of these, men are very apt, by what Mr. Locke calls a wrong association of ideas, to take things for granted, which have no reality in nature. This effectually

bars

bars that examination and investigation of truth, which it is every man's business, as he is a rational being, to make.

From the want of this enquiry alone, and the pinning our faith and opinion upon the sleeves of other men, have arisen so many various errors in the world. Hence it is that so many implicitly swallow the grossest absurdities of popery, and hence that slavish submission, which such numbers of people pay to the dictates of others. Inasmuch, that millions submit so passively, the government of their souls and bodies to the tyranny of the most imperious taskmasters, and that for no other reason, but because they imbibed those false principles in their early days, by a wrong mode of education.

In like manner, we may account for that restless, turbulent spirit, which has ever been the distinguishing characteristic of some of our sectaries. In order to avoid the principles of passive obedience, they are for running into the other extreme, and are ever labouring to introduce anarchy and confusion into any state where they are tolerated.

A wise man, therefore, should examine very minutely, before he takes up any opinion upon trust. *He must prove all things, before he can hold fast that which is good.* This will hold good in almost every circumstance of life. For so sure as he shuts his own eyes, and sees only with those of others, he is ever in danger of being deceived. For want of this proper enquiry and research after truth, we shall often see men led astray by the fallacious arguments of others, who will hoodwink their reason, in order to dupe them to their own wicked purposes. This often happens in party, where we shall see very honest, well designing men, deceived by false appearances, into an enthusiastic zeal against the real good of their country. Their intentions may be very upright, though wrong directed. The definition, therefore, of party, in this case, is very just, viz. *the madness of many, for the gain of a few.*

From

From rash inconsideration alone, I am very confident, that many very worthy men engaged their votes on the late occasion, which they would never have done, had they considered the affair properly. Had they given themselves time to think, they must have seen, that the Marquis of Kildare was, above all others, the man who was able to serve them most effectually in parliament.

Suppose the city of Dublin were to send an embassy to any state; would it not be the wisest choice to depute a nobleman of rank, whose very name would create respect, and above all, who had abilities to express their sentiments? The application of this is too obvious to need an explanation.

What immortal honours have those glorious citizens procured to themselves, in the annals of fame, who despising every mean consideration of low, self-interest, in money matters, and led on by a truly patriotic love of their country, have stood firm to the real cause of liberty, and nobly joined in inviting the most worthy personage to be their representative in parliament.

History will hereafter trumpet the praises of those patriotic citizens, and place them in a rank with the worthiest of Greece or Rome. The master of the carpenters shall ever be mentioned with honour. But if any wretch has been so *Eager* as to sell his *all*, to wit, his country, he must be detested in the *end*. A fellow, who after the most solemn engagements, can *beel* about, must have a rotten *soul*; his infamy *waxeth* strong, and all honest men will wish him his deserts in *hemp*.

Ye have persevered, my dear fellow citizens, in the glorious cause ye so nobly undertook, and the victory now is yours. Ye have triumphed over ignorance and error, over rash promises and faction. Ye have ensured those blessings to your city and your country, which ye have so bravely contended for. Ye will reap that harvest of advantage which ye have sowed with so much toil.

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Ye have paid a very great, and a very just compliment to the illustrious house of Kildare ; and ye have a most sincere return of love and affection : ye have adopted the Marquis as your own, and his noble father gives him up to you : ye have gained his early affections : ye have taken the most effectual method to induce him to imitate the example of his great father, in spending his time and his immense fortune in Ireland. We all hope the time will be long, before his lordship shall succeed to the title and estate of Leinster ; but whenever by the course of nature, that event shall happen, every man knows, that the non-residence of a Duke of Leinster, would be one of the severest blows this kingdom could feel. T



No. 127. *Thursday, December 5.*

*Qui me commorit (malus non tangere, clamo)
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.*

HOR.

But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard ;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

WHEN once a writer has acquired any degree of reputation with the public, it is in vain for him to think of enjoying it quietly. Fairest fruits ever attract the flies ; and a writer who is once become a favourite of the town, must of course expect his censuring critics. How many of these had Swift and Pope, to teize and vex them, until the latter gave them one general sweep by his Dunciad, like a dog who plunges into a river to drown his fleas. The number of these vile animals, which I have drawn upon myself in that compound of scurrility and nonsense,

sense, which goes under the specious title of the *Freeman's Journal*, makes me imagine, that I am in reality, "the favourite author of the city of Dublin."

—— *Diram qui contudit Hydram,*
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari. HOR.

Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd,
 And monsters dire with fatal toil subdu'd:
 Found that the monster, Envy, never dies,
 'Till low in equal death her conqueror lies.

After the many severe corrections which I have, from time to time, given to them Scribblers, I thought they would no more have dared to attack me. But what will not these fellows dare? who confiding in their own insignificance and obscurity, have been so audacious as even to traduce the representatives of Majesty in their Factious Journal. A chief magistrate, or a board of aldermen, can expect no quarter from them, unless they are of their way of thinking. Observe a late instance of their insolence with regard to no less a person than the eldest son of the Duke of Leinster, whom they are pleased to call, "a boy uneducated, sent, as the common expression is, out of harm's way, to distant countries, to learn fashions, not to study men." If he were a common vagabond, whom his father apprehended might come to an ill end, could they say more? But this is only a small specimen of their insolence and scurrility to his lordship, as they have made him the constant subject of abuse, ever since he opposed their favourite. I remember when Mr. Green was in their favour, they railed at Mr. Latouche as much as they have since done at the Marquis; but from the instant the Marquis was invited, they and their party immediately dropt Mr. Green and took up the other.

I should not have troubled myself about such low wretches as those hireling scribblers of a sinking party,

were

were it not that they have had the impudence and villainy to misrepresent me and my writings in their paper of Tuesday, Nov. 24th. The writer of that arrago of nonsense and falshood, whom I take to be a hanger-on at the bank, is VILE ENOUGH, not only to pervert my meaning in every instance, but even to make false quotations from me. I said in one of my speculations, that, "the same pernicious, "aspiring temper, stirs up a certain seditious DISSENTING party, to embroil this city in faction, to "cause riot and idleness among the inhabitants." The word *dissenting*, he is pleased to change into *discompting*, in order to make it appear, that I mean, by the discompting party, *the lord mayor, the majority of the board of aldermen, and almost all the first merchants and traders of the city of Dublin*. Can any thing be more base or disingenuous than thus to misquote me? Take a passage in any author whatsoever, change a word in it, and the sense shall be quite altered. Many very worthy gentlemen were, undoubtedly, engaged to Mr. Latouche by promises, before they knew the Marquis would set up, but that is no reason why we should suppose them all to be dissenters. A *discompting anarchy*, is nonsense; tho' a *dissenting one*, is not.

He is pleased to say, that I have reflected on the character of Mr. Latouche:——that I deny. I never said any thing of him, except as to his qualifications as a candidate; and I will venture to affirm, that I never said half as much against him in that respect, as the Freeman did when Mr. Green was the idol of St. Audeon's-Arch. Mr. Latouche is a gentleman, for whose character in public, as a dealer; and in private life, as a worthy man, I have the highest respect; but surely it could neither be called traducing nor villifying him, to tell the public that he was not so fit a person to represent the city of Dublin as the Marquis, especially as all the hirelings of the Freeman were open-mouthed at his lordship. I make no doubt, but Mr. Latouche is possessed of all those virtues which his warmest friends attribute to him, as

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a private citizen; but what I ever contended for, is, that he was deficient in point of those opportunities to serve his country, which the Marquis is possessed of.

This gentleman, in order to shew his learning, and to abuse not only the Duke of Leinster, but all our nobility, has given us the speech of MARIUS from Sallust. It may not perhaps, be unacceptable to my readers, to give some account of this Marius. He was of so mean an extraction, say the historians, that even the village where he was born is not certainly known. In his youth he was bred up to rustic employments, and in his manners a perfect savage. He had great strength of body, and vast courage and assurance. As he was a plebeian by birth, and education, he set himself at the head of the populace to oppose the nobility, and, by his levelling principles, he gained the hearts of the vulgar. He obtained the prætorship by the most bare-faced bribery and corruption. For this, he was accused before the people, but his party brought him off. He was guilty of the blackest ingratitude to the great Metellus, who was his patron and benefactor, by endeavouring not only to defame him, but even to supplant him. But above all, he set on foot the bloodiest proscription ever known in Rome, wherein he cut off almost the whole Senate. Like another Cromwell, he enslaved his country, and caused the meanest of the people to tread upon the necks of the nobility. After a life spent in treason, murder, rapine, treachery, ingratitude, and every imaginable vice, this very Marius is supposed to have ended his days by poison, and actually died mad.

Such was the hero whose speech is quoted, with a view to render our nobility odious in the sight of the people, as Marius endeavoured to make those of Rome. But by way of a come off, he excepts the house of Leinster, as Swift did my Lord Carteret, after writing a most severe libel against him, when he says,

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“ Note. To avoid offence,
“ I here except his excellence.”

After this, the fellow begins to rave, for he says, that my wishing “ Swift alive, and in the same vigour of health and body as when the weavers used to follow him through the Liberty,” is with a design to make Swift march at the head of a mob, (as he is pleased to call the minority of the weavers) to break open the bank in Castle-street, destroy the company’s books, burn their papers, and plunder the house of its immense sums in cash. If it be possible for a fool to run mad, surely this fellow is. He might as well say, that I wished that Swift were alive to set fire to the city of Dublin. But behold ye upon what this sagacious sophister founds this suggestion. Upon my saying, “ that he would still the rage and madness of the people, and overthrow the tables of the money changers.” This he certainly would do, in the sense of the words, as they must be obvious to every rational being. For let this Badger give himself what airs he will, Swift was no friend to bankers, and would certainly upon this occasion, have used his whole force against Mr. Latouche in favour of the Marquis. He would not, indeed, have turned robber or plunderer, as Civis would insinuate; but I will venture to say, his sentiments with regard to banks, would now be just the same as when he wrote his *Short View of the State of Ireland*. If I were as full of spleen and ill-nature as this Mr. Civis, I would quote the passage where he mentions banks; but I will forbear; and shall only say, that this fellow shews himself to be quite unacquainted with Swift’s writings.

He next falls foul of Hoey, and threatens him for printing my speculations. But that is most abject and cowardly. For how is he answerable for what another writes? He may be as well accountable for every advertisement in his paper. I am very certain, that the vast success of the *Mercury* by the help of my

speculations, has brought upon him the envy and malice of the great committee of the Free-Prefs, and that they would wish him hanged, because he has destroyed the sale of their nonsense.

I will forbear to hunt this wretch any further, since the Kildare hounds have already run down the whole race of Badgers. I shall, therefore, change the subject, and most sincerely congratulate my worthy fellow citizens of the junior corporations, on their having obtained that, which cannot fail of being of the highest benefit and advantage to their city, I mean, the election of the most noble the Marquis of Kildare.

T



No. 128. Tuesday, December 8.

*Tumque dum procedit, Iö triumphe,
Non semel dicimus, Iö triumphe,
Civitas omnis :—*

As the procession awful moves along,
Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song ;
Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise,
And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.

AS the unhappy divisions which of late have rent this great metropolis, are now ended in the most fortunate event which could happen to it, I mean the election of the most noble the Marquis of Kildare, by a great majority ; I shall therefore most sincerely congratulate my worthy fellow citizens thereupon.

Had I the talents of a Demosthenes, or a Tully, they should be employed in doing justice to those glorious citizens of Dublin, who, upon this occasion, proved their most steady attachment to the cause of liberty and their country. They saw the expediency of addressing the Duke of Leinster to invite the Marquis

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Marquis to stand candidate, and to their immortal honour be it spoken, notwithstanding the many artifices made use of to warp them from their engagements, they persevered with a constancy and spirit, which would have done honour to Athens or Rome, in the most virtuous times of those commonwealths. Neither the frowns of the great, nor the insolence of office, could intimidate them; nor could all the temptations which were offered to many, make them to desert the glorious cause they had undertaken.

If upon the death of the late Recorder, the Marquis had been declared candidate, he undoubtedly would have met with no opposition; but after so many had pre-engaged their votes, not imagining that he would set up, it is really amazing the free and independant citizens were able so amply to fulfil their engagements. Many, I am sure, of those gentlemen who voted against his lordship, did it with the utmost reluctance, but they were bound by promise. They acted from a principle of honour; but what shall we say to some of the false brethren, who in their halls were the most clamorous for inviting the Marquis, who even went to Carton to address the Duke, and afterwards voted in opposition to him? nay, so very *Eager* was one wretch after infamy, that he was not content to go with his own corporation, but even accompanied every other that went; had even the impudence to engage his Grace in a particular conversation on the subject, and after all this, the treacherous Iscariot proved a most bitter enemy to the Marquis. Let this fellow consider (if he has any conscience at all) what would have been the consequence, if there had been no more virtue in the other citizens than in him: what shame, what ignominy would it have been for the citizens of Dublin, to have invited so great a personage as the heir of the great Duke of Leinster, to stand candidate, and then leave him in the lurch? It would be an indignity, an affront, which, of all men living, surely his Grace could not deserve from his country, and more especially from the city of

Dublin. The only remedy, therefore, this fellow and his deceitful associates can now possibly have, is to *end* themselves by hemp as Judas did, for in their situation, 'twere happiness to die.

When the immortal fame of that great body of citizens shall be handed down with a most grateful odour to future generations, for their unshaken constancy to their engagements, and the true interests of their country; then shall the odious names of those few backsliding traitors, who would betray the cause, stink in the nostrils of posterity. But enough of this.

The city of Dublin has certainly paid the greatest compliment to the illustrious house of Leinster, that ever was paid to any house either in England or Ireland. That an inferior city or a small town should invite a great man to represent them, is not uncommon; but that so great a metropolis as Dublin, the second city in his majesty's dominions, should pay this compliment, must highly redound to the honour of the Dukè of Leinster. And their reasons for so doing were very just. They considered, in a proper light, the many excellent virtues of that truly patriotic nobleman; the many obligations which his country and their city lay under to him; the many services which he is able and willing still to do for them; his constant residence amongst us; and above all, that glorious zeal which he has ever shewn for the true interest of Ireland. Her Grace the Dutchess also is the great patroness and encourager of our Irish manufactures; and when the saucy wife of a mechanic must be clad in French silks, her Grace is not ashamed to wear an Irish one purchased at the Hibernia warehouse.

It must also reflect vast honour to themselves, that from a generous, disinterested love of their country alone, they were induced to pay this so well deserved compliment. And after they had paid it, what care and vigilance, what zeal and activity, did these worthy citizens exert to make good their invitation? The noble behaviour of the Lord Mayor's

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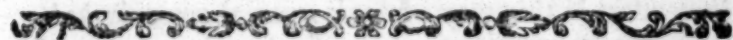
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late secretary, Mr. JACOB SCRIVEN, will not be easily forgotten by the friends of true liberty, nor will Mr. CRANFIELD want his due share of praise.

You have, my dearest friends and fellow citizens, not only the sincere thanks of his Grace the Duke, and of your noble representative his son, but also of almost the whole kingdom in general, for your courage and unanimity in this glorious cause.

If my weak endeavours in these my speculations, have in any the least degree been of use to the promoting of it, or if my advice had any influence on any of you, I shall esteem it as the greatest happiness of my life. For be assured, that my pen always was, and ever shall be, employed for your service alone. I am no time serving hireling, who would prostitute his pen to please any man, however rich or great.

I would never have recommended it to you to elect the Marquis, if I were not persuaded that it was your interest, as well as duty, to do it. I considered the obligations ye lay under to the Duke, and the many blessings which ye and your posterity may derive from that powerful and illustrious house. It will make me not a little vain, if I have gained your approbation; for be assured, I have no other motive for writing but your amusement and instruction. If I have succeeded in these two points, with you, my dearest brethren and fellow-citizens, old Wagstaffe's grey hairs shall go down with pleasure to the grave. T



No. 129. *Saturday, December 12.*

Ars efficiens instrumenta :—

BURGERSD.

An art to make instruments.

MY cousin Bickerstaffe, in his lucubrations, has compared persons of both sexes, (with respect

to their conversation) to the different instruments of music. He has carried on the comparison in his usual strain of pleasantry and good humour, and at the conclusion of his paper, has matched the male and female instruments together in such a manner, as to make them sound a unison. For want of couples being tuned properly in this manner, we often find vast discords in life: for instance, where a Kit is matched with a Drone, a Virginal with a Trumpet, or a passing Bell with a Kettle Drum. But as this point has been very fully discussed by my ingenious kinsman, I shall refer my reader to his lucubrations for further satisfaction.

I shall, however, consider this subject in another light, and try if it be not possible to find out an analogy between the different species of writers and musical instruments. First then, as epic poetry is allowed to be the highest effort of human genius; to contain a greater compass, and to have more stops in it than any other kind; I look upon it to be an organ; for the learned critics say, that all the arts and sciences may be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or at least may be deduced from them. Homer, therefore, may be called the Vocal Frame, of which the divine Cecilia was inventress; and the *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, were formed from that great original. We have had also epic poets of a lesser size, who may be called Chamber Organs, whose works have neither the compass or strength of the other three; such as *Telemachus*, *Tasso*, and *Ariosto*. As for most of the other pretenders in this way, I look upon them only as barrel organs; which are only fit for the ears and fingers of the ignorant.

The next instrument in point of compass and variety to the organ, is the harpsichord. I shall therefore consider tragic poets of the first class, as such; and those of an inferior kind, as spinnetts. Shakespeare, indeed, can scarce be confined to any instrument, for at some notes he reaches all the strength, compass, and variety of the organ; and at others falls down to the drone of a bagpipe. Dryden, Davenant

venant, and Otway, in their rhiming tragedies, resemble bell harps, by their constant jingling in the same tones.

A fiddle is the proper emblem of a comic poet, as this instrument has no medium, and either gives us the greatest pleasure, or the highest disgust. Farce writers are kits, which may just answer the end for a country dance, but have scarce any music in them.

Pastoral writers resemble flutes, which are very soft, but much confined; they often hurt the lungs of the players, and for that reason I suppose this kind of poetry is now grown into disuse. except at the end of magazines, where, perhaps, a Damon, in imitation of it, pulls out an oaten reed to entertain his Phillis.

A Flageolet is one who scribbles love sonnets, rural odes, and madrigals, and is often exceeding sweet. Such as Waller, Lansdown, and some others

We may compare historians, who describe battles, sieges, and slaughter, to drums, trumpets, and other martial instruments, which raise in the mind an ardor for famous exploits. Some of them too, such as Livy, Tacitus, and a few others, have the fulness of the organ, the sweetness of the harpsichord, and the vivacity of the fiddle. But the generality of the writers, of memoirs, or the histories of their own times, and of their own lives, are in reality but bagpipes, and seldom send forth any sounds but from their drones.

The tribe of ignorant novel writers, with which these kingdoms at present swarm, are all Jews harps. These, in reality, are no instruments of music, nor have those scribblers either sense or learning, and should not, therefore, be ranked as musical instruments. Grandison goes on in one continued hum through seven volumes, but never gives you one note of music. Fielding, Smollet, and Goldsmith, are true Cremona fiddles.

The bass viol is but a heavy instrument, of no great variety or compass, and is not unlike many of our moral and sermon writers, a very few excepted.

Tillotson, South, Seed, and some few others, are really musical, and many are scarce even bass viols, but rather bagpipes. Drellingcourt, and some of his gloomy desponding cast, in my opinion, are passing bells. Some, indeed, of our modern publishers of sermons, have rather shewed themselves to be kits.

As to satyrists, they were formerly musical instruments, such as Horace, Juvenal, Swift, and some others; but our late ones rather resemble the marrow-bone and cleaver, or the filing of a saw. They are grating to the ear, but give no music.

The Lyric poets formerly were like an instrument quite unknown to us; but ours now-a-days are meer harps in the hands of old blind harpers. Witness our birth-day odes, our lyric odes in magazines, newspapers, &c.

I could mention many other kinds of writers who bear a resemblance to musical instruments; but these I shall leave to the imagination of my reader. Such as ballad writers, writers of last speeches, and many more. But it would be unpardonable in me not to make some mention of us essay-writers, in sheets and half-sheets. We whose thoughts the reader may know for a halfpenny, are like the Cymbal which the Savoyard carries about to entice children to his raree show.

The Freeman, perhaps, will not allow himself to be of our number, as his price is a penny, and will rather choose to be compared to the ivy leaf, which the fellow without legs, played upon riding on an ass; or else to a parcel of cats, caterwauling over St. Audoen's-arch.

W



No. 130. Tuesday, December 15.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

MART.

Amongst my correspondents, there are some good,
some but so so, but more bad.

AS my pen has been for some time past wholly employed for the use of my worthy fellow citizens, in the glorious defence of liberty, it has not been in my power to write upon other subjects, or even to look over the many letters which I have received from my correspondents until now. I have had as laborious a search as the curate and the barber had in Don Quixote's study, and have committed to the flames as many essays, letters, poems and epigrams, on the topic of the late election, as they did novels and romances. Some of the knight's books were saved on account of their intrinsic merit, but as the compositions of most of my correspondents could plead none, they were included in the act *de heretico comburendo*. Their zeal, indeed, seemed to have hurried many of them beyond their reason; and like undisciplined volunteers, they would encumber the more regular troops in an engagement, rather than serve the cause they fought for.

Perhaps some will be ill-natured enough to imagine that I have suppressed many good things which have been sent to me, through envy, lest they should eclipse my own writing; but this, I can affirm, is without foundation. I can assure the public, I never erred intentionally in this point; and that if I did err, it proceeded from want of taste and judgment alone.

A man who keeps an open table, as I do, meerly for the sake of hospitality, would be glad of any helps towards housekeeping from his friends, provided that what they sent him was fit to lay before his guests. But if their provisions are insipid, ill tasted, or unwholesome, I will rather set out my table with my own homely fare. It is true, very delicate people may be stall'd with a sameness of food, and cry out, that they are tired of living upon one dish, and that I do not give them the same variety as the *Public Register*; or, *Bog-house Journal* does, who generally continues to cook up four or five things fit only for Cloacina's altar. But I never desire to see fellows with such false appetites in my house; that man shall ever be welcome to me, who would rather feast upon one dish, really good in its kind, than piddle upon "five nothings upon five plates of Delft."

I have often traced in that foul journal, the stile and manner of several of these writers whose productions I rejected, even under the pompous titles they have taken to disguise them. It is easily known by its *poverty* and *pertness*, and, like bottled small-beer, by warmth will turn sour. It passes for Champaign with the party who support that paper, and perhaps, might have caused, in some measure, those *cholic pangs* which they have lately felt.

I should be sorry, however; that what I have said, should by any means prevent men of real genius from sending me, out of their abundance, such contributions as will save me from running out by living entirely on my own fund: "It will nought impoverish them, and make me rich indeed."

It would be unpardonable in me to withhold the following letter from my readers any longer: it has lain by me for some time.

‘ To **JEOPFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq;** at the Mercury in
‘ *Parliament street.*

‘ **SIR,**

‘ **I** T seems to be a reigning kind of madness at present amongst persons, whose characters are the most insignificant in life, to publish their Lives, Adventures, and Memoirs to the world. Every foolish fellow fondly imagines, that by this means, he obtains as high a rank in the opinion of others, as he does in his own; and that every transaction of his, when in print, is of weight with the public: nor indeed is this to be wondered at, since we find, that scarce any other species of writing seems to hit the taste of almost every reader. Look into any catalogue of books just published, and you see they chiefly consist of the Life of Miss Such-a one, written by herself, in a series of letters: the Adventures of a Valet, a Rake, or of Mr. Somebody, who, from his own confession, deserved the gallows. Some, it is true, who are ambitious of fame, have their gallant achievements transmitted to posterity by the ordinary, through the medium of the Newgate Magazine; but as all illiterate heroes, have not an opportunity to arrive at this honour, I would humbly propose a scheme to supply this defect, which I hope will meet with your approbation.

‘ I would have an additional salary to be given to every parish clerk in the kingdom, on condition that he should keep an exact registry of the lives, characters, and adventures of the several parishioners within his parish. That he should take particular notice of every action committed by each person in his district, from the squire of the parish, to the lowest peasant thereof. He should take the outlines of their lives, and furnish out materials for a more elaborate work, which would, properly speaking, fall to the lot of the curate, if he should chance to
‘ be

be the abler man of the two. This may very possibly be the case, as none but the poor natives of this island will accept of curacies. The parson, therefore, may either be the compiler, or corrector of the work.

In my opinion, many advantages will accrue to the public from this scheme. As first, many persons, who are to the full of as much consequence as they are who have appeared in print, and every whit as remarkable in their lives, actions, and conversations, will thus be enrolled in the annals of fame, and not be suffered to rot in oblivion for want of a skilful biographer. Now, in order to obviate any objections which may be offered, concerning the difficulty of this work, I shall propose a more easy method whereby it may be performed by a person of the most ordinary genius.

It is well known, that in every parish, the bulk of the people spend their time much in the same manner. One history might therefore serve for an hundred, only by inserting in the title page, *The Lives, Adventures Anecdotes, Memoirs, Surprizing Events, and true Narrative of SQUIRE EASY, Madam SCOLDWELL, TOBIAS PLOWSHARE, JOAN KEELER, &c. &c.* This might answer in the country, where the intellects of the whole Parish are pretty nearly on a level: the landlord gets drunk with wine, whilst his tenants fuddle themselves with viler liquor. In cities, the story of one tradesman almost answers for all. Vary but the names, like our modern novel writers, *Et de omnibus fabula narratur.* That they were born in such a parish, baptized, put to nurse, bred in such a school, put out apprentices, set up in business, frequented coffee-houses, beer-houses, or taverns, commenced critics at Crow-street or Smock-alley, supped at the King's-arms or the Phoenix, and went home drunk. After having performed this round of regularity, for some years, they went the way of all flesh.

Here,

‘ Here, then, is the life and most remarkable events
‘ of a thousand tradesmen epitomized.

‘ With respect to the great world, intriguing for
‘ favours at court, caballing for the good of their
‘ country, visits of ceremony, wasting their fortunes
‘ at a gaming table, racking their tenants, affairs of
‘ gallantry, jaunts to Bath or Tunbridge, scandal and
‘ detraction fill up the whole space of their duration.
‘ It requires no other skill in an historian, but to pre-
‘ fix their several titles to the performance, and one
‘ history will serve for all. There may be a few epi-
‘ sodes now and then introduced to make a variety ;
‘ such as, the secret amours of some lady of quality
‘ who is more infamous than the rest, who may, as
‘ Falstaff says, “ have more flesh, and consequently
“ more infirmities than other women.” I would also
‘ have some digressions, by way of initial chapters to
‘ each book ; no matter whether on divinity, or horse
‘ racing ; physick, or juggling ; law, or picking pock-
‘ ets. Moral reflections may be collected in abun-
‘ dance from Grandison and Clarissa, no matter whe-
‘ ther to the purpose or not ; I think, according to
‘ the present mode of writing, that is not material ;
‘ I am sure it is but little regarded in the works above-
‘ mentioned.

‘ But to return to my purpose : one wh——e may
‘ represent a whole drum, one sharper all ****’s cof-
‘ fee-house, and one blockhead the whole committee
‘ of the free press. A giddy, conceited, vain, impe-
‘ rious female, is an epitome of half her sex : and
‘ in a pert, ignorant coxcomb, you have the emblem
‘ of a pretty fellow.

‘ Thus, Mr. Wagstaffe, have I laid down a plan,
‘ which I hope you will improve upon in your use-
‘ ful speculations ; and by giving this letter a place in
‘ your Batchelor, you will highly oblige,

Sir, your very humble servant,

W

T. M. J.

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

THAT upstart fanatic, the factious MUNDUNGUS,
Who sprung in one night from the earth like a
fungus,

Retains an inherent and deep aversion
To birth and distinction, to title and station;
Then why should we wonder to hear him declare
So strong a distaste to the noble KILDARE! X.



No. 131. Saturday, December 19.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.
HOR.

Quits not his hold, 'till gorg'd with blood.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to get rid of the impertinence of a blockhead, whom a writer has once taken notice of. This I have ever experienced in the hirelings of the Freeman's Journal. These fellows know, that the only chance they have of being in the least regarded, is my taking notice of them. They see plainly, that the public are grown weary of their scurrility and nonsense, and they cannot but confess that I am the favourite author of the town. There are above twenty of my papers read for one of theirs, and for that reason they would willingly, like drowning men, lay hold on my skirts to hinder them from sinking. This I am the more convinced of, from a circumstance which has lately happened, that of their endeavouring to pick at me, for my papers on the late election.

After

After this affair was decided in favour of liberty, and the true interest of this city, behold up starts some enraged understrapper of the bank, and flew at me with all the malice of a cur, forsooth, for having spoken treason against the paper monarch of Castle-street. This I even condescended to answer more fully than it deserved. But that would not suffice; Mr. Civis attacks me a second time last Saturday, on the same subject, and spits out more venom than before. He accuses me of Billingsgate language, calls me Grub-street writer, and throws out many other such rhetorical flowers, which are the common cant of all scribblers. Dennis said the same of Swift, Pope, and many others. In this last elaborate production of his, which no doubt, he looks upon as a *coup de grace*, he has put together a confused heap of scandal, scurrility, ignorance, and nonsense. He does not offer any one thing that looks like an argument, except that in favour of the banks. He says, that without them, a few people of overgrown fortunes would monopolize trade; merchants, who are now content with 10 or 15 per cent. profit, would not then be content with 30 per cent. This I could, if I pleased, demonstrate to be a meer piece of sophistry, and shew that banks are so far from being of use in this respect, that they are on the contrary the ruin of the city of Dublin. But I do not choose to enlarge upon a subject which might give offence to many people. Swift has already done it in part, and much might be added to what he has said, in the present juncture of affairs.

This fellow at last owns, that Swift was against him, but he says he was a bad *financier*. I suspect that this Mr. Civis is the spawn of some French Frog-Eater, by the use of the word *financier*, for we do not find that term used by any English writer, but is always applied to the tax gatherer of the Grand Monarque's revenues. Were poor Swift now in being, and to hear this wooden-shoed peasant, call him a bad financier, or a bad any thing, how soon would he
make

make him fly for refuge under the counter of the bank?

This very Monsieur Civis, is pleased to set forth one of the most cursed falshoods that ever was imposed upon the public, and which I thought I had fully refuted before; to wit, that I had attacked the character of Mr. Latouche, and strove to render him and his family obnoxious in the eyes of his fellow citizens. This he sets forth in general terms, without pointing out any particular instance. This was just saying nothing, and only shews the wretch's spleen. I ever did, and ever shall be of opinion, that a banker is a most unfit person to represent the city of Dublin, and glad am I that so large a majority of my respectable fellow citizens were of the same opinion. Whoever reads the reasons printed at the bottom of the marquis's Poll for Thursday November the 20th, will be fully satisfied that I speak truth. Although mine is called in question, yet I have never meddled with his *pious* or *moral character*; nor did that ever give me any concern.

I am really sorry to be under the unavoidable necessity of mentioning, at this time, the name of a gentleman who has already suffered so much by his opposition to the Marquis, as it may now carry the appearance of an insult, and may seem to be a kind of *væ victis*. But I was obliged to do it in my own defence. Let him muzzle his barking curs, and the mastiff will be quiet. But if they are still let loose, there is no reason that the mastiff should be chained.

Were I a hireling writer, as Civis would represent me, I should have fallen down and worshipped the golden image, as he and his brethren of the Free Press, have done. He says I wrote in favour of Mr. Ribton. He mistakes that point, others did it during my late indisposition. As to Marius, let the booby look into the Universal History, and he will find all I said of him there collected from the best historians: There he will find him rather painted in
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more odious colours than I have represented him. Swift, also, in his *Dissentions of Athens and Rome* gives this Marius a very bad character. One would imagine he was a Badger, by his being so great an advocate for him.

But above all, I must beg pardon of my readers for having been obliged once more to detain them on a subject which I am certain they must be most heartily tired of. If the grand committee of the Free Press can possibly procure any champion of theirs who has either common sense, or the least tincture of learning, to enter the lists with me, on any topics which may be either entertaining or useful to the public, "accurst be him, Earl Percy, said, by whom it is denied." But on the hackneyed subject of banks, bankers, and elections, I must beg to be excused, as it would compel me to speak *truths*, which would be neither *for their peace or comfort*. It is my purpose to do good if I can, and not to hurt any man, either in his bread or character. My whole design in writing, is for the benefit of mankind: but if fools will kick against the pricks, they shall feel the utmost resentment from my pen. T



No. 132. *Tuesday, December 22.*

— *Ridiculum acri*

Fortius & Melius magnas plerumque secat res. HOR.

For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.

I Own I was not a little surprised at the receipt of the following letter, which was left for me at Hoey's yesterday.

T.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the MERCURY
in Parliament-street.

SIR,

YOU will, no doubt, wonder at this trouble from a person who wrote to you some time since. You must know then, this comes to you from your old correspondent, who wrote the famous poem of the pudding, and many other damned good pieces in the Freeman's Journal. The reason of my so long silence was this: From the time that you killed our renowned committee, Drab, Lank and Cant, our press was broke by your Batchelor, and the new committee was not able to maintain a writer; so that I was set adrift, and was starving without employment in my garret, until about a month before the late election, when I not only got a good sum for my pen, but also for my vote; for you must know I am a free citizen, Mr. Wagstaffe, and a friend to trade. Oh, it was a glorious thing for me that the Marquis was invited, or I might by this time have rotted in a jail, or been starved to death in my garret. Egad, sir, I was well paid for abusing the Marquis, and puffing up the banker. My directions were to throw all the dirt I possibly could at the house of Leinster, to represent the Marquis as an ignorant school boy, and to abuse the corporations who invited him, as if they were a parcel of shoe boys. As for you, I had particular orders to silence you, if possible. I was bid not to baulk any lies or scandal whatever, for the good of the cause. I was to persuade the public, that you were not to be minded, as you were a Papist, a Jacobite, and a Jesuit in disguise. I was to make people believe, that you aimed at nothing less than to ruin the kingdom, by speaking treason against the bank in Castle-street. All this I might do with the greatest safety, as I always disguised myself under the feigned names of Free Citizen, a Weaver, An Impartial Elector, and soforth. The

prin-

‘ printers and publishers of our paper, also, can sling
‘ what dirt or scurrility they please at the Duke, or
‘ at any great personage, since their names are not
‘ inserted in their paper ; whereas, Hoey is muzzled,
‘ and we take the advantage of that.

‘ Now, as I have declared to you nothing but the
‘ honest truth, I hope you will forgive me, when I
‘ assure you, Mr. Wagstaffe, I must have either
‘ written, or perished with hunger. And since I
‘ have gone so far, I will honestly own to you that I
‘ am the author of the two long letters in the Free-
‘ man, signed, Civis, which have appeared since the
‘ election. You will, perhaps, wonder at the reasons
‘ for writing them now, as the affair is all over.
‘ Our scheme was this : we wanted not only to tra-
‘ duce the Duke, the Marquis, and their whole par-
‘ ty, as a set of rabble, but likewise to provoke you, to
‘ say something against Mr. Latouch’s credit or cha-
‘ racter, which we might take hold of in law. Surely
‘ no body can imagine that I believed all I said in favour
‘ of banks to be true. Every man must know, I could
‘ never be in earnest when I said, that Swift was a
‘ friend to bankers, since in his present state of Ire-
‘ land, he wished them all hanged.

‘ We had another reason too, which was to pre-
‘ judice all the trading people against your paper, and
‘ thereby to knock up the Mercury. Egad all we
‘ have for it, to hinder our journal from sinking en-
‘ tirely, is to persuade the merchants and traders that
‘ you are their enemy, and that you would ruin the
‘ trade of our city. We are very sensible that you
‘ are the favourite writer of the town, I have con-
‘ fessed it in my letters. Yet have I scolded and
‘ abused the town, as a set of stupid blockheads, as
‘ fellows who have not common sense, since they can
‘ be pleased with your speculations.

‘ We have also traduced your character in the
‘ finest stroke of irony that ever was penned, by gad,
‘ in the note to my last letter. We call you that
‘ delicate, chaste, and impartial writer, of pious and
‘ moral

‘ moral character : for since we cannot convince the town that you are a bad writer, we will, that you are a wicked, profligate man.

‘ Now, dear sir, consider our case is desperate, as the election is now over, we poor writers for the Bog-house Journal, must starve if we are cashiered, and all the chance we have of being employed, is the attacking your paper. If you do not think us worth your while, and will not answer us, our paper will not be read, and we may go beg.

‘ Do then, dear Mr. Wagstaffe, (if you have any compassion for us poor wretches) keep up a paper war, or we shall be ruined. The least notice taken by such a writer as you, will give the public a high opinion of us. Besides, I assure you, I am well paid for every attack I make upon you. I know you to be a gentleman, who write merely for your amusement, though I call you a hireling scribler ; and I am sure it would give you pleasure, that we poor creatures should get bread by your means.

‘ As to the Latin, and the quotations about Marius, I got them from an old school-master in town, as I told you formerly I know no more of Latin than your horse. I know not whether they were right or wrong, but they served to cut a figure, and to make the committee think me a learned man. As to the French, you may easily guess where I got that, and I assure you I know so much of it of late, as to know the English of *L'Argent*. I once more request you will answer my last letter, and you will for ever most highly oblige, Sir,

‘ Your most obedient and devoted servant,

W

‘ CHURCHMAN BAYES.’



No. 133. Saturday, December 26.

— *Non hæc solemnia nobis,
Has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram,
Vana superstitio veterumve ignara Deorum
Imposuit : — — —*

VIRG.

— These solemn rites,
This feast accustom'd, and this altar rais'd,
No superstition, no ungrounded fear,
Nor ignorance of antient powers divine,
On us impos'd : — — —

THAT inimitable master of irony, the great Swift, in his treatise called, Arguments against abolishing Christianity, has laid down such full and sufficient reasons, and has set forth in so clear a light, the inconveniences of abolishing what little portion of nominal religion we have amongst us, that I think no reasonable man should desire it. He has even removed that grand objection made to it, by those fine gentlemen who call themselves Free Thinkers, to wit, the loss of one day in seven to the community by the observation of the sabbath. But this he shews to be a meer cavil. He cannot, indeed, deny, but that it might have been so formerly, but in this very enlightened and refined age of free-thinking, the case is quite otherwise.

Sunday is now not the least hinderance to either business or pleasure. "What," says he, "if men of pleasure are forced one day in the week to game at home, instead of the coffee-house, can there be a more convenient season for taking physic? Are fewer cl—ps got upon Sundays than other days? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and lawyers to prepare their
"briefs?"

"briefs?" He then proceeds in his usual spirit of wit and humour, to demonstrate that Christianity (as it is at present professed amongst us) is neither a curb to the worldling in his most unlawful pursuits, nor lays the least restraint on the vicious appetites of men of pleasure, but is rather of use to them; as it furnishes the former with hypocrisy, and the latter with oaths and abundance of wit, which otherwise they would be deficient in.

I could wish most heartily, that Swift, when his hand was in, had undertaken the cause of CHRISTMAS, which has not only Deistical, but even Christian enemies.

It is alledged, that this festival causes much idleness, loss of time, riot and extravagance, amongst people in the middle and lower stations of life. That the industrious tradesman is kept idle by it in the city, and that all kind of country business is stopt. But that in Scotland, Turkey, Holland, and the Cape of Good Hope, where Christmas is not regarded, the people are growing rich by industry at this time, whilst we are beggaring ourselves by keeping holidays.

To which I answer, that all this is a mere cavil, for that even in times of professed Paganism, and many hundred years before Christianity, people were kept idle in this season of the year. The Greeks had their feasts called *Peloria*, and the Romans their *Saturnalia* in the month of December.

During those feasts, the slaves were free; the masters attended upon their servants, and all distinction of rank and quality, was entirely laid aside; inso-much, that it looked like a prototype of that grand freedom, which mankind were afterwards to enjoy by the coming of the Messiah. That condescension and humility of the great towards the small, seemed to be an emblem of that great pattern of humility who was afterward to set all distinction aside, except that of good and bad.

Should any man now-a-days attempt to enjoin that kind of humility which was practised by the Heathens

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in their Saturnalia, during this our Christmas; how would such a proposal be relished by people of fashion? Would they not instantly cry out priestcraft? Could the authority, or even the example of the great Author of our religion, enforce such a precept? No! the ancient Heathens had some show of religion, and preserved an appearance of decency, which our modern ones do not. Amongst us, pride, ignorance, immorality, and a contempt of all things sacred, supply the place of it.

My friend Colonel Barnacle, who has a vast veneration for old customs, tells me, that he believes we shall all turn Pagans, "for," says he, "Christmas is now scarce minded: plumb porridge is quite disused, and I fear that mince pies will soon follow it. I fear, Mr. Wagstaffe, that at length it will be thought ridiculous to have a plumb-pudding on a Christmas day. Ah, my friend, we have nothing now but French kickshaws, instead of our good old Christmas cheer. Come down with me to Barnacle hall, and there we will enjoy this season as we ought. I always have my tenants turn about to dine with me during the twelve days; the cold chine and goose pye are never off the hall table. In short, my house is open to every body at this season."

For my part, I can see no great harm in keeping up some little festivity at this dead time of the year. The days are at the shortest, the weather generally bad; so that no great work could be done by the husbandman at this season; and this is as good a time as any for the tradesman to have some little respite from labour. Were it not that I should be thought old fashioned, I would say we should commemorate this glorious season as the birth-day of our salvation, in which the great Redeemer of mankind condescended to become man for us, and to take our nature and our sins upon him. The only son of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being; had not wherein to lay his head, but was laid, (O shame to all human pride) in the manger of a stable

So

So that whilst any shadow of Christianity remains amongst us, we should rejoice at this happy time; and laying aside all strife, envy and malice, every man should bear good will and friendship to his neighbours, and with them celebrate this happy season, in which peace, and eternal felicity, were conferred on mankind.

J

No. 134. Saturday, January, 2, 1768.

——— *Bene est: nihil amplius oro,*
 MAIA tate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
 HOR.

MY very ingenious kinsman, the celebrated Isaac Bickerstaff, has, in his eleventh lucubration, given a very exact genealogy of all our family, in a letter from the herald's office, signed, D. DISTAFF. He has there very judiciously set forth, all the collateral branches, and also has deduced our whole race, *ab origine*. In speaking of the Wagstaffs, he says, "they are a merry, thoughtless sort of people, who have always been opinionated of their own wit; they have turned themselves mostly to poetry. This is the most numerous branch of the family, and the poorest." With great deference to my good cousin, I can see no reason why he should object poverty to us more than to other Staffs, unless it be for our great love of poetry. A maiden Aunt of mine, Mrs. Grizzel Wagstaffe, cut him out in her will, on account of the above passage.

I have no resentment to his memory, as I am no poet, and have a good estate. Although I cannot rival him in merit, or fame, yet it is some consolation to me that I outdo him in property. My sister Letty used often to say, that it was great assurance

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in him, who wrote his lucubrations in his Sheerlane garret, to talk so disrespectfully of our branch, which, as she phrases it, "was the best feather in his wing." He has omitted, I know not for what reason, the *Flag-Staffs*, who have obtained such glory in the British navy. Nor has he made the least mention of the *Staffs* who built that part of Dublin, called, *Crooked-Staff*; but that, I suppose was owing to his ignorance of this, our metropolis.

Tho' family pride is by no means my foible, yet every man who is descended from reputable ancestors, should use all honest endeavours to vindicate their memories from obloquy and detraction. It is true, I am not a Milesian, but this I am pretty certain of, that my ancestor must undoubtedly have been in the Ark with Noah, and I believe that the oldest family in Europe cannot say more: if they can, I give up the cause, and acknowledge myself an upstart.

I know some of my enemies will be ready enough to say, that I am but a fellow of yesterday, and that I rather bring disgrace than honour to the *Staffs*: yet I can assure them, that I beg leave to differ from them. These my speculations, tho' not in any degree equal to the lucubrations of my renowned kinsman, are nevertheless entertaining to many readers. How far they may be useful, I cannot say. Thus much I will venture to say without vanity, that I do not see any thing in this way offered to the public, which I like so well. Let others judge for themselves; perhaps I am partial. I may be thought like the generality of shop-keepers, who, each of them tells his customers, that he will use them better than any man in Dublin: this they often do, without any the least intention of performing their promise. But I assure my customers, that is my readers, that I mean to please them, and to give them the best goods I have. I have layed in a large assortment of the best, and newest fashions, for the year 1768, and if any other dealer in my wares can

furnish them with better, I am determined to retire from business. My sole intention in writing, is to maintain the cause of truth and virtue; I do not want to make a *fortune* by my friends, the public; for, as Horace says in my motto,

I have enough in my possessing.
'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing,
O HERMES! than abstract from strife,
To have and hold it for my life.

From what I have said above, I may, perhaps, be accused of egotism and vanity. The former is an error which we old men are apt to fall into, and the latter is a fault which all sorts of writers are subject to. Methinks I hear the reader say, that the accusation of Isaac Bickerstaff, against the Wagstaffs, is just; for this same Jeoffry, is an opinionated old fellow.

Whilst I was ruminating on these matters, I was interrupted by the receipt of the following billet.

'To the BATCHELOR.

' Dear. WAG.

' I Have not observed, that in any of your papers
' you have given a receipt to cure a scolding wife.
' It is a sign you never had experience of one. I
' am married to a damned termagant, and should be
' glad you would give your thoughts on that subject.
' Dear Wag, yours,

' ROBIN CRABTREE.'

I must beg to be excused from giving Mr. Crabtree any advice in a matter of this nature, lest I should incur the displeasure of half the married ladies in town. But I should imagine, that amongst the large collections of oak saplins in Crampton-court, or Hell, he might find a cure for his complaint. I would recommend it to him to use this medicine sparingly at first; if that has not the desired

fired effect, let him double the dose; and if the distemper still rages, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be used.

W

No. 135. *Tuesday, January 5.*

Quod isti fortunatum putant.

Uxoram nunquam habui:—

TER.

What many hold to be most fortunate,
I never with a wife was troubl'd yet.

I Have been often plagued by many of my acquaintance, to know the reason why I never married. My constant reply, is, that I always found the ladies cruel. "Ay, but," says some of the females, "perhaps you have never tried, and that you accuse our sex without reason; or you may have been crost in love in your youth." I assure them in general, the fault has not been mine, but that it was not my happiness to please those who were agreeable to me. In order, therefore, to satisfy all the male and female querists of my acquaintance, in this matter, and to acquit myself to the public for having lived to be that odious creature, an OLD BATCHELOR; I shall in this paper lay open all my courtships, to the candid reader, from my boyish days.

About fifty years ago, I was of a very amorous disposition, and was very near being taken in by a milliner's apprentice in London, who used to fringe cravats for me, which were then worn by boys as well as men. Very luckily for me, my father had knowledge of it, and took me down to the country for a few months. When I returned to town, I enquired for my Dulcinea, who had vowed eternal constancy to me, and found she had gone off with a mercer's apprentice, who lived in the same street.

The next I paid my addressee to was a young lady at Oxford. Her mother, who was the widow of an officer, and had very little to depend on besides a pension, had brought her daughter thither, in order to pick up some young student for her at the university. Miss Kitty Spontoon, for that was my enamorata's name, was, in my eyes, more beautiful than the poets describe Venus to be, in short, as Hudibras says to the widow,

————— To bid me not to love
Was to forbid my pulse to move.

I fighed for her, danced and sung for her, and would have sacrificed myself for her. Cupid also inspired me with poetry, for I wrote verses in her praise, which she seemed highly pleased with: for women always love flattery, especially in the poetical strain, let it be ever so gross.

The sun and moon by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies.

It vexes me even at this day to tell the remainder of this story; for after the wedding day was fixed, and that I had made her some presents for the occasion, such as a watch, a diamond ring of some value, and other trinkets, miss and her mamma disappeared the morning of our intended nuptials. I need not inform my reader, of my situation on being informed that my intended bride had eloped with a young baronet, who was a student in the same college with me. I ranted like Bajazet in chains, and would have pursued them if I could have learned which way they went; but luckily I could get no intelligence of their route. Upon a little reflection, my love was soon converted into contempt, and I hated her, and the whole sex on her account, for some time. I was determined never to marry, as she had given me a distaste to all women; but I did not long hold to my resolution.

When

When I was at the Temple, I was enamoured of a merchant's daughter in the city, who had love and money too. She was handsome, but was a great prude. I was captivated with the modesty of her air, and thought I was pretty secure in her, that she would play me no tricks. But alas! how was I mistaken. After having obtained her father's consent, and all preliminaries settled on both sides, poor Miss proved to have been three months gone with child, by her father's clerk.

After all these several disappointments, I put all thoughts of marriage out of my head, 'till I went to Paris. I there fell desperately in love with a lady whom I saw at the opera. I thought her the most lovely creature I ever beheld. Her complexion was beyond any thing I had seen in my own country. I entered into conversation with her, and found her perfectly agreeable, witty, and mistress of that charming vivacity which is peculiar to the French ladies. I begged permission to wait on her next morning. I went accordingly very early, with impatience, to visit my angel; but how was I surprized to find that my charmer owed all her youth and beauty to paint, and that she was old enough to be my mother. I then thought all the sex were cheats, and that she was an emblem of them all.

I grew indifferent about matrimony 'till I went to Constantinople, where I was deeply smitten by a Turkish lady of some repute, whom I would have married if she would have turned Christian, but she wanted me to be circumcised; so the match broke off. Were I as long winded as Richardson, I could make out as long and tedious a story of our loves and distresses, on account of religion, as he does of Grandison and lady Clementina.

When I returned from my travels, I was resolved to try widows, and courted three of them successively, but was jilted by them all. I next laid close siege to the novel lady, but as I have given account of her, and of the breaking off of that

match, in one of my first speculations, I shall not here repeat it.

After all these fruitless attempts to enter into this happy state, I have long since made my mind easy about it. I look upon marriage to be either the happiest, or the wretchedest state imaginable. It is like the constitution of Great Britain, the best in the world, if the proper balance is kept up. Where the subjects encroach too far upon the prerogatives of the crown, or the liberties of the people are invaded, there civil wars and miseries ensue. In like manner, if the husband and wife do not support the relative duties of love and protection on the one part; and love, gratitude, and obedience on the other; the last state of that man is worse than the first. Where the husband is a tyrant, or the wife a termagant; where he will exert his power beyond reason, or she will claim authority which does not belong to her; there marriage is a curse. It is as Hudibras says, only

“ A beast that carries double in foul way.”

But when manly sense and fortitude, are tempered by female modesty and sweetness, then the case is otherwise; the man like the sun shines in his proper sphere; and the wife and children, like the moon and planets, shine with their borrowed lustre from him. If, therefore, people in the married state would be happy, let them follow the advice of the poet,

“ Let husbands govern, gentle wives obey.”

W

No. 136. *Saturday, January 9.**Sic collige mecum.*

HOR.

HOEY, the other day, brought me a large packet of letters, which were left for me at his shop. I was under the disagreeable necessity of committing to the flames many elaborate productions, which, no doubt, must have cost the writers some pains. Some of my correspondents may feel concern on the destruction of these bantlings of their brains, as parents must have done in those Grecian states where monsters were stifled at their birth. Such of their letters, however, as were worth collecting, I have preserved for the entertainment of my readers, and I here present them as they are, without any sort of alteration. The reader will perceive, from the circumstances, that they have all been wrote some time.

' To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq; at the Mercury*
' in Parliament-street.

' S I R,

' THIS comes to you from one of the most unhappy girls upon earth. You must know, *'* sir, I am the daughter of a man in trade in this town, who is reckoned rich. I was courted by a young lad in business, and who lives within a street of us. Oh! Mr. Wagstaffe, he is one of the sweetest young fellows you ever saw. He has fine black hair, good teeth, is well made, and the merriest creature in the world. The match was made up, and all, every thing settled for our marriage, when all of a sudden, it was broke off by these cursed party affairs: for you must know

N 4

' my

‘ my papa was a violent Baboon, and Mr. Freeman, my lover, was a Badger, as they call them. My papa is so angry with him for voting against the good of his country, as he says, that he swears Mr. Freeman shall never have a child of his, and has forbid him his house. But we write to one another constantly, and I am sure he loves me as well as he does his life. My mamma does all she can for me, but my papa is obstinate. Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, as he constantly reads your speculations, perhaps if you would write something in my favour, my papa might be softened, and you will greatly oblige, dear Mr. Wagstaffe,

‘ Your humble servant to command,

‘ PATIENCE BABOON.’

‘ To the BATCHELOR, in Parliament-street.

‘ Mr. Wagstaffe,

Christmas-day.

‘ **I**F the greatest encouragement given to strangers be praise-worthy, I believe Ireland may claim the prize from every other nation upon earth. Men of merit who come hither for places and employments, are very highly caressed amongst us, and with great justice. We think we can never pay them compliment enough. This is so certain a maxim, that many Irish men have been obliged to change their names, and deny the place of their nativity, in order to meet with any encouragement, or even common civility, in their native country.

‘ Now, sir, what shall we say to the number of vagabond Jews, who have the impudence to impose on the public by their juggling tricks? Fellows who, if they had the power of doing it, would just serve us, as their ancestors did the great author of our religion. One of them says he will return after Christmas. I make no doubt but he will, and bring his whole tribe with him, since this seems to be the Land of Promise to our dear brethren of the Circumcision.

‘ Were

‘ Were it not that Christianity is almost entirely
 ‘ out of fashion amongst polite people, I could assure
 ‘ them, that a trifle at this good season, bestowed
 ‘ upon our poor, miserable, helpless fellow Chris-
 ‘ tians, would be more acceptable in the eyes of
 ‘ him whom the Jews crucified, than the vast sums
 ‘ they have most profusely, and not to say infamously,
 ‘ thrown away on the tribe of Gad.

‘ I am, sir, your most humble servant,
 ‘ TIMOTHY TELLTRUTH.’

‘ *A Monsieur* WAGSTAFFE.

‘ **B**EGAR, Monsieur Wagstaffe, you mak a de
 ‘ very mal reflection upon my contry. Parblieu
 ‘ we have you in France, we put you into de Bastile.
 ‘ Fat a diable you say in your Bagatelle,
 ‘ your speculation, dat we Frenchmen be not so
 ‘ good as your Irishmen, but begar you be mouch
 ‘ mistaken. We come here for de sake of our religion,
 ‘ and we get de L’argent into de bargain, and
 ‘ we care not vat you or any body can say. We
 ‘ teach you de jonteel air, de dance, de frisse your
 ‘ hair, and de cook your meat. You be de vary savage
 ‘ vidout us. Derefore no more reflection on my
 ‘ contry, or begar me vill play de diable vid you in
 ‘ de Bog-house Jounal. Monsieur Wagstaffe,

‘ Votre tres humble serviteur,
 ‘ JACQUES GRENOUILLE.’

‘ *To* JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

‘ Honest Jeff.

‘ **I** Should be glad to know whether you set up for
 ‘ an astrologer and conjurer, as your cousin Isaac
 ‘ Bckerstaff pretended to be. At any rate, we all
 ‘ know that he finished poor Patridge the Almanack-maker
 ‘ by his predictions.

‘ Now, my business is this: I am a great adventurer
 ‘ in the several lotteries, and if you have got

‘ your kinsman’s art, should be glad to know what
 ‘ success I am likely to have. I am very supersti-
 ‘ tious in this way, and would give any thing for a
 ‘ lucky number. I could not sleep well until the
 ‘ 20,000l. prize was drawn, but now I am pretty
 ‘ easy. If you give me any sort of specimen of
 ‘ your skill, I will wait on you, and tell you the
 ‘ numbers of my tickets. I will, if I can, against
 ‘ the next drawing, try to get No 1707 * or No.
 ‘ 137, as they are lucky numbers; but No. 1570
 ‘ has certainly come up a blank in the Exchange
 ‘ Scheme I will keep whatever you tell me a pro-
 ‘ found secret, and am your well-wisher,

‘ SOLOMON CHANCE ’

‘ To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the Mercury in
 ‘ Parliament-street.’

‘ S I R,

‘ I AM, wishing you a merry Christmas, &c.
 ‘ your most obedient, and most obsequious hum-
 ‘ ble servant, to command,

‘ BOB LACONIC.’

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

S I R,

I Am a member of the church by law established,
 I have the highest deference for the sacred order
 and a particular respect for my parish minister;
 whom I have always considered as a worthy man,
 and a useful preacher. Instead of that barren and
 dry morality, which we hear so frequently retailed
 from

* No. 1707, the number polled by the marquis of Kildare
 on the late election: his majority over Mr. Lotouche, 137,
 whose whole number was 1570.

from our pulpits, this gentleman preaches evangelical righteousness; opens and explains the original scriptures, and seems to be learned in the sacred language. Last Christmas's day he gave us a sermon, which I thought both edifying and entertaining. The text indeed was somewhat singular, being a very obscure and difficult passage in the book of Exodus; but his explication of it was new and ingenious; and the important doctrine, which he deduced from it, strictly suited to the solemn season.

After what I have said of this discourse, you will naturally suppose I was much surprized to find it condemned in the Freeman's Journal of the 29th ult *

as

* To the COMMITTEE for conducting the
FREE-PRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am a Country Gentleman, lately come to this Town, to take my Passage on board the first Ship for England. Being delayed by contrary Winds, until this holy Season came on, I thought it my Duty, as it has always been my Custom, to celebrate the Nativity of our Saviour, and therefore begged of my Landlord to conduct me to his Parish Church, on that great Festival

The good Man, having the like Disposition, readily agreed. We went together, and he greatly raised my Expectations by telling me I should hear a very famous Preacher. "Our Clergyman," added he, "is not like one of your Country Curates, who gives you a dull Collection of old musty Sermons in Rotation; nor is he like the honest Fellow, celebrated in the Spectator, Sir Roger—what d'y'e-callum's Chaplain, who told his Audience, candidly, that he was to preach out of *Taylor*, *Tillotson*, or some other eminent Divine's Works. No, Sir, our Doctor has a sufficient Fund of his own. He is a very learned Divine; and not less famous as a Lawyer, Statesman, Poet and political Writer. But, I will not further anticipate. You shall judge for yourself."

After this you may imagine, I expected to hear a Sermon well penned and better delivered, upon the glorious Occasion of the solemn Anniversary, upon some of the many Texts to be found among the Prophets or the Evangelists, particularly

as a low performance, and the preacher himself traduced and villified in the most opprobrious and virulent terms. Upon reading this libel, I called on my pastor, and frankly asked him, whether he had seen it? He told me, he had, but thought it too mean to deserve his notice; and that as several respectable and eminent personages had been grossly abused, ridiculed

in those Portions of Scripture appointed for the Service of the Day, foretelling or confirming that great and most interesting Truth, the Coming of the MESSIAH.

But alas! this made no part of the edifying Discourse, as you may easily judge from the Text. Our learned Divine most certainly had forgot himself; for he gave us a Discourse upon a Text so remote from the Subject, that it was not possible, without main Force, to usher in any Thing properly occasional. The Words, he chose for his Text, were taken from the Book of Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 23. "And I will take away mine Hand, and thou shalt see my Back-parts, but my Face shall not be seen."

It is unnecessary to point out any forced Comments upon this inapplicable portion of Scripture. It is easy to see the utmost it can in Reason admit of. My Lord, as well as I, was disappointed. As we came out of Church, I asked the famous Clergyman's Name. He told me it was ———; but that he was better known by the Name of *Wagstaffe*. That he was so subtle a Writer of Politics, that his Writings past for the Productions of a Jesuit. That he was engaged, not only to write against Presbytery, but to abuse and villify the Presbyterians, in which he spared not any Class of Protestants, but lashed at the very Cause of Protestantism, and that, in a periodical Paper, published by a Papist. Notwithstanding which, it was some Time ago expected, he would shortly be promoted by the Interest of certain Rulers in the City or the State, for the grossest but most groundless Abuse of a certain favourite Tribune of the People, whose Character, long since, has stood the Test of Time and Temptation. He added, that since this Reverend Divine had been so deeply engaged in that Paper, his Reputation as a Clergyman and a Preacher, had suffered not a little in the public Estimation.

Who does not lament the Fall of this learned Divine! What a Fall was there! — From setting forth the Truth of God's Word, to the Illustration and Confirmation of our holy Religion, and the Salvation of Souls, to the paying court to the *Mammon of Unrighteousness*, at the Expence of Truth, Morals and Religion! — Oh! Shame! Shame! Shame! Should not these careless Parsons, let me not call them Libertines, be kept

ridiculed and slandered by the *gentlemen conductors of the Free Press*, he was utterly unconcerned at any scurrilities uttered by that clan of paltry scriblers whom he had always held in the utmost contempt. He said, however, there was one particular, wherein he wished to undeceive the public; assuring me with solemn asseverations, that, altho' the Free-man had been pleased to give him the title of WAGSTAFFE, he never was the author of a single paper under that character, nor had he any knowledge of the person, who assumed it.

In regard to a gentleman, whom I highly esteem, I therefore was induced to write this narrative, and Mr. Hoey, by giving it a place in his paper, will highly oblige his

Most humble and obedient servant,
Sackville-street, 11th of Jan. A CHURCH-MAN.



No. 137. Saturday, January 16.

*Virtù, of late, to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.* ANON.

' To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

' Mr. BATCHELOR,

' I A M an old one like yourself, have all my senses perfect, and enjoy a large share of health; for which

kept closer to the Duties of their Sphere, by the Ordinary? Should they not be kept to the *Homilies*, or of some good Pieces of well-known practical Divinity, until their Bishops read and approve their Sermons? And should not the Superiors make their inferior Clergy live strictly within the Rules of their Vocations?

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.

25th Dec. 1767.

A LAYMAN.

‘ which substantial and inestimable blessings, I pour
 ‘ out my sincerest thanks to the all-good bestower
 ‘ of them, every night when I repose upon my pil-
 ‘ low, and every morning as soon as my eye-lids are
 ‘ unclosed: I was always of an inquisitive, com-
 ‘ municative disposition, and have been so long cele-
 ‘ brated at the Globe for a facetious and entertain-
 ‘ ing companion, that I begin to think myself tho-
 ‘ roughly qualified to become a correspondent of
 ‘ yours; my friends have told me as much; and
 ‘ where is the man, young or old, who can lay his
 ‘ hand upon his heart, and say, “I am proof against
 ‘ flattery.”

‘ If you will accept of my correspondence, I will
 ‘ take particular notice of every little interesting
 ‘ anecdote and adventure I happen to meet with, in
 ‘ my walks thro’ this metropolis, or in my rides of a
 ‘ Sunday; so, I hope you, and your readers, will
 ‘ think me a mighty agreeable sort of a man, and
 ‘ prodigiously entertaining.

‘ Writers of all capacities, whether verse-men or
 ‘ prose-men, are, in my humble opinion, a public-
 ‘ spirited set of people, and ought not to be irreve-
 ‘ rently treated. Nay, I think the government
 ‘ should distinguish them in an uncommon manner;
 ‘ for whether they commit harmonious numbers, or
 ‘ wretched rhyme; tuneful periods, or heavy para-
 ‘ graphs; sense, or nonsense, to the press, they
 ‘ contribute to the consumption of that valuable
 ‘ commodity, paper, and are, therefore, the lauda-
 ‘ ble encouragers of the chief auxiliary manufac-
 ‘ ture of our staple one, I mean the linen; a manu-
 ‘ facture, which, for its extensive utility, cannot be
 ‘ too highly commended, too vigorously supported,
 ‘ nor too powerfully patronized.

‘ I have myself a great deal of this public-spirit-
 ‘ edness in me, and shall therefore scribble away
 ‘ *totis viribus*, with all my might, for the service of
 ‘ MERCURY, who *makes* and *circulates* more paper,
 ‘ every Tuesday and Saturday, through this city and
 ‘ kingdom, than all our bankers together, of whose
 ‘ merit

‘ merit on this very score, so much has been lately
‘ advanced by the friends of trade.

‘ Thus far by way of introduction to your acquaintance, I thought necessary from a new correspondent : but to some business before we part for the present.

‘ As I am an Irish old Batchelor, and a true lover of my native land, I cannot see the performances of foreign artists preferred to the labours of my own countrymen, without indignation : nor can I help thinking people of distinction, and those who are fond of aping them, censurable for giving encouragement to the former, and treating the latter with indifference and neglect.

‘ Curiosity induced me a few days ago, to accept of an invitation from a gentleman in this town, to see his collection of paintings, in which I had heard, there was a great many capital pieces. I am a great admirer of the pictorial art, and will venture to say I am a little of a connoisseur. I will confess honestly, sir, that I beheld the genuine performances of several eminent foreign masters, now no more, with delight ; but I must also tell you freely, that there are several rising geniusses in this kingdom, who, if properly patronized, would produce pieces not inferior to the most celebrated antiques ; many of which I will not scruple to affirm, are elaborate copies, and palmed upon people of fortune, by those pretenders to taste, those sworn foes to our own painters, the dealers, for originals. We had a M’Ardel, a Spooner, and a Barret ; our neglect of their great merit, banished them to England. Shee breathed amongst us, and lately died in distress. Carver we yet have, but he is preparing to leave us : for shame, gentlemen, Irishmen, preserve one genius to yourselves of all your stock.

‘ Upon my return from viewing the collection of paintings above mentioned, I met Mr. Carver in the street. After an interchange of compliments, and learning where I had been, he asked me how I
‘ liked

‘ liked the collection. “ There are several finished
 “ pieces,” said I, “ but I want to see some paint-
 “ ings by Irish hands, and particularly by your own,
 “ in other places beside the exhibition room.”
 “ Why,” replied he, “ I have some pieces at home
 “ which would be no disgrace to a gentleman’s dining-
 “ room, but then they would be known to be mine,
 “ and nobody would vouchsafe to look on the paul-
 “ try daubings. Indeed if I had recourse to the
 “ dealers arts, made use of the Spaltham pot, and
 “ gave it out that they were executed by signor
 “ Somebodyini, all the connoisseurs in town would
 “ flock about them, examine them attentively with
 “ their glassess, and cry out with rapture—*What*
 “ *striking attitudes!—what warm colouring!—what*
 “ *masses of light and shade!—what a rich fore*
 “ *ground!—Did you ever see any thing more riant!—*
 “ If you have leisure,” continued he, “ to go with
 “ me to my house, I will shew you a piece I have
 “ lately finished, that, perhaps, you may think has
 “ some merit.” I readily accepted of his invitation,
 ‘ and found he had not uttered a vain boast; for indeed
 ‘ he shewed me a piece executed in so masterly a
 ‘ manner, that I could have gazed on it for hours
 ‘ with the highest satisfaction, but that I was pained,
 ‘ to see so much merit unadmired, and unrewarded.

‘ If you, brother Batchelor, are desirous of being
 ‘ thought an encourager of genius, you will warmly
 ‘ recommend this man, and endeavour to convince
 ‘ men of fortune and fashion, that Ireland produces
 ‘ excellent painters, as well as France, Italy, Flan-
 ‘ ders, or England. By complying with this re-
 ‘ quest, you will be admired and esteemed by a
 ‘ great many deserving young fellows, and particu-
 ‘ larly oblige,

‘ Your constant reader and friend,

‘ HUMPHREY HEARTLY.’



No. 138. Saturday, January 23.

—————Minuti

*Semper & infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas,
Utio.*—————

JUVENAL.

I Have ever held in the highest admiration that noble sentiment in my motto, which, in my opinion, is one of the finest that ever flowed from an uninspired pen; *That revenge is the delight of a narrow, and always of a weak and little mind.* Perhaps it may favour a little too much of the old Batchelor, if I mention, that the same poet says in another place, that *none delights in revenge more than a woman*; but it must be considered, that Juvenal was as impolite to the ladies as Swift, and therefore they regard but little what either of them can say.

The desire of revenge, is certainly one of the most hellish fiends that can possibly torment the human breast: for it not only renders the unhappy person possessed of it miserable, but also every one around him. Revenge is the offspring of pride, engendered by anger: it prompts men to retaliate injuries whether real or imaginary. Where this cursed poison once gets admission into the mind, how effectually does it corrode the whole intellectual mass? It rankles and festers there, until it have wrought dreadful operations on the wretched patient. Others may possibly suffer by it, but in the end the revengeful man is a certain victim to his own passion. It would be endless to recount the variety of mischiefs which ever have proceeded from this dire hell-hound, Revenge. History furnishes us with as many instances as would fill volumes,

lumes, and our own daily experience, alas! is too fruitful of examples of the woeful effects of it.

That celebrated saying of a Roman orator, *Non pœnitet me, mortales inimicitias, sempiternas amicitias habere*; "I do not repent that my enmities are mortal, and my friendships are immortal," Livy tells us was received with such universal approbation, that it became a proverbial expression at Rome. The Romans had many noble sentiments of this kind frequently in their mouths, and yet I believe, nature never formed a set of people more addicted to revenge than the inhabitants of that city have been, since the days of Romulus to the present time. Could any thing demonstrate their cruel thirst of it more than their triumphs? They were not content to possess the territories of others by oppression, but they must also enjoy them by insult. Thus did they, in imitation of the proud Sesostris, *harness monarchs to their chariot wheels*.

Plutarch tells us, that when Paulus Æmilius made his public entry after the conquest of Macedonia, and that the unhappy Perseus (tho' a worthless and bad prince) was observed, with his two sons and a daughter, marching amidst the train of prisoners, nature was then too hard for custom, and many of the spectators melted into tears. The ancient Romans, it is true, in their public affairs sometimes overlooked affronts, or what they called injuries, from other nations, upon a due submission, where it was their interest so to do; but the final destruction of Carthage, was a signal instance of their unforgiving temper. Individuals in their private commerce with each other, I am persuaded, were not so implacable as the present Italians; nor were those brave people so expert at poison, the dagger, or filetto, as the present cowardly possessors of their country.

We find in the brute creation, that in general, animals indued with the least strength of body, are the

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the most spiteful. We shall by analogy find the same thing to hold good in the human species, in proportion to the faculties of the soul. Men of noble and generous minds, like the princely lion, will despise a low and fordid revenge over creatures of a lesser size. They will leave it to the creeping animalcula of the creation to keep in memory those things, which it is the greatest glory to forget.

Some, perhaps, will say, that the desire of revenging an injury is an innate principle, so engrafted in the nature of some men, that they cannot shake it off. But this is only to say, that they have stronger passions, and weaker understandings, than other men. People of this sort will take fire at the least provocation, and will go any lengths to satiate their revenge. But let such consider, that to forgive an injury, is the highest possible perfection of human nature, that hereby we blunt the malice of our enemies, and that herein do we imitate the supreme goodness, who forgiveth the numberless offences whereby we almost hourly affront him.

I should proceed further upon this subject in a moral way, but that I fear my friends of the *Wipe-a—se Journal*, might perhaps say I was once more got into a pulpit. I cannot conceive what could induce those fools to think me a preacher, when I have so often told them I was a layman. And I conceive, that as such, I am not qualified to hold forth unless in a conventicle, or swadling meeting house. But I will leave them still in their vain imaginations, and turn my back parts upon them, as the only revenge I desire on that collection of profound idiots, who think they can patch up the affairs of the nation, with as much ease as a tinker mends an old bellows.

T

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

AN APOLOGY for the Gentleman Conductors of
the Free-Press.

THE elegant wits, who support the free press,
I hope, will allow me the freedom to guess,
Why dirt, which is held so offensive and hateful
By all human creatures, to them is so grateful:
And surely we must not suppose, they are swine,
Or think them endu'd with a nature canine,
But ought to conclude, that this kind of sensation
Proceeds from a sordid and low education;
And, doubtless, their writings, if thought worth the
reading,
Will clearly point out both their birth and their
breeding. X

A R I D D L E.

A DEPT am I, in ev'ry part
Of science, and the powers of art:
All that is knowable, I know,
Through all the world, both high and low.
Without the aid, of eye, or ear,
Or pallet's sense, can taste, see, hear:
Can dance without, or legs, or feet;
And without voice, can sing most sweet.
In greatest crowds I'm still alone;
Amongst them stand, when all are gone.
Where nothing is, can find a treasure;
In greatest pain, feel greatest pleasure.
My properties do far surmount
What all the world, besides, can count.
But what is strange! and yet 'tis true;
Fools give me more than wise can do.

Answer. — NO-BODY.

No. 139. *Saturday, January 30.**Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim. HOR.*

Verse is the trade of every living wight,
For every desperate blockhead dares to write.

IT is strange, what a propensity every man has to poetry, who can just write common English, and torture the four and twenty letters to his poetical purpose. I suppose they imagine that metre hides nonsense better than prose, as the French clap long ruffles to their shirts, in order to disguise the coarseness of their linen. But they are much mistaken, for nonsense is the same whether in sober prose, or prose run mad. Or perhaps they think that a poet mounted on his lofty Pegasus, is a being of superior rank to a poor humble pedestrian prose writer, and look down upon him with as much disdain, as the Eastern Spahis do upon the Infantry.

I am told that when young actors first go to the manager of a theatre to be hired, if they are asked wherein their talents lie, they all cry out for tragedy. Just so our young writers condemn prose, as much as young players do comedy. Hence, in a great measure, we may account for such a scarcity of good prose writers, and comedians; and that the world is so pestered with bad poets, and tragedians. As the manager of this paper, the BATCHELOR, I have often regretted the cursed itch for bad poetry which at present rages amongst my correspondents. I could most heartily wish they would employ their time and pains on humble prose, instead of hobbling wretchedly in wicked rhimes. Not but I admire poetry as much as any man, when it is good, but then as Swift says,

"Cur

" Our chilling climate hardly bears
" A sprig of Bays in fifty years,
" While every fool his claim alledges,
" As if it grew on common hedges."

And again he says,

" Brutes find out where their talents lie ;
" A Bear will not attempt to fly ;
" The dog by instinct turns aside,
" Who sees the ditch too deep and wide ;
" A founder'd horse will oft debate,
" Before he leaps a five barr'd gate ;
" But man, we find, the only creature,
" Who led by folly, combats nature ;
" And where she loudly cries forbear,
" With obstinacy fixes there."

Nature has made nothing in vain, nor has she sent any man into the world without a capacity to answer some purpose in life ; but to very few has she given a true genius, or taste to strike the muse's lyre. A man of tolerable parts, by application and attention to the manner and stile of good writers, may in time write tolerable prose, whereas, he may rack his brains until he is grey, and never write a line of sterling poetry ; or if his talents will not reach either, and are rather of the corporeal, than the mental kind, I would candidly advise such a person to apply them as nature designed them, viz. to mechanical operations. He who cannot write a poem or an essay, may draw out an accompt very exactly, or cut a very good figure behind a counter. Or he who is endued only with bodily strength, may be useful to society as a coal porter, or chairman.

It is odd, that the people of *this* metropolis, who blindly follow the fashions of London in every *other* respect, should yet differ from them in *this*. For poetry is there at present quite out of vogue. All the Grub-street garrets are full of prose writers

writers in the novel way. One of these indeed, sometimes runs mad, and then takes possession of the *poets corner* in news-papers.

But if some are determined, as Hudibras says,

———“ In the spight,
“ Of nature and their stars to write,”

I will give them a recipe to make any nonsense, in verse or prose, pass current on the public. Let them not by any means let it be known that they are natives. Let them say they were born in any other country upon earth, and they will be admired. A Hottentot, or a Cherokee, will meet with more countenance than an Irishman in his own country. This we have plain demonstration of in the Irish manufactures. The cloaths, the silks, the hats, and in short, every thing made in Dublin, is bad, meerly because *made in Dublin*.

One would imagine that the sea air had the effect of rendering those kinds of goods better, as they say it does our wines. I would therefore have an Irishman, who means to get applause as a writer, to deny his country, or else to send his trash to be printed in London, and then let it be re-printed here from the London edition. I dare venture to say, that these my speculations would never have pleased the good people of this country so well, had I been born amongst them — But to return to my subject.

Though this is not the island of POETS, as they say it was *formerly* of SAINTS, I could wish that some of my ingenious correspondents would come off their high horse, and send me some essays or letters in prose. The fashion and form of the times; the luxury, idleness, and vices of the men: and the extravagance, gaming, and follies of the women; will furnish matter enough for a thousand papers. I give them full liberty to lash the betrayers, or discouragers of their native country, under feigned characters. These are directions which I give to my correspondents in general. But there are three, who must here
be

be excepted, and whose favours shall be always acceptable to me, either in verse or prose ; I mean those gentlemen who wrote the ingenious Epigrams and Epitaphs last winter in the Mercury ; and my esteemed friend J. C. nor must I here forget my ingenious friend Miss LETTY LOVEYOUTH, who is equally sprightly in both. To these four favourites of the muses, I give an unlimited power of sending me what they from time to time shall think proper ; they shall be welcome to me on horseback or on foot. As inn-keepers give a kind reception to those travellers whom they are sure to be gainers by, so shall I to those I mentioned, as I am certain their custom will enrich my poultry compositions.

P. S. As an encouragement to authors, and to save their blushing, I have ordered Hoey, in imitation of the cradle at the work-house, to fix a box at one of the squares of his shop window, with an aperture open to the street, for the reception of such brats of wit and humour whose parents chuse to drop them ; and *that* so contrived, as to be accessible by night or day, without the least danger of observation. —The box was put up this morning. W



END of VOL. II.

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